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THOMAS KEN, D.D.

BISHOP OF BATH & WELLS

*To Mr. Richard Colt Hoare Esq. this Plate from a
Drawing furnished by him for this Work is inscribed!*

THE
L I F E
OF
THOMAS KEN, D.D.

DEPRIVED BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH PUBLIC EVENTS, AND THE SPIRIT
OF THE TIMES, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS, IN WHICH HE LIVED.

INCLUDING
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FORTUNES
OF
MORLEY, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

HIS FIRST PATRON, AND THE FRIEND OF ISAAK WALTON,
BROTHER-IN-LAW OF BISHOP KEN.

"Persecuted, but not forsaken; as poor, yet making many
rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

ST. PAUL.

BY THE
REV. W. L. BOWLES,
M.A. M.R.S.L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

L O N D O N :
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1830.

WALTON
ADLEY
WALTON

737.29

133

5 : 10

LONDON :

J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, PARLIAMENT STREET.

TO

THE MOST REVEREND

WILLIAM,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

AND PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

MY DEAR LORD,

I KNOW not to whom this Life of Bishop Ken could with more propriety be dedicated than to Him, who learned the same lessons, at the same distinguished school, where Bishop Ken was educated,—to Him, who was Fellow of the same College in Oxford—elected Fellow of the same College of Winchester—from thence advanced to the Episcopal Bench, like Bishop Ken and Bishop Lowth—and who from thence has been advanced to the highest station in the Episcopal Church of Christ, like Chicheley and Warham, educated in the same illustrious Seminary. But, independently of these circumstances, I am persuaded this offering will not be unacceptable, as coming from one

of your Grace's oldest friends and schoolfellows, equally attached with yourself to that school where our studies began, and the Communion of that Church over which you so auspiciously preside.

Without presuming to think your Grace will agree with me in all the opinions, political or religious, expressed in this work, I am sure, at least, of your candid construction of them.

I have only to pray that your valuable life may be long continued, to exhibit that exemplary piety and virtue, those qualities of heart and understanding, which distinguished the character I have endeavoured to describe; and I remain, as from our early days, till called away for ever,

Your Grace's

Most sincere and affectionate Friend,

W. L. BOWLES.

*Canonry House, Salisbury,
January 1, 1830.*

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ERRATA.

There are some errata to which I would particularly call the reader's attention, as, by the omission or addition of a few letters, the sense of the passage has been completely altered.

Page xx. note †, for "this," read, "The intolerant Prelate (Laud), who" —

P. 56, at the foot, read, "had condemned millions and millions of human beings to eternal torments, merely for his own good pleasure!"

P. 170, line 4, read, "doubly affecting and tender."

P. 178, line 16, for "lift up," read "say."

P. 182, last line, for "the," read "them."

. When, in speaking of our Articles, I said the word "Decreed" was not *Scriptural*, it is to be understood that this word, in the sense of Calvin, was not *Scriptural*.

INTRODUCTION.

THE eminent position which the Episcopal Church of England holds, and has held, among the Protestant Churches, since the Reformation, of which Reformation her own Wycliff was the morning-star, cannot be better illustrated than by the lives and example of some of her most illustrious, learned, and pious sons. Among this splendid host, few will be found, in practical holiness of life, in humility, gentleness, yet uncompromising integrity of virtuous intrepidity, under all trials, more worthy of record and imitation than the subject of these pages.

When we consider his character, his station, and his fortunes, it is singular that so little should have been recorded of Bishop Ken. When we turn our attention, more particularly, on the great events of the period, and remark him, equally dignified by the death-bed of one expiring Monarch,* or in imprisonment on account of his uncompromising opposition to the mandates of another, both of whom expressed an equal personal regard for him;—when we consider him calm and consistent in prosperity or in prison;—when we see him, on account of his

* Charles. Even Burnet says he spoke like one inspired.

conscientious principles, voluntarily relinquishing a large revenue and baronial palace, reduced to find his only asylum in the mansion of the noble friend of his early days; — when we look on his grave, *not* among the sculptured monuments of the Prelates of his own cathedral, but that of a poor man among the poor, in the open church-yard of a country-town, the nearest consecrated place of Christian rest* in his former diocese; — whilst all these singular circumstances crowd on our reflections, as we think of the life and death of Bishop Ken, it seems still more extraordinary that there should be only one meagre record † of a life so truly Christian, of fortunes so varied, which, to every Christian heart, and to all who reflect on the changes and chances of this mortal course, teach a lesson as important as impressive.

The only relation of his life, authentic, indeed, as having Ken's "imprimatur" before he died, is that by William Hawkins, published after his death, announcing an intended collection of all his works. Four volumes in consequence appeared, containing a series of sacred poems, written chiefly in his retirement at Longleat, and two eloquent Sermons. Of the poems more will be said in another place.

The Life of Ken bears the affix, in the title-page, of "William Hawkins, barrister," from which

* Frome, in Somersetshire.

† By William Hawkins. All the Lives are based upon this, as to mere *facts*.

a general reader derives information as satisfactory as from the meagre facts called the "Life." Of this William Hawkins* and his family an account is given in the first chapter of this volume.

His books, the most valuable treasures of his varied life, Bishop Ken left to the library of his generous friend at Longleat. In the last volume a catalogue will be given.

To Dr. Hawes alone I am indebted for the novelty of the information which the reader will find in the chapter of Morley; and to Dr. Hawes, my friend from school-days, inheriting his ancestor's active benevolence, "*primitive*" † piety, and love of the Church, I have expressed my obligations elsewhere.

I must next return my thanks to my kind and esteemed friend the Bishop of Bath and Wells, for the information contained in the MS. Life of Ken's successor, Bishop Kidder, of which use will be made in the second volume. This work, never

* The information given by Hawkins is so scanty in consequence of Ken's extreme delicacy. In the second volume, we shall show how anxiously he concealed the names of those on whose account he left abruptly the Court of the Prince of Orange. The names of the parties, and circumstances of this interesting event, will be detailed, for the first time, in the next volume.

† Izaak Walton's epitaph of his wife.

published, is a very curious and valuable document, preserved in the episcopal palace of Wells.

To my old college friend, the Rev. Mr. Dallaway, of the Heralds' College; and, through him, to Mr. Young, York Herald, I am indebted for the revival of the Ken pedigree, now first accurately submitted to the public, and the other pedigrees.

To Dr. Shuttleworth, Warden of New College, Oxford, I return thanks for an original letter of Ken, the only one known to be in existence.

To my friend Dr. Ingram, the learned translator of the Saxon Chronicle, President of Trinity College, Oxford, on this, as on all occasions, I profess no common obligations.

To my friend, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, the Illustrator of the Antiquities of our County, I return my especial acknowledgments for a beautiful copy, expressly taken for this work, of the best original portrait of Ken, preserved at Longleat.*

To my friend Mr. Callcott, R. A. the thanks of the public are due, as well as my own, for the sketch, from his exquisite pencil, of a scene described in the work.

Mr. Todd, from his well-known kindness of disposition, and the interest he takes in all literary subjects, favoured me with the life of Ken by Haw-

* To which the engraver has done complete justice, this being the best engraving of Ken in existence. How intellectual, mild, yet dignified, is the countenance, bespeaking the placidness of genuine piety.

kins, containing some curious MS. notes by Bishop Kennet.

As Ken, after his deprivation, passed the remainder of his days chiefly with his friend Thomas Viscount Weymouth, at the seat of that nobleman, Longleat, near Warminster, I had hopes some of his letters might have been preserved, as well as his books; but, to my disappointment, I was informed that Dr. Birch had arranged the papers, and that no letter, or written memorial, of any kind, had been found.

I might here be pardoned for mentioning some incidental circumstances connected with this memoir. The name of Ken was associated, in my mind, with feelings of respect and regard, almost from infancy. Stanzas of his Morning and Evening Hymns were taught me by my mother.

Removed to Winchester school, and rising before the other boys, as junior of the chamber, at five o'clock in summer, and as soon as it was light in winter, I had no English book to read, at the dim window, but Ken's Manual, consisting of prayers and admonitions, composed when he was Fellow of the college, for the use of the scholars on that foundation.

Added to these incitements, almost all who are nurtured at the same place of education have, if I may say so, through life a Wycchamical feeling. The names of poets, divines, and prelates — of Young, Collins, &c. — of Warham, Chicheley, Lowth,

&c.—are familiar to them. As life proceeds, the recollection of such characters mingles more warmly with their feelings,—with a distant hope, perhaps, that they also, though obscure in life and connections, may thus be enabled, *Ἀριστερεῖν*, to become not unknown themselves in their generation.

Young and Collins, Lowth and Ken, are, in after life, “freshly remembered.” These are Wyechemical feelings. Let me add to these feelings, the cordiality, kindness, and hospitality which I have experienced in the very palace at Wells once inhabited by Ken, now with happier auspices in the possession of Ken’s living successor, where, under the placid portrait of Ken, the conversation has often turned on his fortunes and virtues. These various causes and circumstances have contributed to animate me in attempting to exhibit a truly Christian character; to exhibit this character calm and dignified in every station, and under every trial; and to place the beautiful features of genuine and unaffected piety in contrast with the half-ludicrous and half-hideous aspect of its puritanic counterfeit.

Let me acknowledge as a further incitement, the thought that, if I had not held the pen, the story of Morley and Izaak Walton, which alone explains the cause of that long singular friendship between them, and also explains the origin of Ken’s preferments, would have remained, probably, after the death of the last descendant of the family, for ever unknown.

With respect to the execution of this work, it must be remembered that the life of a statesman or soldier must be, from the nature of the subject, more interesting than that of any Christian Bishop. I have therefore thought it right to spread my canvass somewhat wide.* Indeed Biography, like that of Hawkins's *Life of Ken*, confined to the mere narrative of birth, individual acts, and death, is a mere skeleton. He who paints, to give anything like a breathing charm to his picture, must catch the lights and shades of various connected circumstances, in order to give greater effect, variety, and interest to his composition, — still, however, making them all subservient to the chief subject of his pencil. The character I have thus endeavoured to delineate, I now submit with diffidence to the public, well knowing the different opinions of different parties, but conscious of having said nothing but what I am persuaded was the truth.

I would here willingly have closed all I have to say as an introduction to what the reader will find before him, but some late publications have induced me to speak more explicitly with regard to the sentiments, political, moral, and religious, delivered in this work. In writing the *Life of an English Bishop*, a vindication of Protestant Episcopacy, and the constitution of that Church, must be expected. I have expressed my own sentiments

* This must be my apology for some lighter parts of this Biography.

warmly, I hope not uncharitably. I have adduced no fact but such as will bear, I trust, the strictest examination. I have quoted only two passages from Presbyterian sermons, to show the style and temper of the enemies of Episcopacy in the *seventeenth* century, and I have done this reluctantly. I might have quoted a thousand passages of the kind, but those I have adduced are not for the unwarrantable purpose, at this time of day, of reflecting on any class of conscientious dissenters, but to show, in comparison, how little the Episcopal Church of England deserved the revilings and the bitter lot to which in Puritanical times she was doomed.

When, however, the intolerant tone of some of the revilers in the seventeenth century is revived, it becomes us to meet the proudest adversary firmly, particularly when the Clergy are represented as hostile to every feeling of enlightened humanity, and when the University of Oxford has been made the peculiar object of sneering acrimony, as marked alone by that servile and intolerant spirit, poetically described as “still expelling Locke!”*

There is a passage in the Preface to Lord King’s Life of this great man, on which I shall take leave to make some comments.

“THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM,” says Lord King, “will feel for the men and THE CAUSE which he (Locke) defended; and they will be anxious to know more of one who so much promoted the

* Pope.

general interest of mankind: *they* will learn with pleasure that his character was as pure as his talents were great and excellent.

“There are *others* who would fain keep mankind in a state of pupilage, who, carrying their *favourite doctrine* of *passive obedience* into *all* our spiritual as well as temporal concerns, would willingly deliver us over, in *absolute subjection*, for the one to the Rulers of the Church, for the others to the Rulers of the State.

“These men *cannot* be expected to exhibit *any* admiration for the champion of *reason and truth*; nor from them can I hope for *any approbation or favour* in the present undertaking.”

For the comments which I shall offer on the preceding sentiments I shall make no apology. Here are evidently two classes of men distinctly pointed out — one class, the “*friends of freedom*,” the other, those who would “keep mankind in a state of pupilage,” &c. and “would *willingly* DELIVER US, (that is, his Lordship and those of kindred feelings,) in ABSOLUTE SUBJECTION, for the one to the Rulers of THE CHURCH, for the other to the Rulers of the *State*.”

Now I must observe, respecting the opinions of the *noble* relative of a man in the highest sense *noble*, that when a descendant, be he who he may, thus speaks of the men who would deliver “*us*,” that is, Locke, his relative Lord King, and the friends of freedom, “*bound and captive*,” and identi-

fies himself (as “*us!*”) with a man whom every good and wise man admires, venerates, and loves, and none more than he who now comments on his Lordship’s sentiments — it behoves “*us*” to enquire why HE imagines the Clergy of the Church of England may not and do not admire Locke as much as himself? and why he, standing behind this illustrious relative, (“York, you’re wanted!”) thinks his own opinions, or language, or conduct (as far as these are *public*, and no further do I venture to say a word), to be exclusively in accordance with that mild, modest, wise, and venerated character? As to “*those others*” who would “willingly DELIVER US in absolute subjection,” his Lordship has not been pleased to specify who those “*others*” are, but, from the tone of patrician sarcasm, so worthy a person of his Lordship’s station, and of the descendant of the great but unpresuming Locke, it is obvious that this descendant of this most illustrious character alludes to a body of men of whom I have the honour to be one, the Clergy of the National Church. I must first remark, that I think I know their general character better than his Lordship; and I am confident that, so far from their feeling any offence that his Lordship has published memorials of that great man, Locke, they will be among the first to admit that he has rendered a service to their country and mankind; for, whatever may be their religious or political sentiments, they do not differ in the highest possible respect and veneration

for a person so illustrious for learning, integrity, and moderation, as John Locke.

But, besides the affinity of natural relationship between his Lordship and the illustrious subject of his memoirs, his Lordship complacently assumes a closer affinity, from kindred views, principles, and manners, whilst *we* (the Clergy), opposed to “us,” (to wit, his Lordship and Mr. Locke,) are held out, as a body, as possessing the same sentiments which actuated him who so basely complied with the commands of a Royal Visitor to deprive Locke of his studentship!

Some writers have not hesitated to say that this great and excellent character, the subject of Lord King’s memoir, expressed his regret that he “*lost so much of his time at Oxford!*” Lost so much of his time! On what authority is any thing so preposterous to be believed? Locke was deeply attached, as he might well be, to the University where he was educated—he showed this attachment through life—his intimate friends from school-days were there—there was the cultivated society, and the literary leisure he loved. It is indeed true that at one time he might have well said he found not the advantage of this estimable society—and when was that? When the *immortal* Francis Cheynell was among her leading members, of whose *toleration*, and peculiar religious feelings and principles, much will appear in these pages. Locke was entered at the University of Oxford Student of Christ-Church in 1651, when the

persecuting Puritans bore sway; and yet at that time there were scholars not unworthy to be his associates. Here he found such men as were not often met in other societies — Dr. Petty, Dr. Wilkins, Robert Boyle, who settled in Oxford solely for the advantage of such society, &c. As the fanatic yoke, towards the end of Cromwell's days, grew lighter, such scholars mused in the "shady spaces" of our "ACADEME" — for none of these were of the race of Cheynell and the Puritans. And let me here inform Lord King, what he does not seem to suspect, that it was from the expelled members of that Church he affects to think would "deliver HIM" and his friends "bound," that Locke learned the principles of toleration which he afterwards so powerfully advocated. He studied, and revered, and succeeded Chillingworth, as the philosopher of truth and acutest reason. Locke's principles, as his Lordship might learn from better authority than mine, (Mr. Hallam,) — were only those which had been advocated by the illustrious but defamed members of the Church of England — by Jeremy Taylor,* Hales of Eton,† and Chillingworth of Trinity! No historian, except Mr. Hallam, has done these names noble and generous

* A most unfounded charge brought against Taylor, that in his prosperity he forgot the lesson he taught in adversity, has been completely answered by Bishop Heber. In his adversity he found refuge at Golden Grove, near Carmarthen.

† This *intolerant* Prelate, who was hunted to death by the *tolerant* Covenanters, was the Patron of Hales and Chillingworth.

justice. Had not the Puritanic frenzy interrupted their progress, their principles would, probably, have been established *before* the Revolution, if they had not prevented the abuses which caused that Revolution; for persecution grows out of persecution. The *King-killing* Republicans produced the Non-Jurors and Jacobites.

As to the base compliance of those who obeyed the King's mandate, if the bench of national justice has exhibited some unworthy characters, shall we forget how many, on the seat of "British Themis," have sat as dignified and uncorrupt as my Oxford contemporary, Lord Chief Justice Tenterden? * And, if there has been a Fell, shall we forget the names of those whom Christianity and humanity equally revere?

Lord King seems to think (I ought to ask pardon for the involuntary association)—"Can any good come out of the Church of England and Oxford?" But let me inform him that, in the very same college which nursed the high intellect and tolerant principles of Chillingworth — in the same college, † and by Church of England preceptors, — were educated a SOMMERS and a CHATHAM! Lord King will determine whether Chillingworth, Sommers, and Chatham, all of the same college, might not be

* When Lord Tenterden and the Author were "*pauperes scholares*," they were competitors for the prize given by the Chancellor for *Latin verse*. Was he the worse lawyer, for his youthful and classical laurels?

† Trinity College.

received as specimens of a University and Church-of-England-education, as well as the base and unworthy Fell.

I may here observe, that there never was an opinion so unfounded, as that either the Presbyterian or Cromwellian Puritans promoted the cause of learning, or religion, or liberty. The Presbyterian, it is true, cast down and destroyed, for a season, the Episcopal Church, and the Independents put to death the King! If these facts prove their religion and love of liberty — they doubtless promoted the cause of both. But, after the Episcopal Church was destroyed, what service did either party render to genuine piety, when they made the very name of religion abhorred and loathsome by their hypocrisy and bigotry, and caused the reaction of impiety through the Nation? What service did the Independents render to freedom, when, after they had brought to the scaffold their Sovereign, the Nation was far more arbitrarily governed than it had ever been before, to support those who *tolerated*, indeed, most of the discordant sects, not from defined principles, but *necessarily*, and when *one* man had the power to say “*Sic volo—sic jubeo*,” as despotically as the Grand Seignor himself? What service did either the Presbyterian or Independent Puritans render to knowledge, when the one scarce looked beyond the Synod, and the other sent out illiterate hordes of inspired ranters — (*all human learning being ungodly!*) — when public schools were vilified, as they are now — and when

a Society which had been instituted to promote science and knowledge, in 1641, was obliged to be suspended, by the progress of frantic enthusiasm, till near the Restoration—so that science dared not raise her head, amongst the fury of frantic tongues.

But how glorious a testimony to the learning and piety of the proscribed Episcopal Clergy—how *glorious*?—I might say how IMMORTAL a testimony to their piety and learning—was the monument which they completed amid obloquy and persecution—amid revilings and threatenings—in poverty and sorrow! I allude to the splendid POLYGLOT BIBLE of the pious, learned, and noble BRYAN WALTON, afterwards Bishop of Worcester.*

This stupendous work goes by his name, but he was assisted by scholars, all suffering for the same cause, at the saddest period of their calamities—Archbishop Usher†—Thomas Hyde, the great illustrator of the ancient Persian religion—Pocock, the learned traveller, and commentator on Hosea, &c.—Hammond—Sanderson, and others—all of them

* The following is the manly acknowledgment to Cromwell for leave to print it, which had been granted by Charles previously: “Primo autem commemorandi, quorum favore chartam a vectigalibus immunem habuimus, quòd *quinque* abhinc annis, a consilio secretiori primo concessum, postea a Serenissimo PROTECTORE *ejusque* CONSILIO, operis promovendi causâ, benignè confirmatum et continuatum est.” Selden and Lenthall were among the promoters.

† Such men Mr. Hume would *pay* with *stinted* stipends! Despicable, heartless *cypherer*, the King's treasury could not *pay* them!

involved in one common deprivation — all of them, except one, Dr. Bruno Ryves, silent on the subject of great wrongs, all of them “patient in tribulation,” all of them subjected to insults and scorn, and some with their lives hourly in danger.

This stupendous and splendid work, the Bible in the Hebrew, Chaldee, Samaritan, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Ethiopic, and Syrian tongues, completed by one set of men, and in one age—of one Episcopal communion—(when Episcopacy was proscribed as *anti-christian!*) — eating the same bread of adversity, “unfainting” alike in tribulation, as intent on their “great Master’s task,”— must of itself have made a great impression, when the public mind began slowly to recover from its late delusions; and yet how few, generally speaking, know any thing of the circumstances under which this work was composed, or the great talents combined in its execution, by scholars whose lives were as pure as their learning was wonderful.*

If the Clergy thus, in their miseries, raised this immortal monument of learning and piety, it was

* Bryan Walton was sequestered from his Living of St. Martin’s, plundered, and forced to fly. Two Members of Parliament, in the spirit of Lord Mountcashel, drew up articles against him themselves, though no way concerned in the parish, and sent these articles to be witnessed and subscribed. “He then (says Salmon) fled to Oxford, having reason to fear he should be murdered.” So inveterate was the malice of that *meek* set of men to orthodoxy, though it had for its advocate so much piety, learning, and innocence of behaviour, as Dr. Walton was adorned with.

not the *principles* either of the Presbyterians or Independents which triumphed at the Revolution, it was the principles of Hales, of Chillingworth, of Jeremy Taylor*—which then, and not before, had time to work, and find their level. These principles were nobly maintained by that great character Lord Sommers, educated, as I have said, at Oxford, at the same college with Chillingworth.

After the death of Queen Anne, the High-Church Tories and Jacobites endeavoured to bring back to the abdicated throne the son of him whom the Nation had expelled; but the circumstances of the times were completely changed: if the Father had been a traitor to the laws of his country, it did not follow that the Son would be, and Oxford only spoke the feelings of the Nation, from 1714 to 1745, when the last effort was made in favour of the descendant of the bigoted James the Second.

But the cry is now—"Intolerance! intolerance!" and Lord King has produced a solitary Prayer, composed in the time of Charles the Second, to prove the *intolerance* of the body of English Clergy!

I shall say nothing in defence of "the prayer" which his Lordship has brought forward with such satisfaction, as becoming a Turkish Divan, rather than a Bench of Christian Bishops,* except that I

* The prayer which Lord King has produced, as the most triumphant proof of the intolerance of the Church of England, was composed probably by Sancroft, at a time when it was universally believed there had been a conspiracy against the life of Charles the Second.

would wish his Lordship to compare this prayer, in spirit and in language, with those passages from sermons which the vindication of the Episcopal Church has caused me to lay before the reader. After his Lordship has compared them, and shall have judged which compositions are more in the spirit of a Turkish Divan, I will assert, and I know not whether the declaration may surprize his Lordship, that, respecting the unfortunate Russell and Sydney, the opinions of the Church of England, and of the University of Oxford, are generally the same as those of his Lordship, and every thinking and virtuous man in the kingdom. These principles the University has publicly attested, by rewarding that animated poet with the academical laurel, who in the Theatre spoke the noble verses "ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY;" from which I extract the following.

Lo! Sydney pleading o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand — unshaken, clear, serene.
Unconquer'd Patriot! form'd by antient lore,
The love of antient freedom to restore;
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd by death the lesson that he taught!

Let such sentiments as these, which were honoured with the Chancellor's prize at Oxford, go, in some part, to avert the noble Lord's disdain towards this Tory and intolerant University.*

The *Turkish* intolerance, in the solitary prayer

* These lines were written by a Bishop, an Irish Bishop, and who that reads them does not read them with melancholy

his Lordship has produced, had at least the concurrence of the whole House of Parliament, and the prayer was evidently composed under that idea which induced, whether true or false, the whole House of Commons to resolve, “that there has been and is a damnable and hellish plot carried on by Popish Recusants, for assassinating the King.”

This was voted October the 31st, 1678, and under this impression, which was stronger afterwards, this prayer was composed.

As to the Oxford declaration in the year 1683, I know of none among the Clergy of the present day (and his Lordship is pleased to make no distinction) who do not admit the famous twenty-seven articles condemned by the University, to be one of the greatest reflections upon that learned body. I shall merely add, that the spirit which dictated that decree in 1683, was the *reaction* arising from the persecutions in 1643, when such doctrines as these were professed — that, “after the sealing of the Scripture Canon the PEOPLE OF GOD, in all ages, are to *expect* NEW REVELATIONS, for the rule of their ACTIONS, and it is lawful for a *private* man, having an *inward* motion from God, to kill a tyrant!” *

interest, to think such a poet should, in the morning of youth, have laid down his poetical pen for ever! He was educated, like Ken, at Winchester; where also were educated the living Bishops of Salisbury, Norwich, Hereford, Down and Connor, St. David's, as well as the excellent Prelate to whom this Life is dedicated.

* Declaration of Oxford.

The principles of "passive obedience and non-resistance" acquired additional strength from the position, that "*Presbyterian* Government is the *sceptre* of Christ's Kingdom, to which KINGS, as well as others, are bound to submit!"

It is a reflection, not so much on the character of the Church of England, as upon human nature, that all bodies of men are inclined to proceed, per saltum, from one extreme to another. So the Puritans could not fly too far from the purest ordinances of the primitive Church, because some of these ordinances were retained by the Church of Rome; and the violent Tories and High-Church partizans of the reigns of Charles the Second, thought they could not go too far from the principle of taking up arms *against the King!* It is the *bigot* only, whether in the Church or *out* of it, who does not make this distinction, though I am far from applying such a term to his Lordship.

It is true Locke was expelled from his Studentship of Christ-Church, to the disgrace of those who showed themselves such tools in the hands of a Royal Visitor, more especially to the eternal disgrace of Fell. Well might the facetious Tom Brown have written —

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell! *

* So popular, however, at the time, was Dr. Fell, that a loyal Oxford apothecary left eight pounds a year for a prize-composition, at Christ-Church, "In laudem Doctoris Fell;" and it is awarded every year to the successful candidate. The name of the apothecary was John Cross, not the "starched glyster-pipe" whom Wood describes so facetiously.

But the University has deplored the circumstance ever since, as much as Lord King.

Mr. Hallam justly observes, the power of College Visitors was not defined: but the Dean of Christ-Church, instead of showing himself a mean-spirited sycophant, when the King, as Visitor, commanded the expulsion of a member, should have answered, "Sir, I have eaten the bread of adversity, rather than comply with what my conscience told me was wrong: I have done this in the face of Parliamentary power, and I will not consent to expel an innocent man, notwithstanding the *command* of the King of England, if I eat the bread of adversity again." This I am sure would have been the answer of Bishop Ken.

I shall now take the liberty of addressing you, my Lord King, personally.

When a comparison is made, not only injurious to "us," but so complacently flattering to yourself, at the expense of "*others*"—the "*others*" may be tempted to ask, on what affinity in sentiments and manners with your illustrious relative is this comparison founded? Is the resemblance seen in the mildest and purest Christian feelings of your great relative, which your Lordship so eminently partakes? Is it in that peculiar modesty and humility of manner which accompanies, in your Lordship, kindred endowments of mind? Is it in those patrician gibes with which you entertain the admiring Senate? Is it by the sneers which in

any one else I should call vulgar, vulgar in phrase and in spirit, with which you turn the point of your wit on those whose age, station, and character protects you, as you seem to know, from chastisement, let those dignified gibes be ever so *personal*? Leaving your Lordship to answer, I only say, for one, and I believe I may say the same for almost all of the only community you can insult with impunity, that they, as a body, venerate and esteem Mr. Locke as much as you, my Lord, his relative, can do. They disdain as much as you the base compliance of those who, in the exuberant feelings of servile loyalty, disgraced themselves and the University.

Let me now allude more, good-humouredly, to some circumstances in the present position of that Episcopal Church which has been thought so peculiarly illiberal and intolerant.

If I might introduce for a moment the well-known characters in a popular tale, Lord Peter, Jack, and Martin — I might say that the fate of *Martin** has been rather hard. Many of his family were *burnt* by Lord Peter, for reading a wicked book called “the BIBLE;” and, when *Jack* got the better for a little while, he turned the children of honest Martin upon the parish, because he said they were fond of Lord Peter’s fine cloaths, who BURNED

* Churches of Rome, Geneva, England.

THEM ALIVE! It is true Martin tried to make *Jack swallow* the Prayer-book; and Jack, in return, crammed the Covenant down Martin's throat! When Martin got the better, he told Jack that he must give up the places he held so long from the right owners — unless he would say the "Lord's Prayer," put on a surplice, and read out of the Prayer-book, which Jack never would do, and has remained somewhat testy ever since.

If Martin humbly hopes Lord Peter will not *burn* any more of his children, he (Peter) declares, "Burn them! why, you varlet, you *meant* to burn us!" — and then he swore a great oath — that nothing could be easier to prove! A newspaper is found, by which it appears that Ridley and Latimer, who perished in the flames, were only served as they *ought* to have *been*, for they "*intended*" to do the same by others!*

Every body knows that, in the quarrels between the three brothers, Martin at last got the upper

* Dr. Lingard. Cranmer did not know that it was intended to burn him, till, being on a raised seat at St. Mary's church, in Oxford, in front of Dr. Cole, who preached his funeral-sermon, he heard the appalling intimation, and burst into tears. Dr. Cole, to comfort the miserable victim, in his sermon proceeded thus: "But, least he should carry with him no comfort, he would *diligently labour*, and also he did promise, in the name of all the Priests that were present, *immediately after his death*, there should be *Dirges* and *Masses* in all the Churches of Oxford, for the succour of his soul!"—Life of Cranmer, 1556.

hand. With the assistance of *Jack*, he put Lord Peter IN THE STOCKS; and then Martin said to Jack, "My good brother, you are a sober, industrious workman, as any in the town, and, if you will only go to Church* *once in a way*, you shall come into the *Corporation*." Jack said he would never go to Church, for he hated organs, surplices, and kneeling! so Peter remained in the stocks, and Jack never got into the Corporation, and both of them declared that Martin had used them very ill; but Martin said to Peter, "Why you know how you kicked and cuffed when you was at liberty." Peter replied, "Kicked and cuffed? I don't know what you mean! I did nothing but for the good of your soul!" "Now," said Martin to Jack, "I should not so much object to your coming into the *Corporation*, but I am sure, when you were once got in, I should never be LORD-MAYOR any more, and you would turn out me, and my wife and children, to beg our bread, as you did before." Then Jack said, "Brother, you may do what you like, for I will come into the *Corporation* in spite of you!"

It happened that a great Serjeant of Dragoons † came into our town, and seeing Peter in the stocks, said, "I will take you out; but remember, Peter, if I do, you must not take upon yourself the name of ‡ *Lord Peter* any more." Upon which Lord Peter

* Test Act.

† A certain Duke.

‡ One of Mr. Peel's conditions.

was let out of the *stocks*; and immediately after he cried—"I am a Lord, and a Lord I will be called!" And one of Martin's old Parsons got up, and said, "How do you do, MY LORD? I hope YOUR LORDSHIP has taken no cold, in sitting so long without refreshment." *

So Peter got out of the stocks, and Jack into the Corporation, by the help of the Serjeant and his Drummer †—and there, for the present, we will leave them.

But we must make this remark — that, if Peter had not put a great many things into his Father's Will (Bible) which were not there, and acted so cruelly with the family of Martin, because they would not add or diminish from THE WILL; he would never have been put in the *stocks* at all, but would have remained in possession of his inheritance, as elder brother. And we may say of Jack — whom we should rather call now, *Mr. John*, that he would not have been prevented coming into the Corporation at any time, if he had not turned out his brother Martin's children to starve.

Now, every one must hope and pray, that, if these brothers cannot entirely agree, they will forget and forgive, and live in peace and charity—but up rides ESQUIRE KING, with a great book under his arm, about a relation who, he says, is one of "us," and this Squire tells the brothers that

* Bishop of Norwich's late letter.

† Mr. P.

neither Peter in burning, nor Jack in kicking his brother's children out of their houses, is half so intolerant and oppressive as Martin — thereupon taking out his great book, he produces “a *prayer*” written by a relation of Martin's a hundred and fifty years ago!*

To return. If in exhibiting faithfully, from documentary evidence, many of the baneful and immoral fruits of Calvinistic Puritanism † in the seven-

* But not only is this unfortunate prayer, according to my Lord King, worthy a Turkish mufti — a literary correspondent of mine has absolutely *proposed* the example of the pious and *tolerant* Mahometan to the imitation of the Druidical and bloody *Christian* priesthood! Godfrey Higgins, the historian of the Druids, who, from his benevolent exertions in the cause of the Lunatic Asylum at York, I imagine is still

A sad, good CHRISTIAN at the heart!

has put forth a work, called “Mahomet,” showing the injustice that great Prophet has received from Christian *Giaours*, and the Author sets before them a circumstance admirably adapted to teach them *humanity* and toleration. The circumstance is this:—A traveller from England was going to kill a *viper*. “Hold!” says the venerable Mufti, “what are you about? The same God that made the *viper* made *you*. Surely the desert is wide enough for both.” All will agree this is a very pretty, and, what is more, a very instructive story; and it were only to be wished that the children of the *tolerant* and humane Mohammed had thought of it when, in cold blood, they put to death every man, woman, and child, of the unfortunate Sciotes, and left a whole populous and beautiful island a desert to the *viper*! Such are the lessons of toleration and brotherly love we are to learn! Such reasoners are those who accuse the Clergy of bigotry!

† Scotland exhibits a most moral community, and the reli-

teenth century, contrasted with those of genuine piety, I may be thought to have had in my eye some correspondent traits of religious profession in the present day; I can only say, of this every one must judge for himself; but I am sure no person of genuine piety, or charitable feelings, will think himself affected by any facts I have advanced.

I beg to add, lest I should be accused of being an intolerant High-churchman, a name for which I feel no great respect, that my sentiments, political or religious, have never veered, on important subjects, from the time I have thought on such subjects at all; and if, by the kindness of friends, I am now placed in a dignified station in the evening of my days, I have been a “*working*” Curate for seventeen years (if this be to be one of the “*working*” Clergy!) but I entered the gates of our Sion voluntarily, and should think I had no right to complain if I were a “*working*” Curate

gion of the country is Calvinistic. Yes; but in Scotland, among the intellectual classes, the scholars and professors of the cities and universities, how many are strict Calvinists?

In the villages “on Tweed,” the baleful effects of this dis-tempered creed are *practically* corrected in consequence of the greater power possessed, by Synods and Elders, of enforcing the strictest moral discipline, and a constant superintendence of Pastors, almost parental. The hyena crouches under such a regime; but what must be that *system of Christianity* that requires *practical* and moral control at all?—how terrible was the hyena when the unfortunate Archbishop Sharp excited its rage?

still. I feel compelled to say thus much, to obviate, as frankly as I may, sarcasms which I foresee may be cast on a Clergyman, defending from a cathedral-stall the spirit of his Church, and not concealing his scorn of Iconoclasts and Puritans of whatever order. I close these remarks in front of the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury. May it still look to heaven uninjured! May its devotional services be heard, and its solemn bell note the departure of hours, days, and years, till time shall be no more, when sub-lapsarian and supra-lapsarian systems, which have hid the BIBLE and the shrine of truth, shall be but as the dust on Bishop Davenant's tomb.*

The late Life of Locke, and other publications breathing a still more intolerant spirit — together with old charges lately revived and some most extraordinary parallels in the spirit of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries — must be my apology for devoting so much attention to these subjects.

With this view, notwithstanding such gainsayings, I have endeavoured, in times abounding with

* The inscription on his monument is truly in character with his theology :

“ Monumentorum omnium Johannis Davenant — *minime perenne* — quod loquatur, audi.”

As if what was eternal could be *more or less* eternal! A finer satire on his works could not be devised. By a curious reversal of the inscription, this *monument* has remained long after *his works* have been forgotten.

gainsayers, faithfully to pourtray the character of a Christian Bishop, and to set in a just light, some of the circumstances of the time in which this great example shone. The portrait, such as it is, I humbly and gratefully present, as an offering of attachment to the school in which I was educated, and to the Church of which—through “evil report and good report”—I am proud to be a member.

The Life of Ken, in this volume, is brought down to his return to Winchester, as Fellow of that college. The sketch of the life, fortunes, and character of his patron, Bishop Morley, is most essentially connected with the subject, as are the views of the character of the times. The historical notes are subjoined, not only as throwing a light on questions of literary discussion, in connection with the subject, but as furnishing information on some of the most interesting portions of English history.

ERRATA,
AND PRELIMINARY EXPLANATIONS.

Page 5. In the pedigree of Ken, the Bishop is called eldest son by the first wife. This is afterwards explained: when the pedigree was taken there were two sons, Thomas the eldest, and John the youngest.

P. 9. Creighton, the composer, is said by Sir John Hawkins to be *son* of Creighton, Bishop of Bath and Wells, not nephew, as I imagined.

Page 43, note. Mrs. Reynolds was forcibly removed from Christ Church, not at the *Restoration*, as it is said in the note, but on Dr. Reynolds refusing to take the Engagement to Cromwell.

P. 52, l. 22, *for* "1633," *read* "1637"

P. 53, *for* Roy, Attorney General, *read* Noy.

P. 83, l. 15, *for* "in the age," *read* "of his party."

P. 91. I was premature in giving Morley a new palace at Winchester in 1666. His new palace was not begun till 1684. I was led into this mistake in consequence of a stone in Canonstreet, with the inscription,

Has ædes extruxit — G. Morleius.

P. 111, Morley's Verses to Kenna, line 4, *instead of*

"For many a year, now mute"—

read,

"Through the long year, now mute"—

P. 112, note, birth of Izaak Walton's daughter Anne, *for* "1677," *read* "1647."

P. 124, note, *for* "unexampled," *read* "unexpected."

P. 149, *for* "Ken singing with," *read* "with Ken singing."

P. 178, *for* Burgene, *read* Burgess.

I have spoken of the magnificent lines of Shirley —

"The glories of our birth and state"—

as having been set to music by Orlando Gibbons: the composition, equal in pathetic sublimity to the words, is by Edward Coleman, but it is much in the majestic style of Gibbons. Gibbons died in 1625. To the play in which the lines are found there is no date, but it was probably acted before 1625; the name is, "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." It is said the song was a favourite of Charles the Second—more probably of Charles the First, with such feeling and taste as he manifested for poetry. They are also said, in his latter days, to have made a deep impression on Cromwell, and well they might; for how must such affecting and sublime images as these have been felt by him to his inmost heart:

The garlands wither on your brow!

Then boast no more your mighty deeds!

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the Victor-victim bleeds! *

The music of Coleman was published by Henry Laws in 1669, in a book entitled, "Select Ayres and Dialogues, to sing to the Theorbo, Lute, and Basse-viol. John Playford, at his shop in the Temple, near the Church dore."

I have taken the words I found in Izaak Walton for the songs I have given to Kenna, in the 5th Chapter; but I had originally written a song to suit the scene, which the reader may substitute:

When summer comes, with calm content

I wander on the banks of Trent,

Happy, but thinking, with a sigh,

Perchance, of happier days gone by;

* See Percy's Collection of Old Ballads, p. 290.

Yet let me bless the God above,
 Who leaves us friendship, peace, and love —
 For, with a quiet mind, and health,
 CONTENTMENT IS THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH.

And though at evening we deplore
 Friends scatter'd, and now met no more
 Afflicted, but not murmuring
 Or exiles for their God and King,
 Still let us thank the God above,
 Who leaves us one poor home of love —
 For, with a quiet mind, and health,
 CONTENTMENT IS THE POOR MAN'S WEALTH.

I would here, also, insert one stanza omitted in the Lines on the Funeral of Charles the Second :

And buried Kings, a spectre train,
 Seem'd in the dusk to glide,
 As fitful, through the pillar'd fane,
 Faint MISERERE'S died.

To the errata, and occasional oversights in expression, I have thought it necessary to subjoin a brief preliminary explanation of some sentiments which might be liable to misconstruction.

Certain scholastic opinions, which others hold almost inseparable from Christian faith, I deem to have nothing whatever to do with Scripture truth. “Beware lest any one spoil you through philosophy.” (St. Paul.)

That eternal Providence, for one great and awful purpose, so directed the stream of human events that the *promises* which God vouchsafed in mercy to fallen man should all be fulfilled, the Christian truly and firmly believes—but that every individual comes into the world with his *fate determined*—that a dire decree controls and governs him in all events of his life, small and great—this opinion, so entirely *κωρις Ἐυαγγελιον*—is at once so horrible and so preposterous, that, considering its origin and consequences, it might well move, in

the humble Christian, “alternate derision, and horror!” I premise this in reference to what may be considered as *levity*, in speaking of the pious and good Baxter.

There is another point on which I am most anxious to prevent any misconception. Of the necessity of seeking God at all seasons in prayer, under all emergencies of life, no one is more deeply sensible; my remarks apply only to that ostentatious piety when on every trifling occasion “THE NAME OF THE LORD IS TAKEN IN VAIN!” — when ostentatious *profession* is more apparent than humility and sincerity.

HYMN OF ST. AMBROSE, “We praise thee,” &c. I have said that this sublime hymn was composed before the Mass. It is stated to have been first sung when St. Ambrose received Augustine into the Church; and Augustine, *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, says expressly the eating of *Christ's flesh* is *figurative*; so far was *Transubstantiation* from being admitted at this period.

St. Ambrose says, *De his qui mysteriis initiantur*, “after consecration,” *not* the bread is turned into the body of Christ, but that “the body of Christ is SIGNIFIED.” See *Life of Cranmer*, p. 123.

The words of Augustine (*Confess. lib. iii. chap. iv.*) are: “*fideliter fateamur, ante consecrationem, panem esse, et vinum, quod natura formavit: post consecrationem, carnem Christi et sanguinem esse, quod Benedictio consecravit;*” that is, as it appears to me, *not* that the benediction has *changed* the bread and wine into the actual body and blood, but that the benediction has *consecrated* them as such. But, be it as it may, what destitution of every sublime devotional feeling would it have shewn, if, there being such a hymn in the universe, the Reformers had not admitted it into the Ritual.

The Presbyterian Parliament passed the Ordinance against Deans and Chapters 15th June, 1641. The Episcopal Chapter lands of Salisbury were not sold till 1647.

The “*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*” of that most learned, most amiable character, Sir Henry Wotton, were collected and printed 1651, and his “*State of Christendom*” 1657.

Hammond’s Practical Catechism had passed through four editions in 1649, but was re-printed in 1655.

When I remark, p. 208, that the Parliament was Episcopalian and Tory, I mean that these parties were dominant; though it is well known the Presbyterians formed a large part of the Parliament which restored Charles the Second.

It is not to be denied that the principles of *non-resistance* were the principles of the Church of England, to the reign of James the Second. Tillotson’s Letter to the Duke of Monmouth is well known; but I contend that, had not the tide of illiterate fanaticism overwhelmed all intellectual morality, the principles of Chillingworth, and Hales, and Taylor, would have been those of Tillotson, as well as Locke.

I have said, “perish the Establishment, if inconsistent with charity;” for it is my sincere conviction that the fiercest contests, between rival and discordant sects, would take place, if there were no established religion.

In conclusion, I beg to express my sincerest acknowledgment for the great care of Mr. J. G. Nichols, in superintending this Work through the press, the errors of which are only owing to the Author.

L I F E

OF

THOMAS KEN, D.D.

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

Stemmata quid faciunt? JUVENAL.

THOMAS, the youngest son,* by his first wife, of Thomas Ken, attorney at law, of Furnival's Inn, Holborn, was born at Little Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It is probable his father had a temporary place of residence in this parish, as, upon inquiry both of the Rector of Berkhamstead and Little Berkhamstead, I find no record or tradition respecting the family, nor any account of possessions belonging to any person of that name.

Hawkins, the most authentic biographer of Bishop Ken, and who was his great-nephew, says he was born at Berkhamstead. Salmon, who wrote a short summary of the lives of all the Bishops from the Restoration to the Revolution, states his place of birth to have been Little Berkhamstead.

* His biographer and relation, Hawkins, has called Ken *youngest* son. It appears, from a pedigree in the College of Arms, attested by his father, that John Ken was not the elder brother, but son of the second wife. (See page 5.)

The fact of his having been born at Berkhamstead is ascertained, both from Hawkins and by the entry of his admission to Winchester college; but there is no tradition, or entry in the register at Berkhamstead, and therefore we can only suppose that he was born, if not *baptized*, at Little Berkhamstead,* a place, from comparative obscurity, less likely to have preserved any positive facts or traditional memorial, and where the parish register prior to 1712 is lost.

His father, Thomas Ken, had, we may conclude, more than one son by his first wife, as *John* was son of the second wife. He had two daughters. John followed, it is most probable, his father's profession.

Anne, the elder daughter, was married to that singular and interesting character Isaak Walton, the celebrated "*piscator*"

Martha was married to a Mr. James Beacham, who had one son, Fellow of Trinity college, Oxford, and another, Fellow of New college, probably bred up at Winchester from his uncle Ken's recommendation.

Rose Ken, mentioned in Isaak Walton's will,† and recommended to the kindness of his son Isaac, the Canon of Salisbury, was wife of John Ken.

* His father lived in Cripplegate before he removed to Furnival's Inn.

† "I desire him to be kind to his aunt Beachame, and his aunt Rose Ken, allowing the first about *fifty shillings* a year for *bacon* and *cheese*."

Thomas, the son, according to the pedigree, of the first wife, was equally remarkable for the virtues and the vicissitudes of his life. The most interesting passages of that life, connected with the events and characters of the times, we shall now endeavour to set faithfully before the reader.

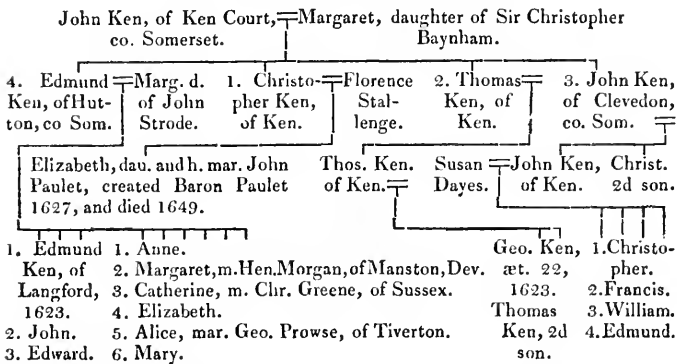
But we shall first give the genealogy of the family of Ken, and the Bishop's pedigree; for, though this might seem unimportant, yet in genealogy, as in mathematics, positive certainty constitutes the value; and the curiosity of the present age has certainly encouraged such minute investigations, which have supplied many biographical and some important facts.

The following is a pedigree of the Ken family, as entered at the Heralds' Visitation of Somersetshire, in 1623.*

Visit. Somerset, 1623.—MSS. Coll. Arm. p. 347.

Arms: Ermine, three crescents Gules.

Crest: Three crescents interlaced Argent.



* "The Visitation of Counties by the King's Stewards and

I subjoin, from the Visitation of London, and by the kindness of my friend Mr. Dallaway, and Mr. Young, York Herald, the immediate descent of the Bishop, with some additional particulars collected from an examination of testamentary evidence.

Officers of Arms, under the special warrant of the Sovereign, for the purpose of collecting and recording the pedigrees and arms of the nobility and gentry resident therein, is of very antient date; and the genealogies and arms thus collected are well known by the name of "Visitations." These records are in existence at the College of Arms, London, from the year 1528 to 1686, the date of the last commission. The authority or commission for making these Visitations was granted by the Sovereign to the provincial Kings of Arms, at intervals of about twenty-five or thirty years; the nobility and gentry were summoned in each county by warrants, to give accounts of their families and arms; and the various entries are in most cases attested by the signatures of the heads of the families, or of persons on their behalves. These Visitations are admitted by the Courts at Westminster, as evidence of the truth of the matters therein contained.

"Since the year 1686, there has not been a visitation, and the pedigrees of the gentry of England have never since then been recorded, except in those comparatively few instances where the prudent members of families have registered them at the College of Arms, London. The neglect (the word is perhaps too severe, but we find it applied by great authority,) therefore, of the Heralds in making their usual progresses is a public injury, affecting the fame, and sometimes that more substantial treasure, the land, of every gentleman in the kingdom; and rendering, as Mr. Justice Blackstone remarked, "the proof of a modern descent, for the recovery of an estate, or succession to a title of honour, more difficult than that of an antient;" and neither wealth nor industry can repair the mischief which
this

As I am indebted to the information of the nearest living descendant of the family, for the traditional information of some of the most novel, probably the most interesting, circumstances of this work, Dr. Herbert Hawes, Prebendary of Salisbury, — my friend and schoolfellow, who inherits his relation's active benevolence and warm attachment to the Church—it will be here proper to shew Dr. Hawes's immediate descent from Anne, the sister of Bishop Ken. She was married, as we have shewn, to the celebrated Isaak Walton. He had by her an only son, Isaac, Canon Residentiary of Salisbury, and a daughter, Anne, married to William Hawkins, D. D. Prebendary of Winchester.

Isaac Walton, the son, died unmarried, at Salisbury, in the canonical residence.

William Hawkins, D. D. had by Anne, daughter of Isaak Walton senior, and sister to Isaac Walton junior, *two children*, William Hawkins, the biographer of his great uncle, the Bishop; and Jane, who died unmarried at Salisbury, living till his death with her uncle.

William Hawkins, the biographer, married the daughter of Dr. Merewether, of Devizes, from whom is descended the present learned and excellent Henry Alworth Merewether, serjeant at law.

this desuetude of the visitations has occasioned; especially as the registries of descents now made are not of themselves legal evidence, although they may point out records and documents to substantiate them, and may afford information upon isolated statements, which the Courts of Westminster will not reject."

Gent. Mag. xcix. ii. 99.

William Hawkins, by his wife, Jane Merewether, had issue a daughter, married to the Rev. John Hawes, Rector of Bemerton. This daughter of William Hawkins was the mother of the present Dr. Hawes, of Salisbury. To him descended, through her, the identical PRAYER-BOOK of old Isaak Walton (of which more will be said), splendidly bound, adorned with the arms of Charles the First, printed 1637, and containing, in Walton's handwriting, the dates of the birth of his children, and the first transcript of the epitaph on his wife Anne, buried in Worcester cathedral two years after the Restoration. These family memorials are written in the blank leaf before the title-page of this honoured relic. Dr. Hawes has also in his possession an original drawing in crayons by Isaac Walton, junior, of his father, which is the most interesting and characteristic portrait I have ever seen, said to have been drawn from recollection after death. With these records and relics, to my friend descended also the remains of Ken's worldly splendour, a *small silver coffee-pot*,* the companion of all his vicissitudes; and the manuscript of his epic poem, "Edmund," most carefully written with his own hand, and in places elaborately corrected, which shews the *limæ laborem* he bestowed on it.

These particulars I have thought it right to pre-

* Together with his silver-watch, made by Tompion. These may be compared with Wesley's *two silver spoons*, — one in London, and one in Bristol!

mise in this place, as, but for the interesting information connected with these circumstances, and, above all, Ken's relationship with Isaak Walton, I should probably never have appeared as an episcopal biographer.

Before I leave this part of the subject, I would not omit some curious coincidences.

The daughter of Christopher Ken,* of Ken, near Clevedon, on the banks of the Severn, married, we have seen, John, son of Sir Anthony Paulet. Being ardently attached to the fortunes, and in the confidence of Charles the First, his name appeared among the names of those who subscribed the declaration disavowing the intention, on the King's part, of making war on the Parliament.

He appeared in arms on the side of the King, and, as a soldier, nobly and gallantly supported the side he had taken; so that Ken was remotely and immediately a loyalist.

I may here add, that the *second* son of the *first* Lord Paulet married the daughter of a predecessor of Ken's in the See of Bath and Wells, Creighton, who partook all the deprivations of exile with Charles the Second, and who, living to a great age, left, with an inscription commemorative of his fortunes, the brazen eagle, long used as a reading-

* Portraits of Christopher Ken and his wife, by Vandyke, are in the possession of Mr. Piggot, of Brockley-Hall. The Ken estate has been lately parcelled out in lots. Rutter's Somersetshire.

desk in the Choir. His nephew was Canon Residentiary, and a scientific musical composer, whose services are still performed in most cathedrals. He was Canon when Ken was Bishop, whom he revered as much as he and the Chapter opposed Kidder.*

Thus Bishop Ken, son of a London attorney, was doubly connected with the county of Somerset, first *by birth*, and, *incidentally*, with the Chapter of Wells, previously to his becoming connected with that Diocese.

From this remark, I now proceed.

Thomas Ken, youngest son, by the first wife, of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, was born, as we have before said, at Little Berkhamstead. Wood, from mistake, gives the date of his birth 1635. He was born July 1637.

The future Bishop of Bath and Wells entered into life at that eventful period when the murmurs of the storm began to increase, which, soon afterwards, shook to their foundations the battlements of the Church of England.

At this inauspicious era to the Church, this most exemplary, virtuous, and Christian ornament to that Church, was born.

Where he received the first rudiments of his

* It was usual at that time, throughout England, for the members of the Chapter to be present when the candidates for holy orders were ordained. The Chapter often refused attending the ordinations of Kidder. Kidder's MS. Life.

early education is not known ; nor by whose recommendation he became a scholar on William of Wykeham's munificent foundation ; but the sons of many distinguished families in the western counties had usually been sent to that seminary of public education, to receive the advantages of the system, if not to be placed as scholars on the foundation.

That Thomas Ken was considered a proficient in early scholarship ; that he was remarkable, in childhood, for docility as well as sweetness of disposition, it is surely not unreasonable to infer.

It may be presumed that the interest of the more prosperous part of the family, in Somersetshire, was solicited, and that therefore it was thought advisable that this interesting and promising youth should be bred up to "*learning*" in Winchester school.

It must not be forgotten, at the same time, that Ken had a *musical* voice, which had been no small recommendation for admission to all antient ecclesiastical establishments, from their foundation ; for, in after life, it is known that no day passed without his singing his evening and morning hymn to his lute,* the origin of those beautiful morning and evening hymns sung at this day by the children of every parish.

Harris, under whose wardenship Ken was entered at Winchester, having taken the "Covenant," probably little regarded such a qualification ; but

* Hawkins.

it was required by the Statutes, and might have been an inducement for his parents to endeavour to procure a nomination on an ancient ecclesiastical foundation, where, by long custom, and by the Statutes, music was essentially associated with education.*

To show of what importance, before the Reformation, this qualification was considered, we need only remark that, in most of our cathedrals, the chief chanter, or Precentor, ranks next in dignity to the Dean; and though, through England, the cathedral choirs were silent when Ken was entered at Winchester, yet, in many places of ecclesiastical education, those who were not of the Puritanic class would be more observant of ancient forms.

According to the creed of *Puritanism*, the sublime and affecting services of the Choir are a remnant of Popery, as is Episcopacy itself, and our impressive and beautiful Liturgy! It would, indeed, have been a relick of Popery, if the BISHOP were obliged to *lead* the chant, as enjoined by the Popish Ritual, *secundum usum Sarum*.

Thus, however, with the rudiments of the Latin language, and with the musical qualifications for a *future* Bishop, had he lived in times more propitious to choir-service, Ken, junior, became a candidate for admission into the College of St. Mary

* The first question asked of every candidate is, whether he can *sing*? See "History of Bremhill."

Winten in the year 1650-1. The entry of admission in the College book is as follows :

Thomas Ken, de Berkhamstead, in com. Hertford, annorum 13 ad Michaelis, 1650, admissus est Jan. 30, 1650-1.

Ken was admitted under the wardenship of Harris, who was considered a perfect Grecian, and an eloquent preacher. According to Wood, he sided, in the contest between the Presbyterians and the Church of England, with the Presbyterians; was elected of the *Assembly of Divines*, took the Covenant, and so kept his wardenship till his death, two years before the Restoration, 1658.*

He was elected one of the Elders of the Assembly of Divines, through William Twiss, also educated at Winchester, who was reckoned in his day the most powerful of all arguers against Arminius, for the *supralapsarian Decrees!* A learned discussion was maintained between him and Warden Harris, probably about some *shade* of the same dark doctrines.

I mention these circumstances to shew how adverse the spirit of the times was to the Episcopal Church, for here was a Warden, eating the bread of the munificent founder, and superintending an establishment founded by Episcopal bounty, who

* The Warden of New College, nominated by the Parliamentary Visitors in 1648, died the same year.

had taken the "*Covenant*" to destroy Episcopacy *root and branch!* Papal and Protestant!

As to the creed of Harris, he published two Epistles to Twiss; the first, on the question, whether Predestination were *definite* or *indefinite!* and the other, on the *object of Predestination!* Such useless contention is the effect of pressing views in religion beyond the sober veracity of the Gospel, Atheism or Infidelity, in consequence, always succeeding.

So, when the Platonic, or abstracted views of religion, led, in their excess, to the *contemplative Pillar-Saint*, who lived forty years on a pillar,* this kind of enthusiasm having attained its *ne plus ultra* of absurdity — turned round, and the *Dancing Saints* had their reign. These, in their turn, were succeeded by the *Flagellants*; and then came in the *Jumpers!*

In the mean time, amidst all this *coil*, "wisdom is justified of her children." The "wisdom that is from above" is the same, and the Church of England, holding nothing *infallible* but the Word of God, in its sobriety and purity, regards these aberrations of humanity with a sigh, still preserving the purity and dignified medium of truth.

The Calvinistic creed succeeded *abstracted* feelings — with this difference: Plato, by abstraction, sought to EXALT the SOUL — *Manes*, and the Καθαροί — earliest Puritans, enjoined their disciples,

* See Mosheim.

by unnatural austerities, &c. to mortify the *body*, that is, *matter*—which they conceived to be derived from the *Evil Principle*, and therefore *totally* and *essentially* corrupt.

Christianity, mingled with *Platonism*, on one hand, carried to excess, scraphic abstraction; and the severer scholastic creed, mingling pure CHRISTIANITY with Manicheism, afterwards with *Aristotelism*, produced *Calvinism*, of which there are two distinct *shades*. About these two shades—*absolute* and *conditional*—Twiss and Harris differed.

The Cock in Dryden's Fable says —

I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardine and LEARNED Austin can!

In the language of Chaucer —

— “ In school is great *altercation*,
In this mater, and great *disputacion*,
And hath been of a hundred thousand men!
Quoth Chanticlere!

(Cock and the Fox.)

It is a pity that such *disputations*, which have been the bane of piety, should not have been confined to *such* disputants; for neither Twiss nor Warden Harris made the world wiser or better, and “ CHARITY,” which is “ *greater* ” than Faith, has always suffered in such interminable contests! We are *commanded* to “love one another;” but we are nowhere *commanded* to believe in Predestination—*absolute* or *conditional*!

CHAPTER II.

KEN A COLLEGE-BOY, AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL — CATHERINE HILL — ELECTION-CHAMBER — REFLECTIONS ON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.

GRAY.

WE have now placed our young scholar, "*pauper scholaris*," on that ancient foundation which has sent so many illustrious scholars into society, and so many who, like Warham, Chicheley, Ken, and Lowth, have adorned the highest stations in the Church, and, by their learning, virtue, and piety, given the noblest lustre—often from the humblest origin—to the mitre.

The more interesting career of life is now begun, every stage of which, in its first progress, is watched by affectionate parents with intense anxiety, lest "peradventure evil should befall a beloved child." The parents, however, have chosen that mode of education in which it is *least likely* that "*evil will befall him*."

At the age of thirteen, the scholastic noviciate at Winchester is probably placed in the form called

* See observations in "*Vindiciæ Wycchamicæ*," on this word in the Statutes, in answer to Mr. Brougham—by the Author.

Junior part of Fifth; and is become, with a band, and black dangling gown, a Junior of Fifth or Sixth Chamber.

As junior, he is up before the other boys of the same chamber. In the glimmering and cold wintry mornings, he could not turn, at this time, to "Ken's Manual;" but he would perhaps repeat to himself—watching the slow morning through the grated window—one of the beautiful ancient hymns composed for the scholars on the foundation.

Jam lucis orto sydere
 Deum precemur supplices,
 Ut in diurnis actibus,
 Nos servet a nocentibus.

Now the star of morning-light
 Rises on the rear of night;
 Suppliant to our God we pray,
 From ills to guard us through this day.

I have little doubt but such repetitions, in after life, led Ken to the composition of those hymns which form the greatest portion of his poems, and particularly his well-known Morning and Evening Hymns, of which I have spoken.

Rising before the others, he had little to do except to apply a candle to a large faggot, in winter, which had been already laid. Nothing *servile* did I ever see or experience, though it has been as falsely as basely alleged that the juniors of a public school clean shoes, &c. Such degrading offices, or *any thing degrading*, I do not believe is, or was

ever permitted; and as to lighting a faggot, or obeying the seniors, Ken, in a prison, or in his highest elevation, might have found the advantage. What he had to undergo would not have prevented him from sending a favourite son to learn the same virtues at the same expense.

On the fifth or sixth day, our junior, “the tear forgot as soon as shed,” if it has ever for a moment been on his youthful cheek, is at ease among his companions of the same age; he is found, for the first time, attempting to wield a cricket bat; and, when his hour of play is over, he plies, at his score,* the labours of his silent lesson, or sits scanning his “nonsense” verses, which, *nonsense* as they have been called, have led the way to form the most accurate and elegant scholars, however such rudiments may be derided.

These cares are soon at an end. The holidays are approaching; and who more blithely than Ken, with his musical voice, can sing that pleasing verse of the old Wykehamical canticle—

Ridet annus, prata rident,
Nosque rideamus,
Jam repetit Domum

* An oaken box, which contains his few books. On each side are places for pens and ink. The outer cover is placed open. The depository of books has another cover, on which the young scholar writes his task, or reads his lesson.

Daulias advena,
 Nosque domum repetamus,
 Domum, &c.*

Now every boy pants for Whitsuntide, when is sung, in choral glee—

Musa, *libros mitte, fessa,*
Mitte pensa dura.

Till that day arrives, after the "*pensa dura*" of four days, the whole train of youthful scholars is seen streaming, twice a week, by the side of the Itchin, towards Catharine Hill, a large, round, conical hill, fronting the Downs; a scene, since the foundation of the school, dedicated to youthful recreation and short oblivion of school cares.

This holiday scene, alive and fervent with strippling animation from age to age, Tom Warton has beautifully described, with the airy occupants at their pastimes.

Aërio Catharina jugo, quà vertice summo,
 Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
 Et circumducti servat vestigia valli,
 Wykehamicæ mos est pubi celebrare palestras
 Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
 Festa dies quoties rediit.

He then describes the *juniors*, as seen in knots and groups upon the turf:

Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire MINORES,
 Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,

* Dulce Domum. the old Wykehamical song, from its style, may be judged to have been written before the Reformation.

Innocuasque edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
OTIA AGUNT FUSI, CLIVISQUE SUB OMNIBUS ILERENT.

Among these juniors, on the different knolls,—
throw back the years that have passed away since,
—we think we see young Ken, familiar and
playful.

That an anxious mother, instead of listening to
the *hobgoblin* stories of public-school tyranny,
might think she saw, on a summer's holiday, the
child of her affections thus seated, I shall endeavour
to translate for her :

Where on its airy summit, CATHARINE HILL *
Still shews its Danish dike, and the vast camp,
And vestiges of ramparts, that surround
Its brow—oft as the festive day returns,
Wykeham, thy sons their pastimes celebrate,
Or in light play contend : the younger tribe
Appear, all play—uncertain what—they leap,
In harmless strife they wrestle, or in groups,
Spread leisurely, on every hillock hang.

Many years have passed since I played among
them ; in the language of the classical writer,

“ Where first my Muse to lisp her notes began !
While pensive Memory traces back the man,
Which fills the varied interval between,
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, mark the scene.”

WARTON.

* It is well known, that Pope Gregory gave directions to his
Missionaries not to change the places of assembly where Pagan
rites were celebrated, but to dedicate them afresh to Christian
saints, and turn the Pagan into Christian rites. (See Bede.)

But, I will venture to say the last natural and beautiful image, to which no translation can do justice, has been witnessed from the days of Ken, I might say from the days of the founder, to the present, and will be witnessed as long as the neighbouring ancient towers, dedicated for so many years to learning and piety, shall

“ crown the watery glade.”

I trust to the reader's pardon for this incidental interruption, and proceed to the classical studies there of him whose life suggested the imagery and excited the remembrances of the moment.

A Winchester scholar, advancing through the different classes of the school, acquires different habits of thinking, accompanied with a diffident consciousness of progressive acquirements. He now begins to feel the beauties of those works whose grammatical difficulties he had pensively pored over. The descriptions of Virgil and Homer have a charm for his imagination; and his ear is insensibly turned to the music of the versification.

His awakened feelings are in unison with his studies, now no longer confined to the trammels of unintelligible grammar.

Hence, as I have observed elsewhere, the hill of Tanarus became that of St. Anne, and *Cad-a-Ryne*, the fortification above the water, *St. Catherine*; of which St. Catharine's hill, near Winchester, is a striking specimen.

Such a youth, when his companions are at play,
often wanders "off-hill," (as the term is,)

"Step following step, and thought succeeding thought."

LOWTH.

Such a character I remember poor Russell,* a

* Thomas Russell, of New College, my school-fellow at Winchester, had great poetical genius, and exquisitely cultivated attainments.

A small volume of translated and original poems was published soon after his immature death, by our common revered friend, now elevated to the metropolitan seat of this kingdom. This volume, though now scarce, is rich in strains of most harmonious sweetness and beauty, as every heart attached to poetry will acknowledge wherever it has been met. Mr. Southey has done justice to it; and it were to be wished that a new edition were published, together with the poems of Crowe and Bampfiede.

At Oxford, Russell's society was sought by most of the young men of birth and talent in the University. He retired from such society, where he was admired and loved, to a provincial curacy; and soon after, with the most engaging manners, the most benevolent heart, and the highest endowments, died, in early youth, of a consumption, the Curate of a village near Dorchester, of which county his father and brother were eminent solicitors.

Some of the boys were in the habit of writing local epigrams. A most elegant tribute, of the kind, was paid to the eloquence of Balguy, a prebendary, who had refused a bishopric, well known for his Sermons on Christian Benevolence. He had preached on the text, "in wisdom there is sorrow."

IMPROMPTU.

If what you have told us, dear Doctor, be true,

"In wisdom is sorrow," how wretched are you!

This

young man of extraordinary genius. Such, we may conceive, before he was cast upon the world, was Otway; such the sublime Young; such the tender Collins; such Lowth, who, with kindred feeling, awoke the sacred harp of Israel,*—all educated in the same school—and such, to judge from his character through life, was the studious and the ingenuous Ken.

But adieu to desultory ramblings “*off-hills*,” when the young votary of the Muses
 “snatches a fearful joy.”

The day of ELECTION draws near—“the great, the important day, big with the fate” of super-

This was written by Russell when a boy at school.

His early fate reminds me of some lines written by himself, upon a schoolfellow, dying, with a similar fate, and, in some respects, resembling him in character :

To a friend so sincere, to a comrade so gay,
 Who brought cares on himself, to drive our cares away,
 Who lov'd still to laugh, yet ne'er wish'd to offend,
 And, a friend to mankind, *found mankind not a friend*;
 To a spirit so rare let us ever be just,
 Nor forget him, *poor fellow! though laid in the dust.* †

Then haste with your myrtles to hang on his shrine,
 With odours enrich it, bedew it with wine;
 Ne'er cease on his turf early roses to bloom,
 And green be the laurel that waves o'er his tomb.

* Lowth's “*Prælectiones de Sacra Poesi Hebræorum*,” — rich with classical translations of Isaiah.

† Russell wrote the Letters in the Gentleman's Magazine, with the signature A.S. (*Amator Solitudinis*), in defence of Warton, when he was attacked by Ritson. See his death recorded in the Magazine for 1788, p. 752.

annuates, panting to be placed high on the roll of succession to the great object of Wykehamical hopes, NEW COLLEGE.

A severer course of studies is now absolutely requisite, for nothing can be conceived more portentous than, at this time, to the ambitious student, the Election-chamber! The Warden and Electors from *New College* have been received yesterday evening by a Latin oration at the inner gate of the college, spoken by one of the senior boys, with classical compliments to the learning and critical judgment of the illustrious visitors and examiners!

The next morning, the scholars to be examined are all in a fervour of anxiety and emulation. At length, they are ushered into the Election-chamber before the TWO WARDENS of either College, the *Posers*, as they may well be called, two Fellows of New College, the Sub-Warden, and Head-Master of Winchester. The scholars of the first and second classes are examined in sets, called *Fardels*, the form of the examination being doubtless nearly the same now, and the appellations the same, as they were at the time when Ken stood to be examined among them.

To the Founder's kin,—descendants from the Founder,—according to the Statutes, the two first places are conceded. The place on the roll next to them is the great object of emulation among the others; and this is the time of the greatest solici-

tude to a parent. He has spared no expense,—he has watched every improvement,—he anticipates certain success.

The examination itself, during three successive days, is indeed formidable to the tyro of classical studies.

The books are opened, Homer, Sophocles, &c. but the examinant knows nothing of the passages which he will have to render into English, at sight, before his new hearers. The last day of examination is more formidable still; for, ranged round the room, *without pen or ink*, and not having the most remote idea of the subject that will be proposed, those who form the first class are required to compose, and repeat, as soon as composed, Latin verses, on any subject given by the different electors; and this is absolutely necessary to gain or retain a place which will ensure any chance of succeeding to New College.

With respect to such examination, and critical exercises, I shall only observe, that, if classical scholarship be considered as necessary towards the liberal part of the education of a highly-cultivated English gentleman, whether destined to be a clergyman or not, it were best that he should be a scholar, not *crudely*, or by *halves*, but have a relish for the beauties, an ear to distinguish the harmonies, of the ancient Poets,—to have those harmonies familiar to him,—to imbibe from them a perfect feeling of the charms of classical prosody, not

pedantically, but intimately,—to be nursed in severe and discriminating feelings of taste, to be familiar with the most correct models of composition. The scholar may thus lay up *oblectamina* for the evening of age, and, through all changes of life, derive enjoyment from refined literature, which interests in solitude, and which gives the most cultivated charm to conversation and character.

But is this all? Let the name of Lowth, and of him whose life I am recording, and of a thousand others whom I could mention, be THE ANSWER!

I do not say the system must invariably succeed, but the “BREAD IS CAST ON THE WATERS.”

Ken, after the requisite examination, must have been so placed on the roll, as would justify a parent's hope that, a vacancy occurring in the course of the year, he would be admitted to a Fellowship in the kindred munificent foundation of William of Wykeham in Oxford.

But, before we attend his progress to the next scene of life, after the duration and exercises of a cloistered school,—we shall take this opportunity of adding some reflections on a very important subject,—the system of public-school education in England, so much, in the present day, discussed.

The interval between school and the new scenes of life, which an University presents, is generally passed by the young student among his friends at home.

The advantages of the English mode of public education are not perceived by an anxious parent till a son, sent a boy to Westminster, Eton, or Winchester, returns a manly and high-minded youth to his parents when this part of his education has been completed. He has now, by collision with others, been taught to estimate himself justly. If his parents move in the highest stations of society, the *edge* of domineering vanity has been worn down; and nothing, in after life, appears of that conceit, which is invariably found when there is no collision of equal minds and equal station. All petty arrogance in a public school finds its level; qualities are estimated, not station; though, afterwards, a due respect to station, when not arrogantly assumed on one side, will be always liberally and cheerfully granted on the other. The fondest mother, remarking the pleasing manners, the generous and frank mind, the scholar-like but unpedantic acquirements, the demeanour without conceit or awkwardness, of "a favourite" son, will feel a tear of joy start to her eye, that his father was not deterred by the chimeras of tyranny, cruelty, &c. from giving his child that education which has produced a Walpole, a Chatham, a Liverpool, Ministers of State; a Pulteney, Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Lansdowne, Wellesley (Marquis), Holland, Grey, &c. Parliamentary orators; Onslow,

Cornwall, Addington, Abbott, Sutton, Speakers ; among poets and scholars, a Milton, a Cowley, an Addison, a Gray, and a Collins ; Wellington, a soldier and statesman ; among Bishops, a Sherlock, a Lowth, and a Ken.

It will not be imagined, from what is here said, that any one could be so absurd as to suppose all virtue and talent are monopolized by public schools.* No ! but the chance, in my opinion, is nearly two to one *in favour* of wisdom and virtue ; and, if I have adverted to some conspicuous examples of public eminent characters, I believe in no instance will it be found, while we lament talents and station disgraced, that such characters as a Wharton or a Rochester, would have been, or could have been, so *infamously* distinguished, had their system of education been public ; a mode of

* There are no such establishments, I believe, in France, or on the Continent : is there, then, no virtue or wisdom in France, as well as England ? Who would ever think of affirming this ? but I believe every one will say, that there is no comparison between the general ignorance and frivolousness of the classes of the educated or noble young men of one nation, and the moral and intellectual eminence of the same rank in the other ; or that England, in moral dignity, yields to any nation. A great deal is owing to the moral effect of our institutions of education ; and I contend, the public and academic institutions of this country are one of the most effective means of furnishing those distinguished characters in the first ranks of English society—the scholar, the gentleman, the Christian.

education which was expressly interdicted by their parents, for fear of injuring their MORALS,*—the *morals* of a Rochester or Wharton!

How often has it been my lot to have heard arguers possessed of intelligence and talents, descant on the evils of public schools; when the intrusive thought could not be repressed, that if those very men, so energetic on the cruelties and folly of the system, had experienced in their youth the advantages of such an education themselves, it would have subdued that *opinionated* fervour, the existence of which was owing to the want of the discipline they decried!

But the cloistered gates are thrown wide: the young disciple, starting into life, looks for a moment back upon the dark walls of discipline with many reminiscences of school-day hours, and companions from whom he is to be parted for ever; and lingeringly he bids adieu to the shades of his monastic incarceration, rising over the watery pastures

* Certain good ladies' fears as to *morals*, I have even heard from some academical tutors! There is infinitely more oppression, and *more immorality*, in private schools. The difference is this. At private schools, I speak of course generally, the quiet boy, who comes the youngest and weakest, is "put upon," as the phrase is. In larger schools, he is protected. One act of cruelty, in three hundred years, in a school where there is a succession of five hundred boys, is held up as a *necessary* consequence of such a mode of education!!

of Itchin, with emotions so exquisitely described by Sophocles, and in language so familiar to him :

*Χαιρ', ὦ μελαθρον, ξυμφρουρον εμοι,
Νυμφαι τ' ει υδροι λειμωνιαδες. —*

FAREWELL, thou sojourn of my youthful years,
Nymphs of the meadows of the watery vale,
FAREWELL.

The author's feelings on leaving the same scene of early study, many, many years ago, were thus expressed at the time :

I go, not unrejoicing, but who knows —
Returning, I may drop some natural tears
When these same scenes I look around,
And hear from yonder Fane the slow bell sound,
And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling years.*

* Poems, vol. ii.

CHAPTER III.

KEN AT OXFORD—ANTONY WOOD'S MUSICAL CLUB—FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THYNNE OF CHRIST CHURCH, AFTERWARDS VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH—CONNECTION OF THE FAMILY OF THYNNE AND PACKINGTON—MORLEY, AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, THE MEANS OF KEN'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH THYNNE.

And in the year eight hundred fifty three and twelve,
 Martin Bishop of Rome granted to King Alured,*
 To found and make a study then again,
 And an university of clercks to read,
 The whiche he made at OXFORD indeed,
 To that intent the clercks by sapience
 Against heretics should make resistance.

John Harding.

KEN left Winchester college a super-annuate between eighteen and nineteen years of age, 1655-6. As there was no vacancy at New college, he was entered at Hart hall, afterwards Hertford college; † and they only who have been in the same situation know with what intense anxiety the young Oxford student and his parents look forward, day by day, perhaps through the long year in vain, for a vacancy, which may bring the super-annuate of Winchester again among his old schoolfellows, and place him in the foundation to which his early studies were preparatory—which had been the goal of his

* Alfred.

† Where Magdalen hall now is.

youthful ambition and hopes, and to which his eyes were almost from infancy directed, as the first home of independence in life. But, lo! from death or marriage, unexpectedly a vacancy occurs just before the year has expired, and now, when all hopes of succession had nearly vanished, Ken, with the ardour and delight which a Wykehamist only feels, becomes possessor of rooms in New college.

Ken was admitted Probationer Fellow of New college in 1657, George Marshall being then Warden; a Warden who was not a *Wykehamist*, or elected, according to the Statutes, by the Fellows, but *obtruded* on the College by the Parliamentary Visitors, and appointed, *reclamante collegio*, in 1649.

The intrepid stand which the true sons of Wykeham made on this occasion has been little noticed, though their conduct was as noble as that of the President and Fellows of Magdalen, in the face of arbitrary power; but the Parliamentary Visitors knew better how to do their work, and they did it more effectually than James the Second.

Dr. Pink, the Warden, died soon after this "direful visitation," as Ayliffe calls it, began. An injunction issued to the Fellows of New college that they should *not* proceed to elect a Warden, but wait the recommendation of the Visitors. The Fellows took no notice, but proceeded, according to the Statutes, to elect one of their own body, and elected Dr. Henry Stringer, almost unanimously, in defiance.

of the imperative Puritans, and in disdain of the strongest solicitations of Lord Say,* who had been educated himself a Wykehamist.

Walker says, a *Major Jordan* was *thrust in!* Of him I find no account, and therefore imagine this to be a mistake. Wood says nothing of this Jordan; but the "Saints," in the plenitude of their dispensing and dictatorial power,—far greater than that of *James the Second*,—nominated as Warden, White—distinguished by the title of the "Patriarch of Dorchester," in Dorsetshire, and Rector of Trinity Church there! The obstinate sons of Wykeham, however, rejected the "Patriarch of Dorchester," though educated at Winchester, and formerly Fellow of New college, and elected one whose character, learning, and piety was of a different complexion.

The Visitors, however, knew their strength, — they ejected, by virtue of the Parliamentary *lex fortioris*, Dr. Stringer, the legitimate Warden, *vi et armis!* He retired to London; and, like many other estimable characters, died obscurely there, probably in poverty, a few years afterwards.

It is said, the "Patriarch of Dorchester," † having

* Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, his son, it is said, saved the college of Winchester from destruction, remembering his oath, when commissioned by Cromwell to destroy it.

† He was a pious but injudicious man, and certainly one of the most amiable of his class. He is buried in the churchyard of Trinity church, Dorchester. Wood.

been a Fellow, from high principles, refused the honour, and the Visitors nominated, as in insult, a *novum monstrum* of a Warden, George Marshall, who was neither Wykehamist nor fellow, but who had been chaplain to the *godly* garrison of the Parliament. Under his *alien* wardenship Ken became Probationer Fellow, not long before this *anomalous* Warden's death. Harris, the Presbyterian Warden of Winchester, and this obtruded Warden of New college, died the same year, 1658. The Fellows afterwards proceeded in their regular mode of election, which every true Wykehamist will pray may have no other interruption as long as these ancient and hallowed seats of learning shall flourish, to produce future Lowths and future Kens.

Ken had been entered at Oxford when the celebrated Dr. Owen was Vice-Chancellor under the Chancellorship of Cromwell. This learned man, of the class of the Puritanic Independents, it is known, was author of a scholastic treatise on the "*Divine Justice.*" Learning and liberality, indeed, were now surviving the degraded reign of fanatic ignorance at Oxford.

The great Sir William Petty was Fellow of Brasen-nose. Ward,* the mathematician, was soon afterwards, though educated at Cambridge, elected President of Trinity, from whence, at the Restoration, he was ejected in favour of the expelled President, Dr. Hannibal Potter.

* Afterwards the beneficent Bishop of Salisbury.

And let it be mentioned, that at Oxford, by Wilkins and Dr. Petty, afterwards Sir William, the first project was entertained that led to the establishment of the Royal Society. It will serve to shew how much the dismal rule of Calvinistic Puritanism had relaxed in its morose and unsocial discipline, when, towards the close of Cromwell's life, "the unprofitable organ" was again heard "piping" at St. Mary's; and when a musical society was established in the town, where even *ungodly fiddles* were once more heard.

As "Ken, junior," of New college, belonged to this society, we shall copy Anthony à Wood's minute but delightful account of the members.* Before they "tap their bows on the candlestick," let us reconnoitre the whole set.

First there is "Charles Perot, M. A. of Oriel coll. a *well-bred gentleman*," (no starch and sour predestinarian,) "and a person of a *sweet nature*." Next behold,

2. "Christopher Harrison, M. A. Fellow of Queen's college, a *maggot-headed* person, and *humourous!*" Methinks we hear the ghost of Praise-God-barebone, sighing, "O tempora et mores!" "He was afterwards *Parson* of Burgh-under-Staynsmore, in Cumberland." By your leave,

* The society was first established in 1656; and Wood gives a list under that date, but I have only quoted the second list in 1658, among whose names Ken first appears.

Antony, "Parson" of Burgh in Westmorland. So, in Wales,

The Bowens and Ap-Rices

Keep *fiddles* with their *benefices* —

"where he died in the *winter-time*, an. 1694."—Wood. Whom have we next?

3. No less a personage than "Kenelm Digby, FELLOW OF ALL SOULS," who ought to have been "MEDIOCRITER DOCTUS," according to the Statutes, "*in plano Cantu.*" "He was afterwards," proceeds Antony, "LL. D. and dying in the said college, Nov. 5, 1688, was buried in the chapel there. He was a *violinist*, and the two former, violists."—Wood. We may imagine *tenor-violins*. The Fel-

lows of ALL SOULS, as if resolved to be no longer "Mediocriter Docti in arte Musicâ," are here again!

4. "Will. Bull, M. A. Batchelor of Physick, and Fellow of ALL SOULS, for the violin — and viol."—Wood. Hear, oh Chicheley! thy *degenerate* sons! "He died the 15th July, 1661, aged 28, and was buried in the chapel there."—Wood. Another Fellow of the same college!

5. "John Vincent, M. A. Fellow of the said college! a VIOLIST. He went afterwards *to the Inns of Court*, and was a barrister."—Wood.

6. "Sylvanus Taylor, sometime Commoner of Wadham college; afterwards Fellow of All Souls! *violinist and songster!*"—Wood. Another Fellow of that college wherein the *bene nati* were required to be only *mediocriter docti* in music, a *singer into the*

bargain! “He went afterwards to Ireland, and died at Dublin in the beginning of November 1672.” Wood. “*Lugete, veneres, cupidinesque,*” we might say, if he were composer of the “*Irish Melodies*”* of the day, which we have no means of ascertaining. “His elder brother, Captain Silas Taylor, was a *composer* of music, *playd and sung* his parts, and, when his occasions brought him to Oxon, he would play and *sing* his part there.”

7. “Henry Langley, M.A. and Gentleman Commoner of Wadham college, a violist and songster. He was afterwards a worthy knight, lived at Abbey Foriat, near Shrewsbury, where he died in 1680.”

8. “Samuel Woodford, a Commoner of the said college, a violist. He was afterwards a celebrated poet, † beneficed in Hampshire, and Prebendary of Winchester.”—Wood.

I here pause, and request indulgence, having mentioned these *musical* gentlemen of Wadham, to relate a circumstance in my own musical career in the same University.

I was then scholar of Trinity, every resident in the inner quadrangle of which college practised on some instrument. *Four-and-twenty* fiddles, nineteen clarionets, and flutes *out of number*, rung

* Let it not be thought that I undervalue, by this remark, those affecting and beautiful strains by my friend Thomas Moore.

† This “celebrated poet” was, like Churchill’s bard,
“Of special merit but of little note.”

through the quadrangle from morning till night, after lectures, chapel, &c. were over.

“Playing my part,” (as Antony says,) I was seated, humbly attempting a quartett of Haydn, on a beautiful morning in summer. The leader was the *celebrated Mahon*, the second my poor friend, now no more, Dr. Lee, afterwards head of the college, and Vice-Chancellor,—when, suddenly, the leader started from his chair, dropped the bow, placed his hands on *both* ears, and exclaimed, “Merciful Heaven! I thought I had heard every hideous sound upon earth—but—*what is that?*”

A window opposite was thrown open—the neck of an instrument protruded—a distorted visage seen, and we heard, in dismay, that this was a young gentleman, named *Boulter*, first attempting

“Shepherds, I have lost my Love,”

on the BASSOON! I know not whether he is alive or dead, but if alive, and should he ever read this, he may smile. I hope he still plays the *bassoon*, as one of the *oblectamina* of the evening of life, when he made so promising a beginning!

We had no hope of stopping this interesting *solo*, so all instruments were laid down; but the circumstance caused a grand revolution, for orders were given out by the President, Dr. Chapman, that no person should touch any instrument till *one* o’clock.

This injunction only served, exactly as the clock struck one, to increase the noise:

Let those PLAY now, who never *play’d* before,
Let those who always *play’d*, now play the more.

The quadrangle, from its braying, at a particular hour, "with all sorts of instruments," was familiarly called Nebuchadnezzar's Quadrangle.

The garden of Trinity fronts Wadham, the college of Antony Wood's two last musicians. In consequence of the fervent harmonies at one o'clock, the Warden of Wadham earnestly requested the President of Trinity to put a stop to the music entirely, as the students of his college, not having such *good ears* as the young gentlemen of Trinity, could not proceed with their studies in consequence of the noise of their collegiate neighbours!

I could hardly refrain giving this narrative of *Oxford music*, being on the subject of Antony Wood's academical harmonists, and we now proceed with his illustrious list.

9. "Francis Parry, M. A. Fellow of Corpus Christi college, a violist and songster. He was afterwards a *traveller*," (in what *line* we are not informed,) but "he belonged to the *Excise Office*!"

10. "Christopher Coward, M. A. Fellow of Corpus Christi college, was afterwards Rector of Dicheat, in his native county of Somersetshire, proceeded D. D. at Oxon 1694." "Violist and division-violist," in the margin. What is meant by division-violist I know not.

11. "Charles Bridgeman, M.A. of Queen's college, of kin to SIR ORLANDO BRIDGEMAN. He was afterwards Archdeacon of Richmond. He died Nov.

26, 1678, and was buried in the chapel belonging to that college."

12. "Nathaniel Crewe, M. A. Fellow of Lincoln college, a violinist and violist, but *always played out of tune*, as having *no good ear*. He was afterwards, through several preferments, Bishop of Durham."

Salve Crewe, ornatissime!—Though your "*ear is bad*," your munificent charity at Bamborough Castle, which first excited the youthful Oxonian to "*sing*,"

"Ye Holy Towers, that shade the wave-worn steep," &c.* makes ample amends. And albeit "*you always play out of tune*," who can forget the institution at Oxford of the *Creweian* commemoration of University Benefactors, and the Theatre, resounding from year to year, since thou didst "*play out of tune*"—with the finest strains of choral music.

13. "Matthew Hutton, M. A. Fellow of Brazenose, *an excellent violist*, afterwards Rector of Aynoe, in Northamptonshire."

14. But who comes next? Per Musas et Apollinem, KENNIUS NOSTER! "Thomas Ken, of New college, a *junior*. He would be sometimes among them, and *sing HIS PART*."—Wood.

15. "Christopher Jeffries, a junior student of Christ Church, excellent at the *organ*, or virginals, or *harpsichord*, having been trained up to those

* Sonnets by the Author.

instruments by his father, George Jeffries, steward to the Lord Hatton, of Kirbie, in Northamptonshire, organist to Charles the First at Oxon."—Wood.

Let the reader think of these *abominations!* An organ and *harpsichord* at the University of Oxford, in the godly times of Cromwell, Chancellor, and Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor! Where was *Pryme*, that he did not sit down and write three volumes in folio, on the "*Ungodliness of Harpsichords!*" How might Tertullian, and those of his school, have declaimed on the portentous catalogue of sinful Citharædists! *Satis cantico-rum! satis vocum!* (De Spectaculis.) Here is the son of the steward of the descendant of Sir Christopher Hatton, a *minuet*-dancing statesman, running fugues on the *harpsichord*, and described as son of the organist of CHARLES THE FIRST!

16. "Richard Rhodes, another *junior* student of Christ Church, a *confident* Westmonasterian; a violinist, to hold between *his knees*. These did frequent the weekly meetings."*

Rest you merry, reader, with this detail. I trust I shall be excused for having dwelt somewhat longer on it; as it is not only curious in itself, shewing the relaxed spirit of fanatical puritanism, but also, as it first introduces to our notice the young scholar of New college, afterwards so eminent.

* A. Wood, Life by himself, pp. 12 et seq.

Respecting this harmonious club we may observe, that “Ken, of New college, junior,” alone is without any instrument—“only *singing* his part;” but it is probable that he, following the examples of so many *instrumental* performers, not long afterwards took up the *lute*—his companion through life. This musical instrument seems more accordant with his character. I would not omit to observe another circumstance. On looking over the enumeration of the INSTRUMENTS there wanted *one*; for where was the BASS? unless the “violinist, *to hold between the knees*,” was a kind of violincello. The academical band would indeed have been complete, could we have added, to keep *Crewe* in countenance, my friend Boulter, junior, of Trinity college, *fagotto obligato!* And who would not rejoice if, hoping “he *did* not intrude,” like Paul Pry, he could “*just look in*” upon the performers, observe *Crewe* tuning his *restive* fiddle, and hear the modest “Ken, junior,” singing his part.

How such a set could meet, without academic censure, for such a purpose, in such a place, and at such a period,* is worthy of remark; and it is *more* worthy of remark, that when “silk and satin divines,” and the ungodly vanities of geer, were among abominations and sins, at this very time the “*red boots* and long knee-strings” of Dr. Owen himself should escape censure; for

* Cromwell died the latter end of this year.

Prynne was living, who hated the Independents, and might have written four volumes on the "ungodliness" * of "*red boots*" and "*knee-strings!*" and, according to Wood, Owen always appeared in his *doctorial costume*, without *any fear* of the "Divine justice!" †

But the most important and the most interesting circumstance connected with Ken's residence at Oxford, was the commencement of that friendship, which endured through every change of fortune, and was the source of all that remained to him of worldly comfort and happiness to the end of life. I allude to the first formation of that friendship with Lord Viscount Weymouth, which led, in the reverses of his lot, and the evening of his days, when he had no home upon earth, to the asylum, in that noble mansion, where he closed his eyes.

I had been mistaken in considering this affectionate and confidential intercourse as having had its commencement in school days, at Winchester; it may therefore be more incumbent on me to obviate the misconception, and to shew its origin at Ox-

* How exactly, through all ages, may the same spirit be traced from Tertullian to our days: Prynne's "*Histrio-mastix*," and "*Ungodliness of Lovelocks*," exactly answering Tertullian's "*De Spectaculis*," and "*De velandis virginibus!*" written after he became a Montanist.

† "*Red boots*" are the statutable costume of *Doctors* in the University, but they have a *dispensation*.

ford. I shall take the opportunity of adverting to some incidental and interesting circumstances.

Thomas Thynne was among the young noblemen and gentlemen educated at Christchurch, under the care and tuition of Dr. Fell, after the Restoration. Turning to Collins's Peerage to ascertain whether there was any account of his previous education, I found that, instead of his having been educated with Ken at Winchester, he was placed, in the time of the Protectorate, under William Burton, known as the translator of Antoninus. In addition to this information, we find that the learned and pious Henry Hammond, and Dr. I. Fell, of Oxford, were subsequently the chief directors of his studies.*

This amiable young man, Thomas Thynne, afterwards Lord Viscount Weymouth, was born in 1640.

Hammond had been expelled by the Parliamentary Visitors from the Canonry of Christchurch in 1647, together with Morley, Canon,† and Fell, the Dean — father of Dr. Fell, afterwards Dean and Bishop. Now Hammond, ejected from his Canonry in 1647, died just before the Restoration, and therefore it was a matter of inquiry how the

* Collins's Peerage.

† The visitation was in December. Morley was ejected by violence in March 1648. Mrs. Fell, it is well known, refused to remove, and the soldiers took her scolding in her chair into the quadrangle! Mrs. Reynolds, at the Restoration, refusing to *budge*, was treated in the *same manner*!

future possessor of Longleat could have received any part of his education from Dr. Hammond, who, having been expelled from Oxford, resided in domestic retirement till his death, with a private family in a distant county.

We shall here observe, that, when the loyal Clergy had “fallen on evil tongues and evil days,” under the infamous and calumnious name of “scandalous and malignant ministers,”—and *such* were Hammond, and Jeremy Taylor, and Sanderson, and Chillingworth, in the Parliamentary vocabulary,—they were obliged to seek what *Wood* calls *LATEBRÆ*, places of retirement, where they could worship God according to *their* CONSCIENCE, and possess their PRAYER-BOOKS in peace, at the time when the tyrannical edicts of Puritanism forbade the use of our beautiful ritual, not only in public, but in *private* houses.

A greater testimony to the piety and virtues of these defamed men cannot be given, than the fact of so many generous bosoms sympathising with them—of many hospitable houses being opened to them, in their day of deprivation and poverty for conscience-sake.

The same kind of asylum which Ken received from his early friend Lord Weymouth, the virtuous, and learned, and holy Hammond, received from Sir John Packington, possessor of that noble seat and park, the residence of my Oxford friend, the present Sir John Packington, Westwood Park, Worces-

tershire. Here, in honoured and literary retirement, under the roof of pious hospitality, lived Henry Hammond; and *here*, just as the altars he loved were restored, and when he would have received the first honours due to his learning and virtues — he died in peace.

As Westwood Park was so distant from Longleat, in Wiltshire, and as Dr. Hammond lived in domestic privacy till death, we might naturally be disposed to question the accuracy of that information which attributes any part of Thynne's education to Hammond.

We shall therefore trace the connection between these families. The first Lord Coventry by two wives had issue — one son and one daughter by his first wife; by the second, four sons and four daughters. Dorothy, the younger, was married to Sir JOHN PACKINGTON, of whom we have spoken; and Mary, the second daughter, to HENRY FREDERICK THYNNE. This shows, at once, the connection between the families of Westwood Park and Longleat, and the circumstances under which the grandson of Frederick Thynne was enabled to derive the advantage from such a director of his studies as Hammond: but it shows more, for it throws accidentally an interesting light on a subject of literary enquiry. In the present day, a question has arisen, “who wrote *Εικων Βασιλικη?*”* And may we not ask

* After all the discussion on this subject, there are some facts on which I shall make a few observations: —

First,

“WHO WROTE THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN?” One object of inquiry throws light, accidentally, on another.

First, the father of that Lord Dartmouth who wrote the notes to Burnet, (Legge,) was constantly with King Charles, and never had any doubt on the subject. This is expressly said by his son. (Notes to Burnet.) I have no doubt he mistook the Icon for the Diary.

Second, it is admitted that in the second edition of this work there was a prayer taken from Sir Philip Sydney's Romance!

No fabricator would exhibit Charles, in his uttermost distress, pilfering a prayer from a *romance-book*, which alone would destroy all idea of his sincerity or real religion among Puritans! But the King, who read such works, might have transcribed a beautiful prayer, which suited his own sorrows, and afterwards forget its source.* Other undoubted prayers exist of the King.

As to King James having told Burnet that Gauden wrote this work, James could know nothing further than what Gauden told him, and he would readily give ear to any story against the *authenticity* of a record which condemned himself, and testified so strongly his father's attachment to the Church of England. Charles wrote undoubtedly a *Diary*, and some prayers. Did, then, Charles write the Icon? Certainly *not*, as it appears. All the antithetic and affected passages I have no doubt are Gauden's. But Charles wrote memoranda of his sorrows; and I believe, if the *suspiria Regalia* had been published as written by the Lover of Shakspeare, they would have been far more affecting.

Of the book found at Naseby, Major Huntingdon says,

* This prayer, at his execution, the King gave to Juxon; but it was published in the *second edition* of Icon. If Gauden had any hand in the *publication* of the *second edition*, the inference is obvious, that he did not write *this Prayer*.

It is well known that this work, so popular at the time, as having succeeded the "Fiduciary" system, that is, "faith without works," was first published with a preface by Hammond, which is retained in all the editions. It has been attributed to *Lady Packington*, to whom, for so many years, Hammond was spiritual guide.

Now, when we consider that Hammond lived under the hospitable roof of the virtuous lady to whom it has been attributed,—when he directed her studies,—when he wrote the preface,—when it was sent anonymously for publication to his friend Dr. Fell,—and, above all, when it is compared, in language, in design, and virtuous intent, with the "*Practical Catechism*," I think it will not be doubted who was the real author; to whom, indeed, it has sometimes been attributed—and when we shall be asked, "who wrote THE WHOLE DUTY

"The chapters were (as he well remembers) written by the hand of Sir Edward Walker, but much corrected with interlineations by the King's own hand; THE PRAYERS BEING ALL WRITTEN BY THE KING'S OWN HAND; which, he says, he VERY WELL KNEW to be."—Relation of Major Huntingdon to Sir William Dugdale, June 1679. My friend Mr. Todd, whose arguments are invincible, thinks Huntingdon's testimony doubtful; but I shall have an opportunity of saying more in another place. See Appendix.

See Hallam's note: but Mr. Hallam does not advert to what Huntingdon says expressly of the Prayers "in the King's hand-writing." Were there any PRAYERS in Walker's History?

OF MAN?"* — connecting it with those circumstances, and with the acknowledged "Practical Catechism," published first anonymously in 1655, may we not answer, "Henry Hammond, in his retirement at Westwood Park;" Hammond, in the Puritanic vocabulary, "SCANDALOUS and malignant!"

The same virtuous character taught the same virtuous principles to his pupil Thomas Thynne, — instilled the same pious and ingenuous feelings, — excited the same attachment to the Church of England, — and recommended his being placed at Christchurch, where, under Morley, the first Dean after the Reformation, formerly Canon with Hammond, his academical studies were superintended. Fell, † succeeding Morley as Dean, took the same anxious care of the education of the young noblemen and gentlemen in this illustrious seminary. From Morley, the friend of Hammond, we shall give reasons for supposing that Fell received particular instructions respecting the noble and amiable heir of Longleat, who, by Morley, the late Dean, had been already introduced to the acquaintance and friendship of Ken, of New College.

* This work has been always vituperated, from that time to the present, by pietists of a certain class. Rowland Hill says, "it has no *heart-work*."

† This was the Fell, alas! who complied with the King's command to deprive Locke of his Studentship! an act for which no virtues will compensate.

From some novel and interesting circumstances connected with the biography of Ken, we shall shew this more clearly as we proceed. We may presume from his character that Ken regularly pursued his academic studies from 1656 to 1662, when he took his first degree. But, as this was not till after the *Restoration*, we shall, in the next chapter, take a cursory retrospect (from the time of Ken's birth) of that gloomy reign of fanaticism, so fatal, for a time, to the Episcopal Church — a fanaticism which realized all the attributes, with some exceptions, that imagination confers on *demoniacs* — which at last sunk down, wearied with its own tumultuary conflicts. This gloomy period was naturally succeeded by the most open libertinism, during which the Clergy still shone as exemplary lights, in a libertine generation; witness Beveridge, &c. the founders of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. At the Restoration, the most beautiful daughter of the Reformation, the Church of England rose up again — next to the Word of God, venerating her sublime and affecting Liturgy — retaining her decent vestments — her sublime choir service — her intrinsic spirit of piety (of which Ken was a most illustrious example) — equally remote from the dogmas of *human infallibility*, or the rhapsodies of *frantic enthusiasm*.

As Ken was entered at Winchester according to the date 1650-1, and as dates of the same kind will occur, I add a general explanation :

“ *Previous* to September 1752, the Year, in this country, commenced on the day of the Annunciation, the 25th of March.

“ *That part* of each year is usually written agreeably to *both* calculations, by placing two figures at the end, as,

February 3, 164 $\frac{8}{9}$, or, 1650-1.

Without this explanation, be it remembered, many dates in Clarendon’s history cannot be understood. For instance, Charles was beheaded January 30, 1648, but the previous December was not in the year 1647; the year 1648 began in the March before.

CHAPTER IV.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF RELIGIOUS PARTIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM THE OPENING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT 1640, TO THE DEATH OF CROMWELL 1658 — PRESBYTERIAN DOMINATION — EPISCOPAL CLERGY OPPRESSED — PRAYER-BOOK PROSCRIBED — PRAYER-BOOK OF ISAAC WALTON, KEN'S BROTHER-IN-LAW — INDEPENDANTS — MILTON — CROMWELL'S DEATH.

As if religion was intended

For nothing else but to be—mended.—BUTLER.

As Ken was elected a scholar on the ancient foundation of the College of Winchester, and afterwards succeeded to a Fellowship in the kindred magnificent establishment, New college, in Oxford, at a period most inauspicious to the Episcopal Church of England, before we proceed with his eventful but blameless life, we shall have a clearer understanding of many circumstances connected, if we take a view of some of the principal causes which led to the subversion, for a time, of that Church, of which Ken became afterwards so distinguished a Prelate.

The Parliament of 1640 opened with a most stern and ominous aspect on the constitution of this Church; for the majority of the members, being rigid Presbyterians, cogently and most *convincingly*

argued in this manner: "There is no sin, in the sight of the Almighty, less pardonable than *toleration*," for there can only be *one true* religion; and that being the Presbyterian, Episcopacy, with all its ungodly geer, of *square caps* and *surplices*, with men and boys "singing anthems like *hogs*,"* ought to be abolished, "root and branch!"

Many circumstances had led to this feeling, which now became general, not only in Parliament, but, in some degree, through the nation.

That the Church was not sufficiently reformed from the *dregs* of popery, had been a topic of grievous complaint, it is well known, among a certain class, called, on that account, PURITANS, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the famed "MARTIN MAR-PRELATE," moving from place to place, set up his press of periodical invective against "*Lord*" Bishops!

The same feeling was now embodied more irresistibly in a *Puritan* Parliament, the leading members being embued with the spirit of Prynne, who, in a celebrated work called HISTRIO-MASTIX (*Scourge of Players*), published anno 1633, inveighed against all the abominations of the age, more especially iniquitous "stage-plays," "flounced and frizzled madames," "silk and satin divines;" cathedral services, which he piously designated "*not* the noise of men, but rather the *bleating* of brute-beasts; where *choristers bellow the tenor* as it were OXEN!"

* Prynne.

bark a counter-point, as a kennel of DOGS! *roar* out a *treble*, like a *sort* of BULLS!" What *sort of bulls* *roar* out a *treble* must be left to the reader's imagination; but, according to this *unmusical* presbyter, they "*grunt* out a bass, like, as it were, a NUMBER OF HOGS!"

Prynne lost his obdurate *ears*, by the judgment of that inquisitorial divan, the "Star Chamber;" but, notwithstanding the loss of his *ears*, he "roared out" the more lustily against organs and surplices, and "frizzled madames!" He was banished to an island where there were no such ungodly sounds to torment him; but the severity of the judgment, far more than his book, or Leighton's "Sion's Plea," operated against the Establishment. In the inquisitorial Star-Chamber, the only person who spoke a word of kindness and concern was Laud.* I mention this, because, most singular to say, the speech of Laud, on the condemnation of Prynne, has never been recorded by any historian of the times, except Rushworth, a most unexceptionable testimony.

At the second hearing of Prynne, Roy, the Attorney-general, spoke as follows:

"I shall desire your Lordships that he (*Prynne*) may be in gaol, and kept *close prisoner*, and," what was terrible to a writer like Prynne, "to have —

* And yet "Laud's *taking off his cap*, and giving *God thanks*," which has no authority, has been echoed from Neal, probably *the inventor*, to Godwin, and, I fear, the amiable Agar-Ellis!

neither PEN OR INK, NOR PAPER! or to go to church!"

Archbishop of Canterbury. — "He hath undergone a heavy punishment. I confess I do not know what it is to be a close prisoner!* I shall therefore be an humble suitor to your Lordships, that he may have the privilege to go to church!" Said Mr. Prynne, with a low voice, "I humbly thank your Grace!" †

When the Parliament met, the fullest participation in the spirit of Prynne was manifested. It was in vain that the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, as if in contempt of their lean and saturnine brother, got up a most splendid masque, and exhibited it at an enormous expense, before the Royal Lady whom it was supposed the acrid and unchivalrous castigator had in view, when he declaimed so sternly against "flounced and frizzled madames!"

But one circumstance is well worth our attention. In this masque so sumptuously got up by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, *two* of the chief actors afterwards supported far different characters in the *real and sadder masque* of human life. I allude to Clarendon and Whitelock, both at that time of the Inns of Court, both acting their parts in this magnificent, generous, but evanescent show. Both were afterwards most conspicuously arrayed, one on the side of Cromwell, and the other

* He "knew" not long afterwards.—History of Bremhill.

† Rushworth.

of King Charles, whilst this unfortunate Monarch was himself the great actor and the great sufferer in the sad succeeding tragedy of life. With respect to Whitelock, afterwards Cromwell's ambassador to the Court of the Queen of Sweden, he was so far from a rigid Puritan as to be the composer — of what? Treatises on international polity? No — but of a most *ungodly* JIGG, called “Whitelock's Corranto.”*

In this masque, Whitelock's department was the arrangement of the music; but one remarkable circumstance is, that Milton's exquisite Masque of Comus was produced soon afterwards.

Nor can I part from the subject without observing that the Masques of the celebrated Ben Jonson had been the forerunners of this ineffectual but splendid pageantry; he, indeed, for many years supplied the Court with such entertainments, but his last was in 1630-1.

I mention this circumstance, because Hyde, afterwards the great Clarendon, enumerates Ben Jonson as one of his distinguished associates in early life; and also, because Morley, Ken's first patron in life, was adopted by Ben Jonson, in youth, as his son, in the same manner as Charles Cotton, of the same society, was the adopted son of Isaak Walton.

The reader will see hereafter some particular reasons for my introducing these names, and, I must add, that such coincidences, of which history is

* The reader may see this jig in Burney's “History of Music.”

silent, are not only, at least to me, interesting in themselves, but important, as furnishing matter of historical reflection.

Previously to this levity, the most injudicious measure, as the most offensive, to all who had any serious views in religion, was the order, on Sundays, after evening prayers, to read the Book of Sports; for some ill-advised courtiers possessed those "in high places" with the opinion that, as John Bull was getting too rigid and austere in his notions, it would be highly conducive to his sanity if he would indulge himself in some innocent *recreations*, when his Sabbath duties had been performed, as if this pernicious adviser had said to John Bull, "Jump about, John; you are too melancholy by half! why not, on Sundays, have some harmless *recreation*?"

The "rude forefathers of the hamlet" had been taught, by every minister, to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and the effect of the mandate was directly contrary to what was expected, as were also the harsh arbitrary measures of a Court so hostile to the spirit of English polity as the *Star Chamber*. John would not *jump by compulsion*; and he, perhaps, thought that he had *less* reason, as he might have heard, in a sermon, three hours long by the glass at the preacher's elbow, that God, from all ETERNITY, by a fixed decree, had, for *his good pleasure*, condemned *millions and millions of human beings*, merely for his own good pleasure!

Nay, according to the doctrines most prevalent at the time, that he had created millions and millions of *innocent children*,—notwithstanding what our SAVIOUR so tenderly says,* — to shew his infinite mercy and justice, they being passed over and predestined to *eternal* torments for *ever!* — nay, born on purpose to be so tormented! † and if there was a *Lord Bishop* ‡ who did not quite *admit* all this, he was voted a “scandalous” Arminian prelate, the enemy of all *vital* religion!

We can readily suppose John Bull would not be much disposed to *recreation* after such *homilies* as these, with which the pulpits of the time resounded; and it is no wonder that our Liturgy was held in such pious horror, when the great doctor of these consoling lessons of Christianity had pronounced of the English Prayer-book, that it contained “a great many *tolerable* FOOLERIES.” §

Such were the general doctrines, more or less disguised, which were heard or inculcated in Presbyterian pulpits, except by some who, like honest Richard Baxter, with too much charity in his heart to admit the terrific consequences, *struck out* what is called a *middle way* — which middle way, by the bye, is as old as the Creed. But a little closer reasoning might have convinced Richard,

* “Suffer little children to come unto me,” &c.

† *In contumeliam et PŒNAM nati!* Calvin.

‡ “Lord Bishops not the Lord’s Bishops;” by John Vicars.

§ *Plurimas tolerabiles ineptias!* Calvin.

that fate or predestination, *with conditions*, is *no* fate, or predestination at all!

The *middle* way, called Baxterian,* was founded on such reasonings as these: Infinite Wisdom, from all eternity, *foresaw* that Richard, when a little ungodly urchin at Kidderminster, should make himself sick † with eating APPLES, of which he relates sundry affecting instances in the folio volume of his Life; for instance, that such was his inordinate and unruly appetite for this fruit, that he absolutely *stole* some, a sin he afterwards remembered with deep remorse! Providence did not interfere to prevent his *falling* into this temptation, nor to prevent his witnessing a dance round a maypole, still more impious than stealing *apples*; but Providence *foresaw* that Richard should *finally persevere*, and that Judge Jeffries should not *hang* him (see Trial), that his “inner man,” notwithstanding his stealing *apples*, should not

* With respect to the predestination of the 17th Article, I conclude it will be granted, that I must judge the *Articles* of Religion by the Scriptures, and *not* the *Scriptures* by the Articles! I can reconcile the 17th Article of our Church to the Scriptures, but not to doctrines more *scholastic* than *scriptural*,—of the school of St. Austin, and Thomas Aquinas, and John Calvin, *not of St. Paul*; and further, that, so far from wishing to speak with disrespect of Baxter, I esteem him as a most sincere, excellent, pious, and truly good man, though I might *smile* at his *unscriptural* and contradictory code, his remorse for *eating* too many *apples*, and his pious ardour against *witches*.

† See Baxter's Life.

be disturbed *in articulo mortis*,— and that finally his predestination and election should be certain! — This is, in fact, Baxter's *middle way*! At all events, that system of religion which in these times chiefly prevailed, and which is evidently gaining ground again, called "*a revival!*" was the spirit of Calvinistic Puritanism. This spirit obtained the ascendant through the nation, and was now paramount in this Presbyterian Parliament.

After "SION'S PLEA AGAINST PRELACY," the "HISTRIO-MASTIX," and the book called "SMECTYMNUS," may be considered as the two "*loudest* blasts of the TRUMPET," that shook the battlements and citadel of the Episcopal Church — beside these, ten thousand strepent horns of pamphleteering fury, and congregations, "*humming*"* in dismal unison to the tune of ETERNAL reprobation, and denouncing vengeance on Arminian Amalekites, joined to the yells of women,

“ who lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry 'No BISHOP!' ”

ushered in the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT in 1643, to extirpate EPISCOPACY—ROOT AND BRANCH. This Covenant was taken by the Parliament, and all who refused to take it were *dispossessed of every thing* they held in the Church.

“ Old Priest,” in Milton's indignant phrase, being

* When passages in a three hours sermon were applauded, the congregation joined in a general “hum.”

thus “written large” in “New Presbyter,”—under this terrible New Presbyter, the fabric of the English Episcopal policy was shattered, and Deans and Chapters, surplices, *square* caps, the organ-loft,—the choir and choristers, and even the impressive Liturgy,—and CHRISTIAN CHARITY itself, were, for a time, buried in the wreck.

I shall be more particular in speaking of that singular production called “Smectymnuus,” as Calamy, one of its writers, had no hesitation to say, it gave the most deadly blow to episcopacy, and as, moreover, this work occasioned the powerful arm of Milton to be raised in aiding the demolition of the polity of the Episcopal Church.

Calamy, and the other writers who clubbed together to produce this work, had been all episcopally ordained; and Calamy himself had in his youth received the protection and patronage of a learned and pious Bishop, Nicholas Felton, of Ely.

On his death, Milton, in his days of ingenuous youth, wrote that affecting and beautiful elegy “In obitum Præsulis Eliensis :”

Cessisse morti, et FERREIS SORORIBUS,
Te, GENERIS HUMANI DECUS!!

The shade of this beneficent prelate might have addressed the ungrateful Calamy in the words of this elegy :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque, et irritas minas.

“Smectymnuus” came out in the year 1641.

It is known to every reader of the ecclesiastical history of the period, that the work so called received its name in consequence of its being written, in *partnership*, by Stephen Marshall — E. Calamy — T. Young — Mat. Newcomen — W. Spurslowe; the initials of the names giving the name to the book, thus — SM (S. Marshall) EC (E. Calamy) TY (Thomas Young) MN (M. Newcomen) UUS (William Spurslowe). Thomas Young had been Milton's tutor before he went to St. Paul's school. Milton, through life, preserved the greatest veneration for him; he adopted his opinions, in opposition to his first ingenuous feelings of youth; and to him, afterwards pastor of a congregation at Hamburg, he addressed the first Latin prose letter in his works, and that beautiful and exquisite epistle in Latin verse, "Ad THOMAM JUNIUM."

Curre per immensum subitò, mea littera, pontum.

Epistle 4.

"This Thomas Young," Warton says, in his notes on this Epistle, "appears to have returned to England in or before 1628, was a member of the Assembly of Divines, and one of the authors of a book called *Smectymnus*, defended by Milton," &c.*

The ravings of Prynne may be seen in many books, Rushworth, &c. I have never seen this formidable *Smectymnus*; but I find it quoted in a scarce publication by Fowlis, (who was Fellow of Lincoln college,) printed at Oxford. Fowlis's book

* Warton's Milton,

is called the "History of the wicked Plots and Conspiracies of our pretended Saints, 1672, Oxford."

The extracts from Smectymnuus no doubt are faithful, as the book must have been at that time in many hands, and the page is quoted from whence the extracts are taken. These are a few of the *flowers* presented to such Bishops as HALL and USHER: that Episcopacy is "a *stirrup* for *Anti-christ* to get into the saddle" — that "corrupt Prelates oppose and BLASPHEME preaching!" — that they "are sons of BELIAL" — "guilty of intolerable *oppressions* and *tyrannies, drunkenness, profaneness, superstition, and Popishness!* — that it hath been the BISHOPS' GREAT DESIGN to *hinder* all *farther* reformation! to bring in Popery and *libertinism!* to beat down the Preachers of THE WORD! to *silence* faithful Preachers! to oppose and persecute the most zealous Professors, to turn *all* religion into *pompous outside*, and to *tread* down the power of godliness!" Did Andrews — Felton — Davenant — Hall — Skinner, the Tutor of Chillingworth, deserve this *dog-language*? Did Hall deserve his "*hard fare?*"* except, indeed, by his encouraging that *Calvinism* which visited him so severely.

Bishop Hall had written, with equal temperance and soundness of argument, a book entitled, "An humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament," in defence of that reviled order to which

* "Hard Fare," a book so called, by Hall, detailing his sufferings from his Calvinistic friends!

this eloquent writer and most exemplary man belonged. The King expressed himself much gratified by this work. Such a circumstance called forth the knot I have mentioned, and the result was, the far-famed, but now forgotten "Smectymnuus!"

In consequence of this joint publication, "a DEFENCE of the Humble Remonstrance" appeared, under the name of "the Author of the Remonstrance."

This defence of the "Humble Remonstrance" first called forth, indignant, in his stern habiliments of polemic warfare, John Milton! Milton was first drawn forth in defence of that book in which his tutor YOUNG had so great a share; for, as we have shown, Thomas Young was one of the writers the initials of whose names gave name to the book. The answer to the "Remonstrance" is a sarcastic and critical examination, in many parts sentence by sentence, which may be seen in the first volume of the folio edition of Milton's works.

I shall here exhibit, as all other attacks on episcopacy at the period seem to me of far less consequence, a specimen of what he calls—"a certain *grim laughter!*"

No words, indeed, could better have described this answer, as the reader will see by the few first sentences relating to the combined authors of Smectymnuus. Milton and Hall, coming forward in favour of the contending armies of Episcopalians and Presbyterians, are like Milton's own clouds

described in *Paradise Lost*, that come

“Rattling o’er the Caspian;”

but truth and charity retire before brutal invective, however witty.

Hall.—“My *single* Remonstrance was encountered with a *plural adversary*” (the Smectymnuus).

Milton.—“Did not your *single* Remonstrance bring along with it a *hot* scent of your more than singular affection to spiritual *pluralities*, your *singleness* would be less suspected of all good Christians than it is.”

Hall.—“The name, *persons*, qualities, *numbers*, I care not to know.”

Milton.—“Their *names* are known to the All-knowing Power above; and, in the mean time, doubtless, they reckon not whether you or your *nomenclator* know them or not.”

Hall.—“But could they say my name is LEGION, for they are *many*.”

Milton.—“Wherefore shall you *begin* with the DEVIL’S NAME, descanting upon the number of your opponents? Wherefore the conceit of *Legion*, with a *bye-wipe*? Was it because you would have men take notice how you esteem them, whom, through all your book, you so bountifully call your BRETHREN! We had not thought that *Legion* could have furnished *Remonstrant* with so many *brethren!*” (To such despicable buffoonery could the author of *Paradise Lost* descend!)

Hall.—“*My* cause—yea, GOD’S.”

Milton.—“What God? unless *your* BELLY!”

Be it remembered that Bishop Hall was an ascetic, like Ken, and the most humble and apostolic example of Christian kindness.

This “grim laughter” of *Milton* was again answered, as it is supposed, by a son of Bishop Hall, which answer I have never seen. Warton confounds the Defence of the Remonstrance with this “*Answer*.” The “Defence of the humble Remonstrance” does not contain a word reflecting on Milton’s private character; but, no doubt, whoever wrote the Answer to this severe and unjust treatment of the “Defence,” wrote it, it may be presumed, under feelings of irritation and resentment; and first attacked Milton’s moral and private character, as having been expelled from the University, and impure in private life.

The title of this last work was, “A short Answer to a tedious Vindication; or, a modest Caution against a slanderous and scurrilous Libel.”

Milton, as if a muttering lion were struck, no longer with his “grim laughter” on his stern countenance—turns on his adversary, and being now drawn forth, in defence of his *own moral* character—with a look of scorn more than of “grim” derision, and with the loftiness and grandeur of conscious integrity—in rich variety of imagery, in sarcastic, yet dignified diction, repels the charges

brought against himself. Forgetting his love

Of the windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,—

forgetting his education at St. Paul's, and his "learned and courteous" Tutors at Cambridge, he now proclaims his *eterna odia* against Prelacy, in that extraordinary, and in many respects beautiful and sublime composition, relating to his private life and studies, "THE APOLOGY FOR SMECTYMNUS."

The passage in which he vindicates himself is magnificent; but particularly remarkable for the sarcasm by which this very defence of himself is rendered a vehicle of more angry scorn on his *Prelatical* opponents.

After a sublime exordium, worthy Plato, in which he speaks of what he learned of lofty *purity* "in the divine volume of Plato, and his equal Xenophon,"—"With such abstracted sublimities as these, it may well be worth your listening, readers, as I may have you in some *still* time, not in these *noises*,"—he leaves his "*abstracted* sublimities," to confound his adversary in this manner: "not in these noises, the Adversary, as ye know, barking at the door, or searching for me at *bordillo's*, where, it may be, he has lost himself, raps up, without pity, the *sage* and *rheumatic* old PRELATESS, with all her young CORINTHIAN LAITY, to inquire for such a one!" This is Milton's "two-handed engine" against Prelacy.*

* "That two-handed engine." Comus.

Next to Episcopacy, the PRAYER-BOOK was the most obnoxious to the dominant Puritans. It was *first* supplanted by the Presbyterian Directory: afterwards, both the Directory and Prayer-book were equally trodden under foot by the *tolerant* INDEPENDENTS.

Cromwell and Harrison were the most fluent in these "*gifts* of prayer" without book; and we thus find, in 1648, "the Council of the Army named two officers of every regiment to MEET AND SEEK GOD, what ADVICE TO OFFER TO THE G. (General) concerning Ireland."

We know what "advice" "the *Lord* gave," and how well the General profited by it; and how much he profited from "seeking the Lord" when murder was determined on.

The *progress* of these Anti-Episcopal feelings cannot be more clearly shewn than by a few extracts from Whitelock's Journal:

December 11, 1640. "Alderman Pennington, with some hundreds following him, presented the citizens' petition, signed by 15,000, against the discipline and ceremonies of the Church."

10th of March following. "That the Bishops shall have no vote in Parliament, &c. and that no clergyman shall be in the commission of the peace."

Jan. 12, 1641. "The Bishops set forth their right to sit and vote in Parliament; which, by reason of these tumults and insolencies, they could not

do. They say they have *no redress* upon their complaints thereof, and cannot attend the service of Parliament without *danger of their lives*; they therefore protest against all acts and votes in their absence," &c.*

For this protestation, "they were, not long after, accused by the Commons of HIGH TREASON. They were brought on their KNEES to the Lords' bar, ten committed to the Tower, and the other two, in regard to their age, to the Black Rod!" This was for stating they could not attend Parliament *without danger to their lives, and protesting*, as they had still power to do!

May 3, 1643. "The Parliament brought in the Scots, to whom they swore the SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT." †

1643. "Archbishop Laud brought to the House of Peers, and the *impeachment* against him read, and he required to answer; who said, 'He was an old man, weak, and could not answer without counsel,' and desired further time, which was granted. †

Ibid. "The Archbishop coming again to trial, the article was urged against him, and witnesses pro-

* Whitelock. The reforming Saints first attacked the "*non-resisting*" statues in Westminster Abbey. Their fury was next directed against the old, grey-headed fathers of the Church, whom they would have murdered!

† Whitelock.

duced, that “he ASSUMED the title of POPE!* That in the letters from *Oxford* he was styled OPTIMUS, *Maximus*, et Sanctitas Vestra, your Sacred HOLINESS, *Æternum Reverendissime Cancellarie*, et Pontifex Maximus.”

What must the answerer of Fisher the Jesuit, and the patron of Chillingworth, have felt at *such charges!*

I shall pass over the further entries respecting Laud, as his fate is well known, but would refer those who wish for information to his trial; far less seeking to defend many parts of his conduct; but mark the *mercies* of these charitable judges!

“The Lords agreed to the *ordinance* for attainder of the Archbishop of high treason, and to be *hanged, drawn, and quartered!*” This was, chiefly, for opposing Calvinistic Puritanism!

1645. “Morton, Bishop of Durham, a *reverend* man, was brought before the Commons for christening a child in the *old way*, and signing it with the sign of the cross, CONTRARY to the DIRECTORY.” †

Presbyterian Puritanism may now be considered as dominant.

1645. “20 WITCHES in Norfolk were executed.”

* When the venerable and amiable Bishop of Norwich was on a visit to Mr. Coke of Norfolk, the servants called him “*his Holiness!*” imagining he was the ENGLISH POPE! but the most violent Anti-Catholic would hardly think of condemning him to be “*hanged, drawn, and quartered!!*”

† The Presbyterian Manual of Prayers.

How creditable to the Parochial Clergy that Hopkins, the *witch-finder*, spoke of them as his greatest opponents; alleging, he should have brought to death thousands more, had not the ministers of the Church of England constantly opposed his righteous acts — in *swimming poor old women!* WITCHES and *stage-players* now began to be held in equal horror; and Baxter preached the godly doctrine, “Thou shalt not suffer a *witch to live!*”

Anno eod. A Petition to the Lords from the Assembly for PUNISHING * such as *derogated* from the DIRECTORY—or *used* the COMMON PRAYER! †

We now find the wind changing towards *Independence*; for in the same year we have: “The House being informed of an intended petition for *establishing* Presbytery as the discipline of Jesus Christ,” voted it scandalous; and soon after we find the effects of what Walker calls “Cromwell’s toleration of all accursed SECTS.” ‡

1646. A *minister* presented articles against a TROOPER for “preaching and expounding the Scripture, and *uttering erroneous* opinions!”

Feb. 1. “A day of humiliation, that God would stop the GROWTH of heresy and blasphemy!”

“Many complaints made against the officers and soldiers, &c. and that they took upon them to PREACH and expound *Scripture!*”

* According to Lingard, “punishing,” *puniendus*, means “*burning alive.*” See his History.

† Whitelock.

‡ History of Independency.

“Grand Committee against such as preach, not being *ordained!*”

And now the inordinate severity of the Presbyterian yoke, against recreations, was so much felt, that “A Petition of *some Apprentices* is presented to Parliament, that they may have a *play-day* once in a *month!*”

Some few of the destitute clergy being received into the mansions of noblemen and others, and there only, in private, using the proscribed “Prayer-book,” both Houses granted an allowance to the Earl of Chesterfield, with an *intimation* that “he do not entertain MALIGNANT PREACHERS in his house, nor use the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER!”

The ordinance against the Prayer-book runs as follows :

1645. “That, if any person or persons shall use, or cause to be used, the COMMON-PRAYER BOOK, they, and every person so offending therein, shall, for the first offence, forfeit and pay the sum of five pounds [a large sum in those days]; for the second offence the sum of *ten* pounds; and for the other offence shall suffer one whole year’s imprisonment without *bail or main-prize.*”

Even Neal admits the prohibition in private houses to be a little hard! but I am induced to speak more of this prohibition, because Isaak Walton, to whom Ken in great measure owed the elevation he attained in the Church, preserved with the greatest care, in his cottage near Stafford, and

afterwards in the Episcopal palace of the Bishop of Winchester, that PRAYER-BOOK, now in the possession of Dr. Hawes, of which we shall speak more hereafter. This book is a large octavo, splendidly bound, with this title :

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AND ADMINISTRATION
OF
THE SACRAMENTS, AND OTHER RITES AND
CEREMONIES OF
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

London: Printed by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's most excellent Majesty; and by the Assignees of John Bill.

1639. Cum privilegio.

In the first white leaf appear the following entries:

“My father, Isaak Walton, died December 16, 1683. I. W.”*

In the same hand, “THOMAS KEN, Bishop of Bath and Wells, deprived—dyed March 19, 1710.”

Next appears, in another hand, the entry—“Dr. William Hawkins, my father, dyed July 17, 1691. W. H.” This, no doubt, is the hand of W. Hawkins, the biographer of Ken.

In the same hand: “My sister, Anne Hawkins, dyed August 18, 1715; and my uncle, Mr. Isaac Walton, junior, dyed December 29, 1719.” This is the hand also of W. Hawkins; and another entry, “My sister, Anne Hawkins, died Nov. 1723. W. H.”

In two blank pages, in the hand-writing of old Isaac himself, are these entries:

“My doghter Anne borne the eleventh of March, 1617.”

* Entry by the Canon, *Isaac Walton, junior.*

Her's by the buried monument would
Dye of Ann, the wife of Isaac Walton

A woman ^{who was} of remarkable piudence

of ^{the} primitive pietie.

And

How greater and generall knowledge
^{being} was adorned with pure & low Humilitie
and blest wife because Christian
meeknes, so made her worthy of
a more memorabile Monument
She dyed.

She dyed ⁱⁿ the year 1662
(Alas! Alas! the year she dyed
Aprill 17. 1662.

ISAAC WALTON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

From the MS. Draft in his Prayer Book.

Life of Bp. Ken. vol I. p 73

“ My *last* son, Isaac, borne the 7th of September, 1651, at half an hour after two o'clock in the afternoon, being Sunday, and so was baptized in the evening by Mr. Thornton, in my house in Clerkenwell. Mr. Henry Davison, and brother Beauchamp, were his godfathers, and Mrs. Row his godmother.”

“ Rachel died 1640.”

“ Our daughter Anne, born the 10th of July 1640, died the eleventh of May, 1642.”

“ Anne Walton dyed the 17th of April, about one o'clock in that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary's chapel, in the cathedral in Worcester, the 20th day.” This was Ann, his second wife, the sister of Ken.

The epitaph in Walton's hand-writing, appears, with a few interlineations, as evidently composed by himself: “ Alas ! alas ! that she *died*”—*died* crossed out —“ alas ! that she is dead ” inserted.

The epitaph in Worcester cathedral, on his wife, is as follows :

Ex terris

D.

M. S

Here lyeth buried so much as could die of Anne Walton, the wife of Isaac Walton ; who was a woman of remarkable prudence, and of *the* PRIMITIVE PIETY, her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blest with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument,” &c.

The epitaph, as first written, appears with the words

“*of* primitive piety,” instead of “*the* primitive piety;” the words “*the* primitive” appear as corrections; it seems to me, designedly to imply that *her* piety was *that* primitive piety which the Reformed Church of England professed, and therefore the correction was important.

The reader will see the reason of my mentioning the *proscribed* Prayer-book of that singular and good man, preserved for so many generations, not only from the connection it shews with Ken, but some very interesting circumstances in his future life; and, as such an outcry was made against our devotional and affecting form of Prayer, I shall now proceed to make some general remarks on this subject, referring to the Remonstrance before spoken of.

“First, it *symboliseth* (says Smectymnuus) much with the Popish Masse.”

Hall.—“Surely neither as *Masse* nor as *Popish*. If an holy prayer be found in a Roman portico, shall I hate it for *the place*? If I find gold in the channel, shall I throw it away because it was ill-laid.

“Our Lyturgy symboliseth not with Popish Masse, neither as Masse nor as Popish.”

Milton.—“A pretty slip-skin conveyance to sift Masse into *no Masse*, and Popish into *not Popish*; yet, saving this passing fine sophistical boulding hatch, so long as she symbolises *in form*, and *pranks* herself in the weeds of *Popish Mass*, it may

be justly feared she PROVOKES THE JEALOUSY OF GOD, no otherwise than a wife affecting a *whorish* outline kindles a disturbance in the eye of a discerning husband."

Hall.—“If I find gold in the channel, shall I throw it away because it was ill laid?”

Milton.—“You forget that gold hath been anathematized for the *idolatrous use*, &c. and thus you *throttle* yourself with your own similes.”

The author of this sophistry is the author of *Paradise Lost*! On that account I forbear to quote more; but I may add a few plain observations, as our excellent Liturgy was the beginning and end of this strife of unholy tongues — for it was first denounced, and its use forbidden, under penalties of the severest kind, by the Parliament — its use again was insisted on at the Restoration — and it was chiefly on account of this formulary that many pious and conscientious men, resigned their livings on Bartholomew's day, rather than comply with the Act of Uniformity. We might look with astonishment at the charge, that the PRAYER-BOOK is only the book of the Popish mass, when more than one-third is the *Word of God*, not of man! For instance, the introductory sentences — the Psalms — the LORD'S PRAYER — the *nunc dimittis* — the ten commandments — portions of Gospel — and Epistles, &c.

As to the other parts, they chiefly consist of prayers which were used in the Church before the

introduction of the Mass—as the fine hymn of St Ambrose, “We praise thee, oh God!”—the collects—the affecting and sublime *Litany*, &c. Let us ask, can we symbolise with the Popish Mass, and not with every feeling of Christian love,* when we pray—

“From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, *Good Lord deliver us.*

“That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts, *We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*”

The words in the Latin, are more impressive :

From envy, &c.

Omnes. Libera nos, Domine.

That it may please, &c.

Omnes. Te precamur, audi nos.

If Popery, not the primitive Church, had indeed furnished such a ritual, ought such simple, affecting, and beautiful compositions be *rejected*, because in other respects we dissent from the communion that used them? We can hardly conceive

* Let us see some of the fruits of John Knox's school! “Ask of our old dying wife, if she has any evidence of salvation; she will say, ‘I hope so; for I believe the Apostles' Creed; I am taken with the LORD'S PRAYER; and I know my duty to be the Ten Commandments!’ but I tell you, these are but old *rotten wheelbarrows* to carry souls to HELL! These are *idols* which the false *prelates* have set up to *obstruct* the Covenant, and the work of God in the land!”—Sermon by John Dickson.

This was preached at the time we are speaking of. Cannot some *exclusively nominal* Christians see their faces in this glass?

the existence of such besotted malignancy! and in this cry joined the author of *Paradise Lost*! The Reformation need *not* have taken place at all, if the only thing obnoxious in the Roman communion had been *such Prayers!* Eternal credit does it reflect on the compilers of our admirable Liturgy, that their anxiety was, not to depart from the Church of Rome further than the Church of Rome departed from *the Scriptures*; and these ancient and affecting compositions, be they composed by whom they may, were admitted into the Church of England, *not* because they were in ancient rituals, but because they breathed the spirit of Scriptural faith, hope, and charity.

As to toleration, every one knows the bitter and ruthless intolerance of the Presbyterians, from the press and the pulpit. These were the only persons who not only denied all toleration, but *gloried* in denying it, as “*establishing iniquity by law!*” The Independants could only stand by tolerating what Walker calls “all *accursed* sects.” But “all *accursed* sects the Independants did not *tolerate*; witness the cold cruelties exercised on the poor fanatic Naylor—witness the “tryers” of Cromwell—witness their equal hostility to Presbyterians and Churchmen.

The Church of England might have been well satisfied if *half* the toleration she granted, even when so *goaded* by atrocious calumnies, had been granted to her; but, let us turn to him who wrote the eloquent *Areopagetica*, in favour of unlicensed

Printing! Let us see what *rights of conscience* this assertor of *those rights* grants to the Church of England! Johnson might well say, "*hell grew darker at his frown,*" as the reader will feel, when I transcribe this passage, the more harrowing because it immediately succeeds a lofty, and almost divine passage, relating to the first conception of the immortal Paradise Lost.

Let us hear the author of *Areopagetica*, on religious toleration.

"But they contrary, that by the impairing and diminution of the TRUE FAITH, the *distress* and *servitude* of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a *shameful end in this life*, (WHICH GOD GRANT THEM!) they shall be thrown down eternally into the DARKEST and DEEPEST GULPH OF HELL, where, under the DESPITEFUL CONTRoul, the TRAMPLE and SPURN, of all the other DAMNED, *that, in the ANGUISH OF THEIR TORTURE, shall have NO OTHER EASE than to EXERCISE A RAVING AND BESTIAL TYRANNY OVER THEM, AS THEIR SLAVES AND NEGROS, they shall remain IN THAT PLIGHT for ever, the basest, the undermost, the most dejected, most underfoot, and DOWNTRODDEN VASSALS OF PERDITION!*"*

Milton here evidently alludes to Laud. His prayer was soon after granted, when this unfortu-

* Milton, vol. i. p. 174.

nate "impairer of the true faith" (Calvinistic Puritanism!) was condemned, indeed, to "a shameful end in this life" — condemned to be "HANGED, DRAWN, AND QUARTERED!" But this was not enough for the lofty mind of Milton. "The impairer of true faith" was to be afterwards consigned "eternally to the darkest and deepest GULPH OF HELL!" This is not enough! he is to be "the trample and spurn" of all the *other damned!* But even here the infernal curse does not conclude; for the "*other damned* shall have no other ease than in exercising their tyranny on this *most down-trodden slave, for ever and ever!*"

The *curse* fell on his own head when he left the New Presbyter for the Independents.

Such was Milton, before his high, and pure, and ingenuous mind was smitten with the "deplorable polemics of *Puritanism.*"

Let it not be thought I wish to detract from so great a mind. There seem to have been *three* marked stages in Milton's disposition:—first, when beautiful, amiable, and ingenuous in youth, he wrote *Allegro* and *Penseroso*—poems having the light and pensive shades of his poetical mind; second, when stern and intolerant by political and religious warfare, with his eyes still intensely turned to a time when he should have calm and delightful communion with the Muses; thirdly, when in old age all the lofty visions of earthly perfection ended in disappointment—when his great mind

was again thrown on itself in solitude—when the lofty idealities of his vision, faded, and left him alone, with his thoughts elevated, indeed,

“ — Above the visible diurnal sphere,”

but

“ With solitude and darkness compassed round,”

—yet still mentally gazing, with glowing inspiration, on the great vision of Paradise Lost.

We have seen the spirit which the great Milton imbibed from his friends the Presbyterians; but the time is come for him to turn as sternly upon *them* as he did on the church and schools that nursed his youth.

His book, published 1644, called “Tetrachordon,” on the *four* passages relating to Divorce in the Scriptures, was received with the most violent clamour by the Presbyterians. Hence he found out what he might have done sooner, that

“ NEW PRESBYTER is but OLD PRIEST wrote large;”

—and he thus speaks in another place of this new order of “*old* priests:”—

“ I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
By the known rules of ancient liberty,—
When straight a barbarous noise environs me,
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.”

SONNET XII.

These “old priests written large,” because they were loud and violent in their censure of a book which they thought so profane, were now “asses, owls, and apes!”—and from this time his “two-

handed engine" was turned against these "FORCERS of CONSCIENCE"* in the Long Parliament.

" Because you have thrown off your *Prelate Lord*,
 And with stiff vows renounced his *Liturgy*,
 To seize the widowed whore, Plurality,
 From those whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To FORCE OUR CONSCIENCES that Christ set free ?

But we do hope to find out all your tricks ;
 That so the PARLIAMENT
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 CLIP YOUR PHYLACTERIES, though *baulk* your ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 NEW PRESBYTER is but OLD PRIEST *wrote large!*"

Reader, let us pause a moment, to observe how exquisitely, after these uncouth strains, succeeds, in the same volume, like "a stream of rich distill'd perfume," the following "most musical," most exquisite melody TO THE NIGHTINGALE —

" Oh ! Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope," &c.

The effect is like that of passing through the

* Usher was employed by the clergy to intercede with Cromwell for *liberty of conscience*, but it was not granted to them any more than Roman Catholics ; indeed, prelacy and popery were considered the same. This was the cause of the *Solemn-League-and-Covenant-men* joining to bring back the King.

tumult and din of the crowd at Hyde Park Corner to Holland House, the seat of poetry and kindred taste, where, opening the garden-door, in contrast to the noise through which you have passed, you hear only, with more intense delight, the ancient pines murmuring in the repose of a still summer evening, and the nightingales contending in their solitary harmony! How often may such a contrast have vibrated on the heart of the historian of James the Second,* when retiring, fevered from parliamentary strife, he must have felt this charm of contrast, which soothed, in the age before, the intellectual and cultivated Addison. Reader, pardon this involuntary digression.

Milton now entirely left the "old priests wrote large" to support, with ardour, the Independents, rising into strength under Cromwell.

Gaining the ascendancy, the Lord Protector *levelled* these *conscience forciers*, and effectually in deed —

"clipp'd their philacteries!"

but from policy he suffered the *rhapsodical* soldiers, contemners of "vile human learning," to "fret their hour," as without such aid the trained Presbyterian clergy, in learning and talents, would have been too powerful for his control; but he knew at all times how and when to control the various winds of fanatical inspiration, blowing now from all quarters.—

* Life of James II. by Charles James Fox

“ REX ÆOLUS altè

Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras

IMPERIO premit.

Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis

Circum claustrâ fremunt. Celsâ sedet ÆOLUS arce,

SCEPTRA TENENS.”

The various murmurs subsided where he looked, and yet he was strenuous for the Presbyterian creed, while he trod under his foot the intolerant Presbyters. His object was afterwards to fill the various parishes with those whom his “tryers” should pronounce to be accomplished in the knowledge of God’s ELECTION, let the wilder fanatic rave as he list:—but he gathered round him all the learning and talents in the age, Milton, Marvel, Thurloe, Whitelock, Owen, &c. Even *Blake* was an Oxonian.

In this sketch I have confined myself to the great dominant religious parties, omitting the countless “*maggots* of corrupted texts.”*

Thus, as we have seen, the “Covenant,” and “Smectymnuus,” having, like battering rams, first beat down the walls of our ancient and hallowed Sion, a motley army of discordant *saints*, decrying synods as well as *surplices*, insulted and spurned the astonished Presbyter! These were followed by more crazy enthusiasts, led on by Fane, to the shouts of “King Jesus;” while the whole host trod in the dust, with the same evangelical disdain,

* Butler.

the Episcopalian PRAYER-BOOK and the Presbyterian DIRECTORY.

The dark, supercilious, and unmoved countenance of Cromwell,—unmoved, save at times smiling with some grim pleasantry,—was occasionally seen in front of this multifarious host, which seemed to cower only beneath his keen glance and stern eyebrows.

He stood as the master-spirit, controuling and directing the whole army of various enthusiasm.

Much must be attributed to the powers of an individual who could make this tumultuous mass roll in subjection; who could work its heterogeneous compound to his purposes, and who, when the purpose was attained, could raise or hush its murmur with a glance of his eye.

This was when the MASTER-SPIRIT was in its vigour, and could control “*dracones reluctantes*,” on every side. Before his last illness, whether he was sincere, or the most consummate dissembler, a sane judgment seemed to infuse itself, and the Protector was disposed to establish, not only a House of Lords, but something like Episcopacy.

Hitherto he had the heavenly “*assurance*” that all he had done was by the direction of the Almighty. Whenever he felt, or pretended to feel, any natural compunctions, he had nothing to do but to “seek the Lord!” So he expressed, *with tears*, his reluctance to expel the Parliament; but, “after seeking the Lord,” he must do as the Lord com-

manded! and so with the blood of the King he bathed the scaffold, whilst he *piously* recommended the dupe Fairfax to “seek the Lord” also!

His own end now drew nigh, yet the same awful delusion was kept up. “His spiritual doctors assured him, being once *in a state of grace*, he could not finally fail,” so he need not be alarmed for his soul: and when his physicians saw the symptoms of death, “he *assured* them they were *mistaken* ;” * for those who had even *greater influence* with the Almighty (Owen, &c.) had “been seeking Him together,” and the answer was, “*he should not die!*” Can any thing be conceived so *blasphemous*? Even *thanksgivings for his life* were offered up to God, when the arrow of death was in his heart!

But, Lord of life and death! how awful, how terrible, must have been that agony, if, in a moment of sound mind, with eternity before him, he felt for the first time that all had been delusion! As his mind was sinking, new terrors were excited by the voice of his beloved daughter, † departing before his eyes, and faintly murmuring “murder!” ‡ He might now have seen, in sick and shadowy imaginings, the forms of those cut off by him, and heard the voice of the brave, the virtuous Capel —

“Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night!”
or of the shade of the intrepid Lord Derby —

* See the account of his death.

† Mrs. Claypole.

‡ Of Dr. Hewson.

“ Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night ! ”
 or the “ crowned Majesty of England,” pale, and
 with look majestic, yet more in sorrow than in
 anger, pronouncing —

“ Let me sit heavy on thy thoughts to-night ! ”

What must have been the agonies of death to
 such a man !

Without venturing to say such were his feelings,
 some feelings of the kind he must have had ; and if
 ever there was a man whose life and death might
 seem to fulfil the idea of a compact with the powers
 of darkness, it was “ THE LORD PROTECTOR OF
 ENGLAND.”

A spectre, it is recorded, appeared before him in
 youth. He plunged into dissipation — he left the
 sober and scriptural communion in which he had
 been bred. He became an enthusiast — whether
 from constitution or hypocrisy. He rose from the
 station of a *private* life to be the dictator of the
 fortunes of England, and, still “ seeking the Lord ! ”
 he rose to more than royal power and dominion.

Look on him now, enfeebled, and consulting in
 vain the phantasma of fanatical delusion which at-
 tended him through life. It forsakes him in his
 utmost need ; or turns, to shew him, as in a glass,
 the spectre of Predestination, pointing to the pit,
 “ where the worm dyeth not.” He dies — his pro-
 phets are found liars ; and the instant his last breath
 has left his frame, the whole isle is shaken by a
 hurricane, such as no man ever before remembered !

“Oh!” might the humble Christian exclaim, “*Thou*, who has given us the Bible, save me from fanatic enthusiasm!—keep me, through life, in the path of sober and scriptural piety — and, when my last hour approaches, “*let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!*”

It seems extraordinary that Cromwell should not at this time have consulted his “Astrologer” Lilly, as well as his “Soothsayers,” who, *in articulo mortis*, “*prophesied smooth things!*” as Astrology is part of Predestinarianism, and indeed derived from it in Chaldæa.

I have been the more particular, respecting the part which the author of “Paradise Lost” bore in this drama, as the importance of that part has been less noticed by historians—for, I believe, the great talents, the learning, the blameless lives, the powerful arguments, of Usher and Hall, would have preserved the Church, if Milton had not descended, with all his overwhelming might, of learning, eloquence, and scorn, into the contest; as I also believe, from passages in his “*Defensio Populi Anglicani*,” that, when the chiefs of the army were vacillating about the King’s death, the “*Grande Spectaculum*” of national justice was suggested by Milton. He was soon afterwards made Latin Secretary.

CHAPTER V.

OXFORD, AFTER THE RESTORATION—EJECTED MINISTERS RESTORED—MORLEY, EJECTED CANON, MADE DEAN OF CHRIST-CHURCH—CONNECTION WITH ISAAK WALTON, KEN'S BROTHER-IN-LAW—KEN'S PATRON—HIS RISE IN THE CHURCH—FELLOW OF WINCHESTER—PARTY AT THE EPISCOPAL PALACE.

Hark! the merry Christ-Church bells!

ALDRICH, Dean of Christ-Church.

IN the foregoing chapter, we have given a rapid, but, I trust, not unfaithful sketch of the most prominent features of the dominant religious parties of the time, chiefly as they affected the Church of England, through that long period of fanaticism triumphant, in the midst of which Ken was entered a "poor scholar" on the ancient ecclesiastical foundation of William of Wykeham, and, when its spirit was more subdued, became a member of the University of Oxford, and fellow of New college. The *obtruded* Warden of this College having died, as well as the Puritanical Warden of Winchester, in the year of Cromwell's death, the Fellows regularly elected Michael Woodward in 1658, who continued till his death.

During this period of Ken's academical residence, while the Puritans bore sway, his conduct was

peaceable, though his disposition was far from being accordant with the system and discipline of the University at that time.

From early connections and associations, his heart was with the loyal, and learned, and virtuous *ejected* Clergy, which subsequent circumstances will tend to confirm, and which it appears to me is evident, from his not taking any degree till *after* the Restoration. He might have taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1659; but most probably he disliked the examinations, and continued, giving no offence, as under-graduate of his College, till the reign of the Cheynels,* &c. was over.

Every thing in the University wore, to the eyes of Ken, a new appearance, when the restored members of the halls and colleges, yet surviving, appeared again in their *square caps!* Morley wore his *square cap*† till he died — as in lofty contempt of the captious frivolousness of the Puritans.

Again, at St. Mary's

“The pealing anthem swell'd the note of praise.”

Again the chant, as Prynne called it, “*was tossed from side to side*”—in reality, heard responsive, and how impressively to those who, from their earliest days, had associated such music with their first devotional feelings, and now sat, with tears in their eyes, recalling many friends, some dead, few surviving to

* Francis Cheynel, of Merton, of whom more hereafter.

† The object of more aversion, as the Theologians at Dort all appeared “*Consilium horrendum,*” in Geneva skull-caps.

hear, in their old age, the same affecting strains, in the same sacred place.

These higher feelings were experienced, indeed, by few, as few of the old Clergy remained. On the severe *puritanical* discipline being cast off at Oxford, no doubt some loose was given, even under academical regulations, to the unbridled feelings of exultation. Antony Wood might have *drunk* the *King's* health, and made an oration in his musical club. Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, might have re-strung, and played in livelier key and *better tune*, the old loyal Northern ballad — if it were, indeed, so old —

Peggy, now the KING 's come,
Peggy, now the KING 's come,
We shall play, and we shall sing,
Peggy, now the KING 's *come*.

Old Wolsey's quadrangle soon afterwards resounded to the merry peal. Dr. Fell presented his college with "Great Tom," whose far-heard and mighty tongue might have seemed to express the national feelings, in unison from the lowest to the mightiest in the land. Then might the Vicars have joined in such a measure as that which a succeeding Dean* of the same college, not long afterwards, so sweetly harmonized:

Hark! the merry Christchurch bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six!
They sound so sweet, so wondrous sweet,
And they troll so merrily! merrily!

* The accomplished Dean Aldrich.

Hark! the *first* and *second* bell,
 On ev'ry day, at four and ten,
 Cries "Come, come, come, come, come to prayers;"
 And the VERGER walks before the DEAN.

"The merry Christ-Church bells," so long deemed *idolatrours*, had not been heard, nor "the VERGER *walked before the DEAN*," for nearly seventeen years; and we may conceive the pensive pleasure Ken must have felt, when, "meditating on this world's mutations," he strolled alone on the banks of Isis, listening to the revived music of the belfry, while "Wykeham's peal was up." *

Pious, not ostentatious — a scholar, and friend of the Muses — he continued, it appears, a resident member of his college, beloved and respected, for six years, pursuing the same regular course of academical life and studies.

He took his first degree of Bachelor of Arts 1661. It is not improbable that soon after this he went into Orders; and, at the proper age commencing Master of Arts, may have employed his time as tutor of the younger members of the college.

Revered and respected he must have been, equally for learning, character, and manners, as he was elected, with one voice, by the Fellows of Winchester, to fill the first vacancy of a fellowship, by the death of Stephen Cook, in 1666. He now

* Hurdis.

returned to Winchester, as resident Fellow of that Society, which he left, an interesting youth, in 1655-6.

The interest he manifested in, and the attachment he felt for, the school in which he had received his early education, was evinced by the publication of that "Manual," which was formerly placed in the hands of every boy, containing the rudiments of religious knowledge, adapted to those in early life, in the form of a dialogue between a Wykehamical tutor and his pupil. His subscribing 100*l.* to the new buildings of New college fronting the garden, was the first proof of his gratitude.

Ken left New college for his Wykehamical residence at Winchester, as Fellow of the college, in 1666; and inquiring for some information of my friend Henry Huntingford, nephew of the present excellent Bishop of Hereford, the inheritor of Ken's Wykehamical piety and learning, and, like him, rising from a Fellowship to the episcopal Bench, (his nephew being a Fellow of the same college)—I was gratified when, to the information he gave me, he added, "I am writing this in the *very room* which Ken inhabited when he was Fellow."

In this room he read and wrote, and accompanied his morning and evening hymn with his lute. Interested in the morals, religion, and welfare of the younger tribe, of which he was lately one, he might have passed his quiet days, and closed his private and peaceful career, in this social and lettered seclusion, among his books and friends of youth, had

not some peculiar circumstances, which I am now about to relate, called him from this *umbratili vitâ*, to the elevated station in the Church which he afterwards filled, with so high and eminently a Christian character.

Morley, translated from Worcester, was Bishop of Winchester, when Ken came to reside, and he found domesticated at the new palace, his own brother-in-law, Isaak Walton, the author of the "Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation."

But whence arose the extraordinary interest and attachment which Morley shewed to Ken, during the time of his residence at Winchester, and through life, till he died?

I now speak from living traditional information, that of Dr. Hawes, the nearest relation of Ken existing, having already mentioned Isaak Walton's PRAYER-BOOK, in his possession. I shall therefore proceed to narrate some singular and interesting circumstances, which procured for Ken the especial patronage and friendship of Morley, and which eventually led to the connection with Charles the Second, and to the high episcopal station which he subsequently filled, and relinquished.

When the Episcopal Clergy were persecuted, as we have seen in the last chapter, how many examples of piety and learning were left desolate on the world, for refusing to take the Covenant! Morley partook of the same bread of adversity.

Though the PRAYER-BOOK was suppressed, many pious and good men were still found, in various parts of the country—many warm though secret friends — attached to the same holy formulary, and devoted to the same altars. We have stated that Jeremy Taylor found an asylum at Golden Grove, a seat belonging to Lord Carbery, near Carmarthen, where some of his beautiful and eloquent discourses were preached. Hammond lived till he died at Sir John Packington's seat, in Worcestershire. We cannot tell where many of these exemplary men —

“scattered wide by many fates” —

found shelter, but, from undoubted authority, I am enabled to state, for the first time, the origin of the singular friendship which lasted uninterrupted till death, between Morley, Bishop of Winchester, Ken's first and most ardent patron, and the comparatively poor, but honest and virtuous, Isaak Walton, Ken's brother-in-law.

Morley, having been ejected from his Canonry of Christchurch by Parliamentary precept, March 1648—being denounced, with Hammond, also Canon of Christchurch, as “malignant and contumacious” by the Visitors, and being at the same time deprived of his living of Mildenhall, near Marlborough — and, in short, of every thing but *his conscience*—had the world before him, utterly destitute, nor knowing where to lay his head.

When, in his happier days, he associated with

Lord Falkland and Cotton, and when Isaak Walton was a hearer of Dr. Donne at St. Dunstan's, it is probable, from circumstances, that his acquaintance with that singular and good man, Isaak Walton, commenced, as his father lived in London.

In the desolation to which, for conscience sake, he was now exposed, where did he find refuge? Not in the halls of the great, but at the humble cottage of poor Walton. Here they read their *Prayer-book* together; that very Prayer-book of which I have spoken, the sad memorial of those days of trial, but of affectionate intercourse.

The honest Angler, who had left London in 1643, when the storm fell on the communion to which he was so ardently attached, and when, as Wood says, he “found it dangerous for honest men to be there,”—in those days of Presbyterian persecution, he retired from his shop at the corner of Chancery-lane, and having a cottage near the place where he was born, he removed his humble Lares—his affectionate and pious wife, the sister of Ken,—and retired with his angle to his obscure and humble habitation, his own small property, near Stafford.

Here, after a placid day spent on the margin of the solitary Trent, or Dove, musing on the olden times, he returned at evening to the humble home of love—to the evening hymn of his wife, to his infant daughter, afterwards wife of Dr. Hawkins—to his Bible—and to the consolation of his proscribed Prayer-book.

This humble and affectionate party was joined by Morley, after he had been expelled from Christ-Church, March 1647-8. In his Lives of Herbert and Hooker, written under Morley's splendid roof, and published 1670, Walton speaks of the knowledge derived from his friend, with whom he had been acquainted "forty years." And now, with congenial feelings, in his day of adversity, Morley passed the year before he left England in the cottage of his humble, pious, honest friend Isaak.

Here was the proscribed service of the Church of England performed daily in secrecy, by the faithful minister of Christ and his Church, "now fallen on evil days;" and we can hardly conceive a more affecting group — the simple, placid, apostolic Piscator — Kenna, his dutiful, pious, prudent, and beloved wife, the sister of Ken — the infant child—and the faithful Minister of the Church, dispossessed of all worldly wealth, and here finding shelter, and peace, and prayer.

As we have had, of late, some interesting "Imaginary Conversations and Colloquies," I trust, on a circumstance so remarkable as the origin of the friendship between Morley, "my Lord of Winton," and the poor, honest fisherman, the brother-in-law of Ken, and founder of his future fortunes, I may be allowed to sketch a little scene, and introduce an imaginary colloquy between Isaak,

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saak Walton, heima (his Wife) and Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester,
at Walton's Cottage in Staffordshire.

To see

Marqueto of Mansdowne.

Life of Sir John 1611 p. 27

The Race to Mansdowne

Account of the Race to Mansdowne 1611 p. 27

to see the Mansdowne

and *Kenna*,* and Morley, which, at least, I hope may be found consonant to their character, and the peculiar circumstances of the times; and which will be strictly appropriate, as Walton's "Contemplative Man's Recreation" is written *in dialogue*. Above all, I make this attempt, as my friend Mr. Calcott, so eminent in his silent and beautiful art, has favoured me with a design on purpose for this work, representing the cottage of Isaak Walton, as it appeared at the time, taken from the last edition of Walton — together with an original portrait of Morley, from a drawing by the younger Walton from life. A few explanatory words may be premised.

The Oxford visitation took place in December 1647; Morley was expelled, by Parliamentary Precept, in the March following, it is said, not without personal violence. He had lived a confidential and domestic friend, as chaplain, in the household of Lord Robert Carnarvon.† By this nobleman he was recommended to the King, 1640. Notwithstanding his speculative religious creed was the very reverse of Laud's, his affectionate heart took the warmest interest in the fortunes of his Sovereign from the commencement of his troubles.

The King appointed him Canon of Christchurch in 1641; and he resided, beloved and respected by

* His wife was called "Kenna" from her name Ken. See his own beautiful ballad—"And hear my Kenna sing a song." Complete Angler.

† William Browne, author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, had been Lord Carnarvon's Tutor.

all parties, till his ejection, both from that Canonry and from his Living of Mildenhall, near Marlborough.

He was now without house and home in the world, but he remembered the delightful days when in youth he had been the associate of Lord Falkland—of Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon—of Ben Jonson—of Chillingworth, now left also bereaved by the storm which scattered the best and wisest of their day—of Charles Cotton, the adopted son of Isaak Walton, as he himself had been, in younger days, the adopted son of Ben Jonson. He remembered those times and those men, and having no refuge—as some were killed, the brave and accomplished Falkland—and some struggling themselves, or pursuing, like Hyde, a studious and laborious profession—he thought of the quiet and contented heart of Cotton's adopted father, Walton—of their early acquaintance, when both were hearers of Donne—of Walton's piety and apostolical simplicity—of his warm but unostentatious attachment to the Church,—of his cheerful but humble situation, remote from the storms of public life, when he lived retired, with his beloved Kenna and only one infant, in Staffordshire. Perhaps he had been invited to partake there, when the world frowned, his lonely but pious meal,—he knew he should find welcome, and therefore hastened, in the day of adversity, to find peace and protection in the cottage of honest Isaac Walton.

As this circumstance only accounts for the long and unvarying friendship of the Bishop, whose palace, in grateful remembrance of protection received in Piscator's cottage, was open, till death, to his long-tryed friend — imagination can hardly conceive a more affecting groupe than Walton's cottage exhibited at the time when Morley, an outcast in the world, was here welcomed.

Having stated thus much, I shall now endeavour to dramatize the parting scene. Isaac has returned, on a beautiful evening in spring — from his solitary amusement — to the small garden-plat before his door — where appears Morley, musing of the future — and his beloved Kenna, lately become a mother.

SCENE, *Cottage of Isaak Walton, near Stafford; Morley, and Kenna, with her Infant, Piscator returned from fishing.*

Piscator.—I am glad to come back to my best friends upon earth, this fine, beautiful evening of the young May, when the cuckoo has been singing all day, putting us in mind of that verse in the Canticles, "*The winter is past, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;*" and trust me, I am no less glad to see my Kenna sitting with you, my friend, to enjoy the fragrant air, and look at the swallows skimming the green, as rejoicing to find themselves at home, after their long peregrination in unknown lands.

Kenna.—And I indeed have had my eyes fixed

on them, and my heart also ; for, alas ! our friend, to whom I shall ever be grateful for so much divine instruction in these troubled times, has spoken to me to-day of leaving us, and going beyond seas, on his distant peregrination, to-morrow morning.

Piscator.—I shall be sorry to hear of such a resolve, fearing that our hospitality may be thought too humble, albeit it is not a wit the less *hearty*; but tell me, good and virtuous Master Morley, are you tired of me and “my Kenna,” and this our poor cottage; and the birds that sing us to rest at night, and wake us in the morning; and this small garden, and this neat honeysuckle arbour, where we “study to be quiet.” Are you tired of me, and of these, or poor Kenna, so soon?

Morley.—Honest Master Walton, my kind and affectionate friend, I have lived here upwards of twelve months, far from noise and sorrow, and the troubles of life, and the painted mask of hypocrisy. I may say, I have lived here with more true joy and content than I have hitherto experienced in my journey to another country, — a *better* country, my Christian friend, — where there “is neither storm or troubles, nor broken friendships,” and “where the sleep of the weary is sweet,” and all tears are wiped from all eyes for ever! and, trust me, wherever I shall be, whilst this life of trial abides, I shall remember, as among the happiest, and peradventure the most profitable, seasons of my life, the time I have passed here in *quietness*, I hope, improvement of temper and heart.

Piscator.—Say not so, good Master Morley; for much beholden to you as I and poor Kenna here have been, for your company, I beseech you, stretch not your kindness so far as to speak of us otherwise than we are. Yet I thank the Giver of all good, that, in our lonely nook, we have been able to cheer, though but for a season, in his way, one whom we love — whom I have loved and respected so long, and with whom, with the Word of God and our Prayer-book, we have taken *sweet council* so long together!

Morley.—Yes, in this retirement of love and content, and quiet fellowship, we have indeed “taken SWEET COUNCIL together;” and we shall neither of us have occasion, if I may judge from my own heart, to say, with the sacred Singer, in his troubles, “It was not my own *enemy*, that has done me such dishonour; for then I *could* have borne it: but it was even *thou*, my companion and my own familiar friend!” No! no! this we shall never say: whatever may be the changes and chances of our lot, we shall never say it was “*thou, my companion and familiar friend,*” who has done “*dishonour*” to *us*, or the humblest that live.

Kenna.—But you have left out one word in what you have repeated from the best of counsellors — GOD’S HOLY WORD! and let me be bold to say, honoured Master Morley—the words are, as I remember them, in our “Prayer-book,” at the 55th Psalm, — “It was even thou, my companion, MY GUIDE!”

as you have ever been to me, I am sure, the most kind.

Piscator.—And yet, Master Morley, God knows what changes we may yet meet with upon earth.

Morley.—Like my Royal master and benefactor, I have ever found in trouble blessed comfort in the words of the Book of Psalms, when my “heart is disquieted within me.” “*When the enemy cried so and the ungodly came in so fast, and they were minded to do mischief, so maliciously were they set against him, and when the fear of death had fallen upon him,*” he found his best lesson of hope, or resignation, in this divine book; and am not I ready to cry out, “Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then I would flee away, and be at rest; lo! then I will get me away afar off;” “I would haste to escape because of the stormy wind and tempest.”

Piscator.—But if our Kenna corrected the passage in which our kind instructor left out one word; let me remind “my familiar companion” of a verse we have often repeated. “We took sweet council together,” and, not only that, “but have we not walked in the HOUSE OF GOD as friends?”

Morley.—True! we “have walked in the house of God as friends,” and we have worshipped together in the “beauty of holiness;” but the *house of God* is now no more esteemed than the house of Thieves, and they who bear rule have taken care to make our venerable Cathedrals not of more esteem,

as “the houses of the living God,” than a stall for oxen, while “they break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers.”*

Kenna.—But they may be restored; and the affecting chant, to which I have listened in my younger days, when we went to Paul’s, with our father and our little brother Thomas,† may be heard again in some stiller time, though I shall perhaps be buried and in peace—who knows but in some of those beautiful cathedral houses of God, which are the pride of our land.

Morley.—Come, for I feel the tears, which I have not shed before, stealing into my eyes! To-morrow, before the lark sings above the thatch, I shall bid you a long adieu, to seek the King, — to wander, I know not where, or where I may rest my head to-morrow night. I go, perhaps, to die, unremembered, in a distant land, faithful till death to the altars I revere, on which I have sworn no servile, but generous allegiance as to the throne! I could well be content to share the humble meal of piety and content, and domestic affection, in this nook; but I have pondered on every thing. Your circumstances, my kind and excellent friend, are not affluent, though such an humble and quiet heart is the best wealth. I might live to be a burden to both. I am advancing in life, but still unshrinking to meet whatever may be my fortune. My Royal and kind Master has perished—I have taken leave,

* Psalm lxxiv. 6.

† Ken.

at the foot of the scaffold, of my last brave friend, Lord Capel:—least we grow melancholy—dear daughter, I would pray you, before we part—before we part, perhaps for ever—to favour me, for the last time, with one of those ditties which I have so often loved to hear in this solitude.

Kenna.—What shall it be? my husband's own ballad, which I once used to sing on the pleasant banks of Lea, in our golden days of life,

I in the pleasant meads would be;
These crystal streams shall solace me!

when he used to love to hear “his Kenna sing a song?” Alas! those pleasant days will never return; and this song now little suits us, with our altered age and fortunes.

Piscator.—No, indeed; not more than the old smooth song of honest Kit Marlowe's—

“Come, live with me, and be my love.”

My beloved Kenna, sing to us that song which reminds us of the *contentedness of a country life*.

(Kenna sings:)

*Let me live harmlessly, and by the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
And on the world and my Creator think;
While some men strive ill-gotten good t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.*

Piscator.—Ah! this song remembers me of those times gone by, “when we sat down in summers past,

under the broad beech-tree, and the birds seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of the primrose hill, where we sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea. When the milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, sang, like a nightingale, a smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe now at least fifty years ago, and the milk-maid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days!" But we must think no more of these toys. I shall be right content to hear a more serious song of Master Herbert's—that which I did always love.

(Kenna sings:)

*Sweet day, so calm, so clear, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night —
For thou must die.*

*Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses!
My music shews you have your closes,
And all must die.*

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Then chiefly lives.*

Morley.—And, trust me, this song was as well sung as it is melodious, and sacred, and full of golden thoughts. I shall remember the time I have passed here, when I lie down to rest, I know not

where, among strangers, and I shall dream in a distant land of Kenna's songs!

Piscator.—Yes; and if the dream should make you resolve to return, still, my good Master Morley, you would find the same warm but humble welcome—the same PRAYER-BOOK—the same evening and morning hymns—and the same songs of Kenna, who will ever gratefully remember her “guide and familiar friend.”

Kenna.—Oh! ever indeed gratefully—and, when Sunday night comes, how *sadly* remember him!

Morley.—Then let us now take leave. I wish to retire to solitary communion with God, for the sun is sinking beyond the mountains of Derbyshire. My generous friend, I have seen much of high stations—and much, I need not say, of sorrow—but, for yourself, you will remember, with thankfulness to the giver, the prayer of Agar—“Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient.”

Piscator.—I thank God that I have always had a thankful and quiet heart; and, though these rooms are poorly furnished, and our thatched roof be low, in the words of the old song, made forty years ago,

My mind to me a kingdom is.

I am as happy and contented, with my dutiful Kenna, in this remote corner—(for the tenement and small territory is my own)—as contented and happy as in the most prosperous state of life; for, in that fine strain set by Orlando Gibbons,

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

I am sufficiently blessed in my earthly condition, having a wife as dutiful as Kenna, and a place of humble independence in a world of sorrow.

Kenna. Oh! and how far more delightful than when we lived in the smoke and the noise of Fleet-street, and were witnesses of the madness of the frantic multitude — where the sullen Presbytery looked so sternly upon us.

Morley.—May those who despoiled us, still preserve to you, and your wife and your child, this retirement of virtuous independence; for happiness may dwell here as well as in those halls where I had formerly my academical education; and (now I am so soon to leave this abode of piety and peace) I may say, in the language of the sweetest of poets, then familiar to me —

Fortunate senex, ergo TUA RURA manebunt,
Et tibi magna satis —
At nos—

Your early studies, my friend, though not as classical as my own, might enable you to answer, from the same affecting eclogue —

Sed tamen *hac* mecum poteris requiescere *nocte*.

TO-MORROW

NOS PATRIÆ fines et DULCIA LINQUIMUS ARVA;
NOS PATRIAM FUGIMUS.

These lines you might know are from that great

poet Dan Virgilius; I shall endeavour to show Kenna the sense in English :

Oh! fortunate old man! here shalt thou be,
Amid these pleasant fields, enough for *thee*.

I must apply the other lines, not less affecting, to my own lot :

But we from hence, far hence, alas! shall roam
O'er the wide world, to find no social home.
We from the fields of our lov'd Country fly,
To meet, perhaps, severer destiny.

I will give you, warm-hearted friend, credit for wishing far greater kindness than was expressed by the Mantuan Shepherd :

Yet here, at least, contented thou shalt stay
THIS NIGHT—till Morning comes, with sandals grey,
And beckons thee far o'er the seas away.

So we might beguile our sad thoughts with kindred images of the classical Muses, long since my delightful companions; but, at *this hour*, it will be mine rather to call your attention to an English writer—a most holy man of our proscribed Sion, who has suffered with me the same deprivations for conscience sake, and who was my University friend. Some of his divine thoughts, perused in his handwriting, now come into my mind. From him we may learn these lessons on contentedness, whatever be our lot *here*, or in the wide world; and these lessons, from a wiser and more eloquent man, I shall leave as the legacy of a Christian monitor at parting, my last legacy to you, good friend, and your beloved and affectionate Kenna :

“ON CONTENTEDNESS. By Jeremiah Taylor.

“Virtues and discourses are like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadnesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents; and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous can be friendless, since God has appointed one remedy for all the evils of the world, and that is, a contented spirit.

“Now suppose thyself in as great sadness as ever did load thy spirit, wouldst thou not bear it nobly and cheerfully, if thou wast sure some excellent fortune would welcome thee, and enrich thee, and recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes, and desires, and capacities? Now, then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, REMEMBER THAT THOU ART A CHRISTIAN, designed to the inheritance of JESUS.

“Or art thou fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators — and they have taken ALL from me! — What now? let me look about me: they have left me the SUN and the MOON, fire and water, a LOVING WIFE, and MANY FRIENDS, to pity me, and some to RELIEVE me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my CHEERFUL SPIRIT, and a GOOD CONSCIENCE; they have still left me the PROVIDENCE OF GOD, and all the PROMISES OF THE GOSPEL, and my religion,

and my hopes of Heaven, and my charity to THEM too: I read and meditate: I can walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields, and see the varieties of nature's beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, virtue and wisdom in his whole creation, and in GOD HIMSELF."

Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying."

Well, time is stealing. The young King is at present at the Hague! I hasten to join him, and partake his fortunes. Your hand, dutiful and good Kenna: continue to love your husband — breed up your daughter in attachment to the form of religion in which you have found so much comfort. And — my voice begins to falter — your hand, my worthy, my benevolent, my generous friend. I pray Almighty God to bless you both. I shall think of you in the distant land; I shall pray — but the tear is on my lid — farewell — farewell!

Piscator. — Good Master Morley, if we must part this night, hear me now, and Kenna will join with me in this mine entreaty. I have this morning, in the river Trent, where I pursued my contemplative recreation, hooked a fine trout. As it is the first, so it may be the best I shall meet with this season; for you must note that a trout is very poor till it gets into the clear, sharp streams, in spring — but let me ask, trusting to forgiveness, whether you have power of bearing your charges, in your changed fortunes, to the distant countries you think of visiting? I can yet spare —

Morley.—Say no more, good and kind friend, if you love me. The desolate widow of the brave Lord Capel has taken care I shall not be *destitute*.

Piscator.—Then but one wish remains, in which, for our friendship of old, you will gratify me. Kenna shall put her babe to rest, and dress this last meal of contentedness, the TROUT, with such directions as I have given — then you shall read our prayers, for the last time, it may be — and then, Almighty God be with you wheresoever your journey lies in this wide world, and grant that we may yet, in some still time, come together again, where peace and happiness shall be with us to our life's end, and till we lay our burthens down in peace!

They part.

MORLEY'S FAREWELL

TO THE COTTAGE OF ISAAK WALTON, 1649.

TO KENNA.

England, a long farewell! a long farewell,
 My Country, to thy woods, and streams, and hills,
 Where I have heard in youth the Sabbath-bell,
 For many a year now mute: — affection fills
 Mine eyes with tears; yet resolute to wait
 Whatever ills betide, whatever fate, —
 Far from my native land, from sights of woe,
 From scaffolds, drench'd in gen'rous blood,* I go:—

* He returned to Walton's cottage from the scene of execution of his brave friend Lord Capel.

Sad, in a land of strangers, when I bend
 With grief of heart, without a home or friend,
 And chiefly when, with weary thoughts oppress'd,
 I see the sun sink slowly in the west,
 Then doubly feeling my forsaken lot,
 I shall remember, far away, this cot
 Of humble piety, and prayer, and peace,
 And thee, dear friend! till my heart's beatings cease.
 Warm from that heart I breathe one parting pray'r—
 My good old friend, may God Almighty spare —
 Spare, for the sake of that poor child,* thy life —
 Long spare it, for thy meek and duteous wife.
 Perhaps o'er them when the hard storm blows loud,
 We both may be at rest, and in our shroud;
 Or, we may live to talk of these sad times,
 When virtue was revil'd, and direst crimes
 Faith's awful name usurp'd! We may again
 Hear heavenly truths in the time-hallow'd Fane —
 And the full chant! Oh! if that day arrive,
 And we, old friend! though bow'd with age, sur-
 vive —
 How happy, whilst our days on earth shall last,
 To pray, and think of seasons that are pass'd,
 Till on our various way the night shall close,
 And in one † hallowed pile, at last, our bones
 repose.

* Anne, born 1677, and mother of William Hawkins.

† Walton died 1683, aged ninety; Morley the year after, 1684, aged 87. They are buried in the same cathedral.

Let the curtain now draw up, and behold the same characters, unchanged, in an illustrious sphere, and with splendid associations. Behold Morley “my Lord of Winton,” in his Episcopal palace — Isaak Walton’s daughter Anne, an infant in the Staffordshire cottage, a young woman of nineteen* — the son, Isaac Walton, junior, returned from Oxford. † Poor Kenna is buried in peace, in Worcester Cathedral — her brother, the son of the attorney of Furnival’s Inn, late the “*poor scholar*” of Wykeham’s college, has been just elected Fellow — old Isaak himself, seeing his children, like Job, after his trials, in prosperity and happiness around him, tranquilly through the summer morning is seen angling in the Itchin! His room is furnished with his own books, in the palace. There he lived a beloved and honoured guest, with mild and lighted countenance, snow-white locks, a thankful, but humble heart — with piety as sincere as unostentatious — till he closed his eyes on all the “changes and chances” of his mortal life, at ninety years of age.

* Afterwards married to William Hawkins, Prebendary, father of Hawkins, Ken’s biographer.

† Afterwards Canon of Salisbury.



GEORGE MORLEY, D.D.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

*To the Rev. J. Haver, who furnished for this Work
the original drawing this Plate is inscribed*

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE, FORTUNES, CHARACTER, AND TIMES OF BISHOP MORLEY, KEN'S FIRST PATRON — PARENTAGE — EARLY SOCIETY—CHAPLAIN TO CHARLES THE FIRST—LAST INTERVIEW — EXPELLED FROM HIS CANONRY OF CHRISTCHURCH BY THE PARLIAMENTARY VISITORS—HIS WANDERINGS, AFTER LEAVING WALTON'S COTTAGE — CHARACTER — REFLECTIONS — DOMESTIC GROUPE IN THE PALACE HOUSEHOLD WHEN HE WAS BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis

Servare mentem, non secus in bonis.

HOPAGE.

WE have brought Ken from Oxford back to the scene from whence, thirteen years before, a disciplined and ingenuous youth, he set out on the eventful journey of life. He was now twenty-nine.

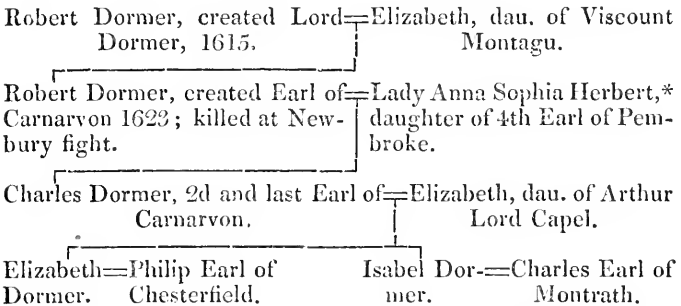
Immediately on his return to Winchester, he was appointed Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Morley, and soon after presented to the rectory of Brixton, in the Isle of Wight.

The interest which Morley took in his fortunes, and the origin of that interest, we have been the first to shew.

Before we proceed on the public and more eventful passages of Ken's life, it will be proper to relate more particularly some of the chief occurrences in the life of that munificent Prelate, the first patron and promoter of Ken's fortunes.

Morley, now Bishop of Winchester, having been promoted from Worcester 1662,—according to Wood, (the universal storehouse of biographical information,) was son of Francis Morley, by Sarah sister of Sir John Denham, the poet. He was born 1597, and educated at Westminster school, from whence he was elected Student of Christ-Church, Oxford. He was afterwards domiciliated as Chaplain and friend, as we have related, in the household of Robert Earl of Carnarvon.

We may here add the account of the family of this generous and loyal nobleman, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Newbury.



From the loyalty of his friend and patron, whose household Morley left in 1640, we have concluded, as he was made Chaplain to King Charles, in the commencement of his troubles, that he was first recommended to this post by Lord Carnarvon.

* Their portraits are at High-clear. Loyalty and sorrow seem to have connected the families, for the son of Lord Carnarvon married the daughter of Lord Capel.

On his leaving the Earl of Carnarvon, he had been presented to the Rectory of Hartfield, in Sussex, his first preferment, which he exchanged for the Rectory of Mildenhall, commonly called *Minall*, near Marlborough, Wilts. We have stated that a Canonry of Christ-Church becoming vacant soon after his attendance on Charles, this high ecclesiastical dignity, in a college where he had been student, was bestowed on him by the King himself, doubtless no less for his piety than his attachment to the King's cause and fortunes. He was appointed Canon of Christ-Church 1641. Notwithstanding his having been Chaplain to the King, he was selected, being considered of Calvinistic principles, to preach before the Parliament in 1643, which he did with so little *satisfaction* to those by whom he was appointed, that, when the sermons of all the other preachers were ordered to be published, *his* sermon only was excepted.

The reason may be readily guessed. It was not *tuned* to the Parliament; and the reader will know what was *expected* from the *political* pulpits, when only two passages are set before him, one from a sermon preached before the same Parliament by Case, and another from the well-known Stephen Marshall, one of the authors of "Smectymnuus."

How may Lord King be recreated by such doctrines as the following, *not* preached by the *intolerant* Clergy of the Church of England!

Case, in his sermon before the Commons, 1644,

proclaims, "God is *angry*;" and then makes the God of mercy thus expostulate: *

"Will you not *strike*? † Will you execute judgment, or will you *not*? Tell me — for if *you* will not I WILL! [*God will strike*, unless the Parliament take it out of his hands!] I WILL have the enemies' BLOOD!"

But this blasphemous fiend in the pulpit falls short of the *pious* Stephen Marshall, in 1641:

"What SOLDIER'S HEART would not start deliberately to come into a subdued city, and take the little ones on a spear's point, to take them by the *heels*, and BEAT OUT THEIR BRAINS against the wall! yet if *this work* be to REVENGE GOD'S CHURCH (the Presbyterian!) against BABYLON (the Church of England), he is a BLESSED MAN that takes and dashes the *little ones* against the stones."

How must Morley, the early friend of Sir Lucius Carey, afterwards Lord Falkland, and of Chillingworth, and of Hammond, have disdained such language! And such sentiments were uttered in a Christian Church!

* Why do I publish this? Because, otherwise, it would not be *believed*; and because, if I spoke of *fanatical* preachers without proof, I should be set down as wanting charity.

† So Milton, in *Lycidas*: "Stands ready to strike once!" alluding to the axe which beheaded Laud! "STRIKE!" was well understood at the time; and this bloody rhapsody was preached in the year of Laud's trial, to hasten his end, he having been *three years* in prison.

Morley, if not, like Locke, born “in the storm,” now began to witness and experience its violence; and how often, during its continuance, till it fell on his unsheltered head, and the heads of his most beloved friends — how often must he have recollected those peaceful academical days when he was one of that delightful society which met at the *Tusculum* described by Clarendon, of Sir Lucius Carey — near Oxford. The account of the place, manner of living, and company, is so interesting, that I shall be excused for inserting the description:

“His house where he (Sir Lucius Carey) usually resided, Tew, in Oxfordshire, within ten or twelve miles of the University, looked like the University itself by the company always found there. There were Dr. Sheldon, Dr. MORLEY, Dr. HAMMOND, Dr. Earle,* Mr. CHILLINGWORTH, &c. and, indeed, all the men of eminent parts and faculties from Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London, who all found their lodging there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house *know of their coming or going, or who were in the house*, till he came to dinner or supper, where they still met. Here Mr. CHILLINGWORTH wrote, and formed, and modelled his excellent book.”†

Let us think of this unaffected scene of noble and friendly hospitality — of Morley — Hammond

* Afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who translated the *Icon* into Latin; educated at Winchester, before Ken.

† His “*immortal*” work.

— Chillingworth — meeting at supper or dinner — of the deep reasoning of Chillingworth, the pure, scriptural religion of Hammond, compared with the livelier humour and frankheartedness of Morley. In such a society, he was remarkable for the gaiety of his conversation, and one witticism of his is recorded by Lord Clarendon, which shews at the time, how little that spirit of Puritanic Calvinism prevailed, which so soon afterwards gained its gloomy and tyrannical ascendant.

It was enquired of him, what the ARMINIANS *held*? “What the Arminians hold! *hold all the Bishoprics and Deaneries in England!*” answered Morley. One of these Deaneries, before the Restoration, he “*held*” himself, till dispossessed — *not* by the Arminians!!

But how soon after this smart saying was it found that neither Bishoprics nor Deaneries remained to any of these grasping Arminians, for they who assembled at this peaceful academical Tusculum in youth, were the very first to experience the domination of *Calvinistic toleration!*

The benevolent and accomplished master of the house, Lord Falkland, and Robert Earl of Carnarvon, were killed in the same battle. Chillingworth and Hall, the noblest writers and the best of men, lived to have their days shortened by cruelty and insult; Laud, the *Arminian* Primate of all England, was condemned to be “HANGED, DRAWN, and QUARTERED!” This was the end of “*Arminian Deans*

and Bishops!” Morley, though no *Arminian*, was deprived of all he had.

Whilst the King was permitted to have his Chaplains with him, Morley was constantly in attendance. The Presbyterians sternly forbid, at Holmby, *any spiritual* attendance but of their own priesthood, the King being denied the common consolation of the vilest criminal! At Holmby he was first left, as it is said in the *Εικων Βασιλικη*, to his “solitary prayers,” and most grievously did he feel this deprivation of those whose looks—whose voices, were always compassionate and respectful,—whose instruction was necessary to confirm his fortitude, or elevate his heart above this scene of mortal suffering. Let the reader turn to the prayer in the Icon, “on parting with his Chaplains.” That this affecting prayer was written by the wretch Gauden, I no more believe than I believe Gauden could write King Lear; and I would ask my excellent friend Mr. Hallam, whether he thinks the PRAYER—of that only I speak—which contains the words, “To thee, therefore, oh Lord! I now offer up my solitary prayers,”—whether he thinks this prayer as “cold” as he has pronounced the Icon? If he does, then our feelings and taste differ: to me, it appears that this prayer could only have proceeded from a heart that deeply felt what in such affecting language it expresses.

MILTON, the stern Iconoclast, was a very different being from Milton the author of *PENSEROSO*

and LYCIDAS! What is his answer to this affecting appeal? To this "*solitary prayer*" of the desolate King (supposing it written by him*), deprived of Morley—of Hammond—of those from whom he had received the language of compassion and spiritual comfort? What? not one word of commiseration?—of *respect*?—for men of at least

* It was many years since I read the Icon. I looked at it whilst engaged in this work. The moment I came to this Prayer, I said, "This is by *another* hand!" Mr. Todd has since informed me that Gauden acknowledged it to be written by DUPPA. But the King kept a Diary, and composed *some* Prayers. Mr. Todd has clearly established the fact that he did *not* write the Meditations and Prayers, as they now stand in the Icon: but *some* prayers he wrote, and some journal of his miserable days. Can we determine that nothing of his own writing, however disfigured, appears in this portraiture? I am inclined to think the real truth will be found in Kennet's account, that "the papers written in the King's hand were entrusted to an Essex minister, of Rayne, Mr. Edward Symmons, to convey them to a printer. He committed them to his neighbour." This neighbour was Gauden, Rector of Bocking, the next parish to Rayne. We learn no more, nor how Kennet came to the knowledge of such a circumstance. But let us see if this short account might not receive some unexpected corroboration.

Where is Rayne situated? Certainly, near Bocking. But is not — and most material is this unexpected fact — the parish in which was situated the old ancestral mansion, RAYNE HALL, the seat of the Capels? belonging to that Lord Capel, the most faithful and confidential servant of his oppressed Master? Is it not probable, taking this unexpected circumstance into consideration, that *some* of the King's papers were intrusted to Lady Capel, and Lord Capel being in prison, that

blameless lives — of learning and of piety — though of a different school from his own? Hear, admirers of Christian toleration: “Cry him up” — (*ye Chaplains!*) — “cry him up for a SAINT in your PULPITS, whilst he cries you down, for ATHEISTS, INTO HELL!” What must be that system which could thus level a noble mind, and turn the author of “PARADISE LOST” into a *brutal* railer? And yet he could talk of “detractions rude” against *King Cromwell!*

they were confided by Lady Capel to the person mentioned, Minister of the parish?

Rayne Hall being in the parish of Rayne, we might surely be disposed to agree with Kennet, who says, “that he, Mr. SYMMONS, MINISTER OF RAYNE, being interrupted by the troubles of the times, committed them to his neighbour Dr. Gauden, who, being a man of a *luxurious fancy*, could not let them pass through his hands without *amendments* and additions: he got some chapters to be added by *another hand*. He himself *threw in* the ejaculations and devotions, or most of them.” (Kennet, quoted from Todd.) What he “*threw in,*” we cannot tell, but it appears to me there is as much difference in the authorship, of particular passages, as between Shakspeare and IRELAND’S tawdry fabrication! * — some passages being natural and pathetic — as the Prayer on parting with his Chaplains — his directions to his son, &c.; and others artificial, antithetic, elaborate, and most affected.

In the Shakspeare which Charles gave to Sir Thomas Herbert, now in the King’s library, appear the words, in Charles’s own hand, “*Dum spiro spero.*”

In the many hours of lonely solicitude and sorrow, to suppose that he who loved Shakspeare and Tasso — he who was so well versed in the Scriptures — he who kept a Diary — he who

* Vortigern and Rowena.

Nothing but a cold, unnatural, theoretic system, at war with common sense, the kindest sympathies composed *some Prayers* — to suppose, in such a situation, such a person should not have sought relief in committing to paper his solitary meditations, seems impossible.

Morley might have been convinced that the *Meditations*, as they now appear, were *not the King's*, and, as Gauden *claimed* them, he had no power to contradict him; but did he ever show Gauden any respect?

I have ventured to say thus much on a subject of interesting inquiry; and if I, who know so much less of the subject, differ at all from my friend Mr. Todd, I need not say, it is with the greatest respect and deference.

The information I have received, since the above was written, from Mr. Alexander, the present Curate of Rayne, is so decisive and so unexampled a corroboration of my ideas, and of Kennet's cursory remarks, that I submit it to the reader, as, in my opinion, decisive of my view of the question of the Icon. I could indeed venture to mark the passages written by the King, and those by Gauden.

“Rayne Hall is in the parish of Rayne, situated adjoining the churchyard, and is now occupied as a farm-house by Mr. Rolfe, tenant to the Earl of Essex, who is also possessed of Rayne Lodge in this parish, and partly in the parish of Bocking. The two farms contain upwards of 800 acres, and have been in the Capel family since the time of Queen Elizabeth. I cannot find any positive proof of any part of the family being there, 1648, but I think it most probable; as in a book containing entries of several Rectors from 1611, there is entered in 1624, ‘small tythes, for Sr Arthur's Hope, 1s.’ In the same book: ‘Dr. Mott dyed an. 1630. Sr ARTHUR CAPELL gave mee the presentation to the parsonage of Rayne, upon the 30 day of Decemb. 1630. Mr. SYMONS.’

of the heart, I might say, the voice of Heaven itself, in the Scripture, could so sear all Christian feelings, as to allow any one to speak with such reckless insult of exemplary and pious characters. And what must be that system which could so *deaden to its core* the heart, and thus palsy the native, generous feelings of the high-minded Milton ! *

When the King was in the hands of the Army, his chaplains Sheldon and Hammond were again admitted at Hampton Court. This circumstance is remarkable, as it shows Morley was at a distance.

In company with his favourite Hammond, uncle to that Colonel Hammond under whose care he was

‘ The right honble the Lady Capell gave mee the presentation to the Rectory of Raine in Essex the 5 day of June 1649.’

“ In the register of baptisms are entered :

1634. Feb. 12. Mary, the daughter of Edward and Hellen Symons.

1637. Edward, son of Edward and Hellen Symons, bapt. Mar. 25.

1639. Arethusa Symons, daughter of Edward and Hellen, bapt. Nov. 2.”

1641. Henry Symons, son of Edward Symons, rector, and Hellen. bapt. March 3.

Mr. Symons appears to have continued rector until 1649; and had been long dead when Gauden made his claim to the whole work.

* Magnificent as Milton’s poetry is, to which none have done more justice than those whom his fiery declamation most insulted, I do not recollect one passage of commiseration, like those which charm us in Cowper—with such stern stuff, after his first ingenuous feelings, did the genius of republican Puritanism envelope him.

placed in the Isle of Wight, Charles almost forgot how long he had been bereaved of his wife and children. The Army, in this respect, were, in appearance, far more merciful and kind than the implacable Covenanters had been—but they exhibited only the perfidy and play of the tiger towards their deluded and helpless victim. At Newmarket the Chaplains were again admitted, and, soon afterwards, the forlorn Monarch heard, with tears of rapture, the voices of his children, and bent over them, with the paternal blessings of a bursting heart.

This was the sunshine of hope and tenderness for a moment, on the most desolate of human kind! In the Isle of Wight, even those faithful attendants whom, in the kindness of his heart, though in the deepest dejection, he never failed to address—more in the endearing familiarity of a friend than master—*were now shut out.*

The last time Morley* appeared with the King was, when he was sent for by Charles, altered sadly in appearance, in his last extremity of hope, to assist at the treaty in the Isle of Wight. “He was sadly altered in countenance,” Clarendon remarks, “and his hair quite grey.” That he was sadly altered in countenance, who would be disposed to

* It is remarkable that the King, being allowed by the Parliament at the treaty to consult his Chaplains, did not at first fix on Morley, probably for reasons we have given; but in his next address to Parliament—that Parliament calling itself “*dutiful and loyal!!*”—Morley is *required* by the King. (State Papers.)

doubt; but his hair was *not grey*, for I have seen it, by the favour of Sir Henry Halford, as cut from the head, after the late disinterment at Windsor. It was of the most beautiful brown, without a single grey hair. In the Isle of Wight, the faithful and affectionate Morley parted with him for ever in this world.

One of the most affecting passages, and therefore seldom taken notice of by *professed* historians, relating to the sorrows of Charles the First, is set before us by an eye-witness, Sir Philip Warwick.

“At the Treaty, he was permitted to have the Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Hartford, Earls of Southampton and Lindsay, Juxon Bishop of London, Duppa of Salisbury, Sanders, Henchman, and MORLEY, &c. The King’s Lords and Gentlemen only stood about his chair, but were not to *speak* a word IN HIS ASSISTANCE, while he *singly* disputed with all the before-mentioned able men (Pembroke, Salisbury, Vane the younger, Say, Hollis, &c.) If at any time the King found himself at need to *ask a question*, or that any of his Lords thought fit to advise him, in his ear, to *hesitate* before he answered, he himself would retire into his own chamber, or one of his penmen prayed him, from the Lords, to do so; but *more* liberty than this his attendants were not allowed!”* If ever there was a picture of the most refined cruelty, it is this!

The crafty Covenanters, as cold as crafty, and as spiteful as cold, were prepared with every entan-

* Warwick’s Memoirs.

gling question; and he, *singly*, before the whole assembly, was required to answer." Warwick proceeds:

"I remember on one day he over did himself" (it was indeed the most *momentous* question as affecting himself): "it was upon the great Article, whether he or the Parliament *began* the war? and, in effect, at whose door the blood should lie? The King retiring to his chamber, I took the confidence to step to my Lord of Northumberland, and say to him, 'My good Lord, remember how gracious this good Prince hath been to you — *compassionate* his distresses, and the strait he is now in!' He civilly, but positively, replied — 'Sir, it is impossible for me to do any thing; for the King in this point is *safe*,* as a King, but we cannot be so.'

"Two replies which the King made to two gentlemen that day were observable; the one to a gentleman, now a Lord, who pressed hardly upon him: 'A *good nature*, Sir, (said he,) would not offer what you say; nor is it true logic!'"

Thus was he baited, arguing *singly* before this array of cold, astute enemies, amid silent, compassionate friends — arguing, mildly, courteously, majestically, yet most acutely — for LIFE OR DEATH! †

The honest relator proceeds in the following most affecting detail:

"I never saw him *shed tears* but once, and he turned presently his head away, for he was then

* How safe he was events proved.

† At this very time his death was determined on.

dictating to me somewhat in a window, and he was *loth to be discerned*; and the Lords and Gentlemen were then in the room, and his back was towards them; but I can hereof take my oath, that they were the *biggest drops* that I ever saw fall from an eye, but he recollected himself, and soon stifled them!"*

In the account of the burial of the King in Windsor Chapel by Sir Thomas Herbert, the spot where the body was laid is described minutely, opposite the eleventh stall. The whole account is singularly impressive; but it is extraordinary it should ever have been supposed that the place of interment was unknown, when this description existed. At the late accidental disinterment, some of his hair was cut off. Soon after, the following lines were written, which I now set before the reader for the first time.

ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.†

The Castle-clock had toll'd midnight, —
 With mattock and with spade,
 And silent, by the torches' light,
 His corse in earth we laid.

* Cromwell, who had the *gift of prayer and crying at will*, called the broken-hearted King "*a dissembler!*"

† As this composition might appear, in some turns of expression, to resemble a celebrated military funeral dirge (the death of Sir John Moore), I can only say, it was written soon

The coffin bore his name, that those
 Of other years might know,
 When Earth its secret should disclose
 Whose bones were laid below.

“PEACE TO THE DEAD” no children sung,
 Slow pacing up the nave ;
 No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
 As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter’s wind,
 In many a sullen gust,
 As, o’er the open grave inclin’d,
 We murmur’d, “Dust to dust !”

A moon-beam, from the arches’ height,
 Stream’d, as we plac’d the stone ;
 The long aisles started into light,
 And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
 That shook along the walls,
 While the sad shades of mailed men
 Were gazing from the stalls.

after the account of the late disinterment of Charles. The metre and phrase is the same as some lines published twenty years ago :

“O’er my poor Anna’s lonely grave
 No dirge shall sound, no bell shall ring.”

“Spirit of Discovery.”

'Tis gone! again, on tombs defac'd,*
 Sits darkness more profound,
 And only, by the torch, we trac'd
 Our shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air,
 Without, blew long and loud;
 Upon our knees we breath'd one prayer †
 Where HE — slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor —
 No name, no trace appears —
 And when we clos'd the sounding door
 We thought of him with tears.

After the melancholy completion of the drama, and the burial of his kind master, Morley resolved to leave England, but waited, as we have said, to take his earthly farewell of a noble friend, brought to the scaffold in the same cause.

This was the brave, and loyal, and virtuous, and intrepid Lord Capel. Whitelock, speaking of his noble demeanour at this awful hour, says, "He appeared on the scaffold, without any clergyman!" Yes. Being insulted by the *inspired* soldiery, his dying friend, to secure him from this brutality, took his last leave of him at the foot of the scaffold. This generous nobleman's conduct, at that trying hour, evinced from whom he had learnt the

* Every thing in the Chapel now defaced.

† The Service by the Prayer-book was forbidden.

CHRISTIAN LESSON, HOW TO DIE! And we can have little doubt but that, had Morley, like Laud, been called to suffer the great agony himself, he would have shown how well he could have practised the lessons he taught.

Morley had lived, as we have related, from the time of his expulsion from Oxford, at the lonely cottage of poor Isaak Walton. He had now sojourned in that peaceful but humble abode twelve whole months, and to that cottage of affectionate friendship he returned after the execution of Lord Capel, for a few weeks, we may imagine, till he left England, to partake exile and adversity with his new master, the Son of the murdered Charles.

From the time of his leaving the household of Lord Carnarvon, the life of Morley was that of peculiar sorrow. Both his friends, Carnarvon and Falkland immaturely perished — the King was no more — Lord Capel no more — his Oxford friends scattered — his portion penury.

Every one knows the circumstances of the *Papal visitation* at Oxford, but the *Puritanic visitation*, though important in many respects, and involving the fate of so many ornaments of the Church, has been less considered, chiefly because the Clergy, under all their wrongs, suffered in dignified silence. They appealed not even to compassion, if we except Hall's "Hard Fare!" and a few other narratives.

The ejected Non-conformists preached and published their "Farewell Sermons." It was not till

after Calamy had written his account of the number of the sufferers under the Act of Uniformity that Walker, as late as the reign of Queen Anne, published the names of those ejected in 1647, and by Cromwell's "tryers." He has given the names and residences of *two thousand** clergymen, ejected from their livings, and turned into the world to beg their bread, without any complaint, except in a very few instances.

Walker, in his "History of the Sufferings of the Clergy," has detailed the residences and names. As to the Oxford Puritanical visitation, the particulars may be seen in Wood's History of the University. Walker has quoted a curious book written at the time, now in the Bodleian Library, called "Pegasus."

This publication gives a ludicrous description of Lord Pembroke, and his *godly* train, whom the Parliament sent down to Oxford, with full powers to reform and purify it. The entrance of the solemn cavalcade into Oxford is described with some humour and pleasantry.

Francis Cheynell, "damned to everlasting fame" for his insults on the dying and dead Chillingworth, was a principal actor, and as delighted as Hugh Peters is described, when he rode before the miserable Charles, "triumphing!"

Lord Pembroke, the fifth Earl of Pembroke, who having voted against the Bishops, was himself *dis-*

* A few, and those very few, are *duplicates*.

missed, when the House of Peers was voted “*useless and dangerous*,” was afterwards one of the *three inglorious Lords* who sat in the House of Commons, being returned for Berkshire. He was very tall, and in this *pious* expedition he appeared in front, with lofty figure and puritanic visage, as the “*knight of the woeful countenance*,” sallying forth to purify “ALMA MATER” of all such “scandalous and malignant” members as Chillingworth, Hammond, Morley, Jeremy Taylor, with commission to fill their places with the “*really pious*,” such as Francis Cheyennell and his solemn brethren!

The next morning, the Heads of Houses, Doctors, &c. were summoned: some attended, but the far greater number refused to appear, who were then condemned as *contumacious*. I have spoken only of admitted facts.

In the Bodleian Library are some other pamphlets, relating to these times, bound together with “Pegasus;” among others, a list of the Members of Parliament (House of Commons) when Lenthall was Speaker, with an account of their salaries and offices. JOHN SELDEN* is noted as an honourable exception, who refused to partake of the wages, and often voted *against* the measures of the House.

In the List of Improvements purchased by the

* CHILLINGWORTH, SELDEN, SOMMERS, and CHATHAM, — were all educated at Trinity.

Commissioners, &c. printed in 1648, is 50*l. per annum* settled upon the CHURCH OF FROME for ever, to be paid by Sir James Thynne, of Longleat, knt. for which his fine (as a delinquent) was reduced to 3086*l.* I mention these things as connected with the subject of this chapter.

There is one pamphlet of considerable interest, though short, detailing some of the occurrences in the Isle of Wight, of which we have spoken, and particularly at Carisbrook Castle, with a *wood-cut* representing the interview in the presence-chamber in Carisbrook Castle, between Charles I. and Sir Peter Killigrew, who conveyed his "Last Propositions" to both Houses of Parliament, Sept. 1648.

Cheynell, who makes such a distinguished figure in these times at Oxford, was of Merton College, at whose gates the Parliamentary Visitors were received by him in form! His taste, piety, and *gratitude* to the founder of the College to which he owed the education he disgraced, the following inscription, now to be seen over the grave of the founder of Merton, will attest, as well as the spirit of the academical iconoclasts of this period :

Hunc tumulum, FANATICORUM RABIE, quæ durante
 nupero plusquam civili bello, prout in ipsa templa
 sic et in heroum sanctorumque relliquias ibidem
 piè reconditas, IMMANITER sæviebat,
 deformatum atque fere deletum, Custos
 et Scholares domûs Scholarium
 de Merton, in Academiâ Oxoniensi,

pro suâ erga Fundatorem pietate
et gratitudine, redintegrabant,
anno 1662.

Custode, Thomâ Clayton, equite.

This monument, sacred to every feeling of piety and gratitude, the memorable Cheynell — memorable from his own account of what took place at the funeral of Chillingworth — might have preserved; but piety and gratitude did not distinguish his class, and his feelings respecting any venerable monument of ancient piety, we may suppose, were of the nature of a Bishop of Winchester, Robert Horne, 1570, who writes thus to the President and Fellows of Trinity:

“ I am informed that certain monuments, tending to idolatize, and POPISH or DEVIL’S service, as crosses, and such like FILTHY STUFFE, remain in your College UNDEFACED,” &c.*

* Thanks to Mr. Britton, Skelton, &c. these monuments are appreciated by every man of feeling, sense, and taste; though the same destruction may again take place when the *leaders* have confidence enough to cry *havoc*, in the spirit of Martin, who, *crazed* by his creed,—as millions tremble, in the present day, on the *verge* of *religious* lunacy—was fully persuaded he was doing the “*Lord’s* work,” when he set fire to York Cathedral! The letter, on this occasion, from some Ministers in the connection of John Wesley, does them the highest honour.

We have lived to see a Cathedral *set on fire*, and witnessed — what was never exhibited in Cromwell’s days — a fellow keeping a BROTHEL, domineering over *his* “young Corinthian laity” all the week, and regularly “preaching the Gospel” on Sundays.” Police Reports at Bow-street.

Of such fanaticism, in her day of trouble, when this spirit was dominant, nobly and firmly did the University of Oxford show her disdain — nobly, and proudly, did her faithful members, through “evil report and good report” — with persecution and poverty before them — sustain their dignified parts. “Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not *destroyed*; as poor, yet making many rich; as HAVING NOTHING, and yet POSSESSING ALL THINGS.”

The Parliamentary orders were, — “take the Covenant, and acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Parliament!” The answer was, “We will TAKE NO PRESBYTERIAN COVENANT, for we *belong to the Episcopal Apostolic Church of England!* We will acknowledge no authority of Parliament, for we have *sworn that the Sovereign is the only legal Visitor!*”

Jeremy Taylor, of All Souls — Hammond, Saunderson, Pocock, of Christ Church — and Chillingworth, of Trinity,* were dismissed to poverty; and CHEYNELL, the insulter of Chillingworth, A. M. of Merton, and his “*really pious*” brethren, REMAINED.

Oxford having been thus “*purified*” by the expulsion of the most eminent scholars, and singularly, at the same time, of *four members* the

* Here were also educated Selden, Sommers, and Chatham; Skinner, Bishop of Oxford, was Chillingworth’s tutor, who was *imprisoned*, with the other Bishops, for *petitioning* the Parliament in 1643.

most learned and eminently pious of any age or nation — as if in insult to the manes of the illustrious founders — under the auspices of this immortal Cheynell, Cromwell appeared in Convocation, robed in his gown as LL. D. ! It might be almost imagined the shades of the kings and prelates, the illustrious founders of this seat of learning, frowned indignant — when the Regicide-abolishers of her ancient institutions — the profoundly-dissembling Cromwell was made Doctor of Laws, the frantic Harrison, and the *renowned* Cornet Joice, were honoured by the degree of Master of Arts, in the *regenerated* Convocation ! *

I shall merely add, that the Parliament sent their visitors to Oxford in June 1647. The University refused to submit. Monitions and citations were resorted to in vain ; the sturdy academicians held them in scorn. The Earl of Pembroke was made Vice-Chancellor by the votes of both Houses of Parliament, armed with authority to expel all the contumacious members, in 1648.

In March 1648, Morley, with his virtuous, learned, and pious friends, were without house or home.

* Sir Hardress Waller, Harrison, Ingoldby, Ireton, Okey, King's Judges ; and the *learned* and *redoubtable* Cornet Joice, were *honoured*, in full Convocation, with their Masters of Arts degrees, May 19, 1649. I mention this, because I think it goes some way to confirm the extraordinary testimony of Lilly, that it was *Joice* who beheaded the King.

In April an order was published, by beat of drum, that if any of those who had been expelled *were found within five miles* of the city, they should be treated as spies, and PUT TO DEATH!!

Morley did not stay long enough to be subjected to this most *humane* ordinance, but he was, for *contumacy, imprisoned*. Soon after his release from imprisonment, he found refuge in Staffordshire.

He sojourned with Walton in his cottage from April 1648 till the first week of May 1649, joining the young nominal King of England, just as he was about to remove from the Hague.

The Son of King Charles the First being obliged to look out for some secure retreat—after a journey to Paris to visit his mother—fixed on the Island of Jersey as the safest place of sojourn during the tempest of the times. Here, as is said in Rapiin, he had his “small court.” Here, in the language of that exquisite writer, his unfortunate father’s favourite, he might have said,

Come, poor remains of friends! rest on this rock —
and of this small and disconsolate court Morley was now the “melancholy Jaques.”

It is said he *would not* go with the King to Scotland. Doubtless, for the first thing required of the King was to take the “Solemn League and Covenant;” and, if a clergyman of the Church of England had been found among the flock of John Knox,

they would have cried out "*A Pope! a Pope! stone him!*"*

He now parted from the young King, and retired to Antwerp, officiating, according to the rites of the persecuted Church, and living in the family, as instructor of the children, of Lady Hyde, whilst her husband, afterwards Lord Chancellor, was in Spain. All the offices of the Church of England were regularly performed, not only in her household, but a congregation was established at Antwerp — sacraments administered — and the small but faithful flock here gathered in a foreign land.

We have spoken of Morley's generous sympathy towards Charles the First — of his expulsion from Oxford — of his sojourn with old Walton — and of his subsequent wanderings with the nominal Court. He returned to England with the restored Monarch, and preached the Restoration Sermon (he says) "in the year of his *grand climacteric!*" He was immediately nominated Dean of Christ-church, where he remained two months, having had just time to settle those who were restored, all but his friend Hammond, who was dead. After two months residence at Christ-Church, he was made BISHOP OF WORCESTER, and in his Cathedral the pious Kenna, who lived only two years after his elevation, was buried.

* So they cried, when a Minister in a surplice, according to Laud's absurd injunction, was seen in a KIRK! "A Pape! a Pape! *stane* him!" Rushworth.

From Worcester he was translated, in 1663, to Winchester, where he closed his eyes, surrounded by those who revered him, though he was unmarried and childless. Ken, and young Isaac Walton—and Dr. Hawkins and his wife, Walton's daughter—and their two children, William, the biographer, and Jane, his sister, were his CHILDREN and GRANDCHILDREN; Ken became a Bishop at his death. I shall reserve the picture of the chief character of the party, till I have said something of this great and good man's character:

Morley seemed to have been an exile with the resolution of Mephibosheth: "And Mephibosheth, the son of Saul, came down to meet the King, and had neither dressed his feet nor trimmed his beard, nor washed his clothes, from the day the King departed until the day he came again in peace." And the language of Morley, I have no doubt, was, "Yea, let him take all, forasmuch as my Lord the King is come again in peace unto his own house." Such was his fidelity and loyalty.

Next, we must remark, his inflexible integrity in what he conscientiously felt to be his duty, without hesitation or compromise, it may be added, without attempting to *conceal* any feeling of his heart. He might, by ever so little management, have retained his preferment—but he abhorred the hypocrite who proposed it,* and he took no

* "If you will only agree *not* to *oppose* us, you shall keep your preferment."

pains to conceal his disdain: he might, by a compromise, have retained his Canonry—but his best friends were driven away—Hammond, Saunderson, Fell, who were his brother Canons, and as only Dr. Wall was left, he chose to take his lot with the dispersed and suffering.

Wood says: “Oh! that but a single portion of that spirit might *always* rest upon the Established Clergy!” and in that prayer who does not join?

His fidelity, and tenderness of heart, are manifested by his friendship for Walton.

It is related that when Ormond (Butler) was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a clergyman, to whom he had promised preferment, preaching before him, to put him in mind of his promise, chose the text, “Nevertheless, the chief BUTLER did not remember *Joseph*, but forgot him!” This could not be said of Morley; in his prosperity he did not FORGET old Isaak, “but remembered him!”

He always wore his own hair, and, till death, the *much-abused square cap!* So little did he indulge in that luxury which the general cry attributed to *all Bishops*, that he, like Ken, eat *but once in twenty-four hours!* Though intrepid and inflexible, his heart was generous as day. Of his generosity in other respects it will be sufficient to say, that his various benefactions amounted to 40,000*l.* he having left only a small estate to his family from his large income.

Respecting his religious creed I have already spoken my sentiments, but, I think it right to add some observations on that peculiar inquisition to which all the Clergy were subject, when examined by "Oliver's tryers." When the Covenant was ordered to be taken, they knew what they had to submit to; but it was very different when their lives and feelings, and conduct, were *submitted* to arbitrary "*tryers*," appointed to *question* them. These *questions* did not concern their conduct as fathers, or relate to the *duties* of life, but, whether they believed the "election of *grace*" — whether they had ever in their lives been present *at a play!* — or whether they *scandalously* eat "*custard?*" * But the chief questions were, concerning the EXPERIENCES OF GRACE!

Laud was condemned to be HANGED, DRAWN, and QUARTERED in his old age, among other things, not much better proved, for *introducing Popery* — for he bowed at the name of Jesus, as my congregation do — because he placed the communion at the East end of the church, where all communion tables are placed! — when, by those very men who condemned him to be "*hanged, drawn, and quartered,*" for intro-

* One clergyman was ejected from his living because he had "*scandalously*" eat "*custard.*" Warton. It is difficult to say what sin there was in eating "*custard,*" but some abomination was attached to it; and hence Hudibras,

" And blasphemous *custard* through the nose."

ducing Popery, the very essentials of Popish doctrines, in their worst sense, were PROFESSED and TAUGHT!!—I say this deliberately, for the Calvinists taught the PREDESTINARIANISM, *not* of St. Paul, but of the angel of the *Popish schools*, THOMAS AQUINAS! — they *professed* the very “EXPERIENCES,” in letter and spirit, which are described in his *Summa Theologiæ* as “the *sense of sweetness*” by which they “*experience* that they are of the number of the *elect who have received grace!*”

Thomas exactly describes those “*experiences*” on which the *melancholy* ludicrous accounts of “*God’s wonderful dealings*” with shoemakers’ souls, are *so copious!* What says the *Popish Doctor* of the fourteenth century? “*EXPERIENTIA est sensus dulcedinis, quam experitur ille, qui ACCEPIT GRATIAM.*” Not an atom of difference is there between these “EXPERIENCES” of the angel of the Papal schools and the “*experiences*” of Cromwell, Harrison, or Whitfield, and the host of modern *revived* Puritans of the school of Cheynell, &c.! Let those who revile the Church of England on account of Popery look at their own *Popish rags!*

Even the terrible *reprobation*, concerning which our Articles are silent, is as explicitly declared by Aquinas as by Calvin, in letter and spirit; except that the learned Doctor of Geneva has added a little

from his *own humane feelings*, making the God of Mercy create *millions and millions of human creatures*, for no other purpose than to pass them over to eternal torments; and yet, by *this Christian code*, such a being is *not* the DÆMON of the Manicheans, but the Father of *Mercies!*

The “Reprobatio” of Aquinas, derived from Augustine, once a Manichean, or worshipper of the EVIL PRINCIPLE, is the father of this monstrosity.

Let the reader ponder over the following extract, which, his mind having been saturated with the dews of *Calvin’s grace*, he will scarce believe were the doctrines of the 13th century: REPROBATIO addit supra PRÆSCIENTIAM, voluntatem PERMITTENDI peccati, et inferendi pœnam ETERNÆ DAMNATIONIS!*

DEUS REPROBAT aliquos homines! †

That Morley’s Calvinism ever partook of this character who can believe? If he was inclined, speculatively, to opinions that approach Calvinism, it never affected his Christian and benevolent feelings; and he was too discerning not to distinguish between genuine piety and these unscriptural dogmas.

What pious and well-informed clergymen, indeed, knows not the lines and limits of those Scriptural views of Providence, of those devotional feelings

* Aquinas (Summa Theologia, folio), 1 Qu. 23. 3—6.

† Ibid. 1. 9. 23. 3. 3.

which spring from Scriptural faith, and of that PREDESTINARIANISM, with those fanatic feelings which are derived from the scholastic theology, or from the great Protestant Doctor of the Lemman Lake,* the tendency of whose doctrines was to harden his own heart, and to shew him stained with that blood which all the waters of the Lemman Lake can never wash out.

If there is nothing of this Predestinarianism to be traced in the Christian conduct and character of Morley, there is no appearance or trace of it in his open, intellectual countenance.

Having sketched this interesting groupe in the Palace of Winchester, in 1669, let us look again on the countenance of old Isaak Walton, who may be considered the *brother*, as the rest were the children and *grand-children*, of Morley. In Dr. Hawes's sitting-room the whole groupe appears: the mild Ken, with a few grey hairs seen beneath his cap; Father Isaak, from which picture the common portraits are engraved for the "Complete Angler;" his son-in-law and daughter; and the patriarch Morley, in his *square* cap, his own hair, with manly but most benignant countenance. May we not think we see the whole family in the restored Cathedral? Morley, in his episcopal chair — Walton, listening, with a tear in his eyes, to the devotional chant, and thinking, perhaps, of his

* Lake of Geneva.

poor Kenna, departed — his daughter near him, on her knees — the Prebendaries, Hawkins and Ken, in their stalls;* or, on their return to the palace, blessing God over their daily meal, not more sumptuous, possibly, than that in poor Isaak's cottage. Thus, in prosperity and adversity, Walton and Morley walked in the house of God as friends, “and took sweet counsel together,” till the curtain of life dropped.

Morley had built a new episcopal palace at Winchester, in the place of Wolseley House.

Old Isaak, with whom he had partaken adversity and prosperity, equally his friend in all changes and chances, through storm or sunshine, I have called his *brother*, and he was endeared the more as the prospects of this world narrowed, when the view of their common resting place drew nearer. Whilst *Piscator* lived, nothing can be conceived more innocent, blameless, or happy, than his life, in this city of ancient piety.

By the side of Itchin, let us think we see the “Angler,” with his rod and gray hairs, musing on past times, on his present tranquil lot, and of the summer hastening away. Duly as morning comes, thus we may conceive he goes forth intent on his “contemplative and solitary recreation.”

Among the boys at College, there is generally some favourite *old man*, with whom they are in

* Ken was made Prebendary of Winchester by Morley 1669.

habits of conversing, when they occasionally meet him in their walk to "Hills," and who, in return, regards with feelings of sympathy, their respectful but light-hearted familiarities. Such I remember old Crowe, the father of the late Public Orator Crowe — such I remember poor Tom Warton* —

* Tom Warton was familiar with the whole school, and equally respected and beloved. He was ready to give any boy a task who asked him, but always enquired how many *faults*, for fear his brother, the Head-master, should detect them. One boy would have *one* fault, another *two*, and sometimes one more ambitious would desire *none*! I remember a boy bringing up a very good exercise, when the old Master said, smilingly, "Who made this task! Tell *my brother* to give you half-a-crown, or I shall *flog him*!" As we are now speaking of PISCATOR Walton, I hope I may be pardoned for relating an anecdote on that subject. A verse-subject—*Piscator*—was given by the Master. The day before a kind of altercation had taken place between a Minor Canon and one of the Prebendaries. The Prebendary had forbidden the Minor Canon, named Norman, fishing in his *Preserve*! Some high words, it was reported, had passed; and, it was also said, a *stone flung*. The circumstance was told Tom Warton, and he thus recorded it in verse:

PISCATOR.

Infelix Norman captabat arundine pisces;

Tum *Rivers saxum conjiciebat* ei.

"Cur saxum jadis," exclamat tum Norman, "in undis,

"Si propius venias, te dabo præcipitem!"

Poor Norman might well be called *infelix*, for he died confined a *lunatic*. I have spoken of his father in the poem of "Banwell-hill, or Days departed;" and I shall here endeavour to translate the verse:

and such, I please myself in thinking, was this tranquil and delightful old man, looking on the sports of the juniors with a smile — remembering the days of his youth — familiar with the elder boys, as they grow up, and pass into the crowd of life. After a day's tranquil recreation, he retires to the home of his friend, mild, but remembering those days and scenes which he has himself so beautifully described among the river-scenes in his own "Contemplative Man's Recreation."

Arrived at the household of simplicity and love in a palace, surely it would be natural to imagine, when Charles the Second was often a visitor, that, in his "merry mood," he might sometimes accost the old man, "Odd's fish! honest Piscator, you wear your old age bonnily!"* But we would rather imagine the interesting family assembled piously at night, Ken singing with his evening hymn, adapted to old Tallis's melody, probably that very air to which it is now sung — and so welcoming

"peaceful evening in!"

Unhappy Norman fish'd for trout, one day,

When Rivers flung a stone at him, *they say:*

"Why do you *fling a stone*," said Norman, "why?

I'll *fling you* in yourself, if you *come nigh!*"

The reader may perhaps recollect Warton's translation of an epitaph on an organist:

Organa namque loqui fecerat ipse *quasi*.

He made the organ for to speak —

Eke, even, *as it were!*

* From his introduction to Charles the Second at Winchester, Ken afterwards became Bishop of Bath and Wells.

This is no picture of imagination. Ken always sung his morning and evening hymn. Isaak, we know, concluded the long and tranquil evening of his days in this beloved society, between Winchester and Farnham palace. He occasionally varied his abode, and died at the Prebendary-house of his son-in-law. We have spoken of Kenna, buried soon after the Restoration in Worcester Cathedral, and transcribed her epitaph, as first written in the PRAYER-BOOK, which had been Isaak's companion in his own poor cottage, and in MORLEY'S palace.

Over his bed in the Bishop's palace, at Farnham, he had a small collection of his choice books, and drawings, probably by his son. He died in 1683 at the great age of ninety-three, one year before his honoured friend, in religious peace and hope, and with piety sincere as unostentatious.

His "will" records his gratitude to his early and latest friend, bequeathing "a ring to the Bishop of Winchester, with the words—

"A MITE FOR A MILLION."

The next year, full of days, died his long-tryed, and generous, and warm-hearted friend, Morley, dying 1684, aged eighty-seven. Both were buried in the same Cathedral.

On looking back on the varied events of life — on the scenes of sorrow and of sunshine—on their unvarying friendship, in stations so different — and that unvaried friendship, through so many years as they went "hand in hand down the hill" together;

when we remember, moreover, their warm but unaffected piety, and the hallowed pile where their bones rest—we may add, with a sigh, “They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” As the *first* humble recorder of these circumstances, I have dwelt on them the longer, because they are so materially connected with my subject, are most interesting in themselves, and the origin of this singular friendship would probably have been for ever unknown, if I had not taken up the pen to record the life of BISHOP KEN; though such an example of gratitude and friendship deserves a far more lasting memorial and monument than I am conscious I could raise to ISAAC WALTON and BISHOP MORLEY, the patron and the brother-in-law of the apostolic Ken.*

* Morley and Ken, with Hammond—Sherlock—Lowth, and ten thousand more — were examples of *public school* piety, though Sherlock has been noted in the Edinburgh Review as having been *privately* educated! With the same accuracy Ben Jonson, educated at Westminster under Camden, is said to have been *privately* educated.

 PEDIGREE OF MORLEY,

Showing the connection of the present Marquess of Winchester, more honourable than the "pride of heraldry," with Morley.

VISITATION 1686.

ARMS : Argent, a lion rampant Sable, ducally crowned Or.

Robert Morley, descended from Anne, dau. of Richard Tan-Thomas, son of Wm. Lord Morley. } cred, of Pannel, co. Ebor.

Francis Morley, Sarah, dau. of William Denham, and sister of of London. } Sir J. Denham, Baron of the Exchequer.

1. George Morley, Bp. Winton, ob. 1684, s. p. of Droxford, Hants. } 2. Thomas Morley, Jane, dau. of Collins.

Captain T. Morley, Penelope, daughter of Denham Hancock.

Sir Charles Morley, Master of Requests to Chas. II. of Droxford, Hants. } Magdalene, daughter of Sir William Herbert, brother to Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Elizabeth Jane, co-heir. } Norton Paulet, 2d son of Lord Henry Paulet, 2d son of Wm. 4th M. of Winton.

George Paulett, eighth son, who, surviving all his brothers, became Marquess of Winchester on the death of Harry 6th Duke of Bolton in 1794. He was the father of the present Marquess.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERSECUTED CLERGY.

During the period intervening from the commencement of the Long Parliament to the Restoration, the Clergy had to undergo three distinct persecutions. First, when they were expelled from their livings for not taking the Presbyterian Covenant; secondly, when they were arbitrarily dismissed from their colleges at the visitation which was to purify Oxford; and thirdly, when the inquisitorial "*Tryers*" of Oliver Cromwell were sent into every county, with full powers to question and examine the Parochial Clergy, chiefly regarding their views of Calvinism.

LILLY AND HUGH PETERS.

PRÆDESTINARIANISM AND ASTROLOGY.

Most memorable is the *Judicium Merlini Anglici* on the aristocracy of the Presbytery, and spoken from his heart:

"These men, to be serious, preach well, but they were more LORDLY than BISHOPS, and USUALLY, in THEIR PARISHES, more TYRANNICAL than the GREAT TURK!"

Lilly had prophesied against them, and his delight seems to be beyond bounds when Oliver dispersed the Presbyterian Parliament, for he singeth:

"Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut, &c.

"For these enemies of mine, viz. PARLIAMENT-MEN, were turned out of doors by Oliver Cromwell. 16 Feb. 1653-4." *

Of all who suffered after the Restoration, for being concerned in the murder of the King, that poor pulpit pantaloon, Hugh Peters, seems to have suffered most undeservedly; for he was tried and condemned, and executed, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty — *not* for what he *did*, but only for what, it was reported, he *said*!

* Lilly's Life.

An anecdote respecting him, in Lilly the astrologer's Life, will elucidate his self-importance in a tragedy, where he was not allowed to act any part beyond that of a *horn-blower*.

"Just before the King's Tryal," Lilly says, "in Christmas holy-day, the Lord Grey of Groby and HUGH PETERS sent for me to Somerset-house, with directions to bring them two of *my Almanacks*. I did so. Peters and he read January's observations.

"If we are not fools and knaves, said he, we shall DO JUSTICE! Then they whispered: I understood not their meaning till his Majesty WAS BEHEADED! *

"They applied what I wrote of JUSTICE to be understood of his Majesty, which was contrary to my wishes; for JUPITER, the first day of January, became direct, and LIBRA is a sign signifying justice!

"I had not then heard the least intimation of bringing the King unto his tryal, and yet the first day thereof I was *casually* there, it being upon a Saturday; for, going to Westminster every Saturday upon the afternoon, in these times, I CASUALLY met Peters. 'Come, LILLY; wilt thou go hear the King try'd?' 'When?' said I. 'Now, just now; go with me!'"†

Lilly must have been *intent* indeed upon the *stars*, all the week, never to have heard a word about this trial, with which

"All England rung from side to side,"

till, "*casually*," (for the *stars* unaccountably gave him no notice,) on the very day, and at the very hour, he *met* Peters!

I have observed elsewhere, that ASTROLOGY seems a natural part of *Predestinarianism*—being both derived from Chaldea, and part of the Oriental system, of *two principles*, of GOOD and EVIL, contending like the good and evil genii of Oriental tales. Cicero exactly describes the astrology of the times of Lilly, in

* This *whispering* of the two conspirators is marvellously like the *whispers* of the two conspirators in the Rehearsal.

† Lilly's Life.

his book *De Divinatione*, chap. i. And Horace, speaking of the same astrology applied to DESTINY, says,

Nec BABYLONIOS

Tentaris *numeros*,

meaning, by “*numeros*,” not numbers, but *figures* of astrology. The battle of Dunbar was determined by Lilly’s prophecies; for, at the onset, when each party had “*sought* the Lord,” and the Lord had answered each, that he would surely deliver their enemies into their hand! a soldier was posted, with Lilly’s Almanack in his hand, as the troops marched on, and cried, “Hear what Lilly says! hear what Lilly says!”

JOICE, EXECUTIONER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

There is a very curious account respecting the Executioner of the King, on the 30th of January, in Lilly’s Life. Lilly could have had no motive for saying what he did, but he seems to have related faithfully what he heard and believed; and Cornet JOICE, among those great actors of the bloody drama, receiving his MASTER OF ARTS DEGREE AT OXFORD, under the Saints, seems to me an extraordinary corroboration of the truth of Lilly’s account, which is as follows:

“In June of that year (1660) a new Parliament was called, whereunto I was unwillingly invited by two messengers of the Serjeant at Arms. The matter whereupon I was taken into custody was, to examine me concerning the person who cut off the King’s head, viz. the late King’s, &c. At last, I desired to be fully heard, &c. and liberty being given me to speak, I related what follows:

“That, the next Sunday but one after Charles the First was beheaded, Robert Spavin, Secretary to Lieutenant-Colonel Cromwell at the time, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Antony Peirson, and several others, along with him to dinner: That their principal discourse all dinner-time was only who it was that beheaded the King; one said it was the common hangman, another HUGH PETERS, &c. Robert Spavin, as

soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the South window—‘These are all mistaken; they have not named the man that did the fact—it was *Lieutenant-Colonel* JOICE! I was in the room when he *fitted himself* for the work; STOOD BEHIND him when he did it; when done, went in again with him. There’s no man knows this but my master, Cromwell, Commissioner Ireton, and myself.’ ‘Doth not Mr. Rushworth know it?’ said I. ‘No, he doth not know it,’ said Spavin. ‘The same thing Spavin since hath often related to me, when alone.’*

It is a curious circumstance that high words passed between Joice and Cromwell, LORD PROTECTOR! Joice spoke of his “services,” when Cromwell bid him “BE GONE!”

MILTON THE SUGGESTER TO CROMWELL OF THE KING'S TRIAL, AS A GRAND NATIONAL SPECTACLE OF JUSTICE.

I have thrown out an idea that Milton was the first to suggest the *trial* of the King. The idea of an august national exhibition, in which a King should hold up his hand and plead guilty or not guilty, to his subjects whom he had sworn to govern according to Law, I cannot conceive at first entered into the ideas of those who, in possessing the person of the King, sought only to gain additional strength against the Parliament. The bloody Harrison offered to assassinate him, *after he had sought the Lord!* From the time when his chaplains and children were permitted to see him, there seems to have arisen an *after-thought* in the Leaders of the army. Their language, on a sudden, was changed; some awful event seemed to take possession of their minds; and from this time no concession had any weight with them. Such an idea as a public trial for offences against the Laws of a King, responsible to that great Nation, never could have occurred, except to the

* Lilly's Life, page 90; London, printed for J. Roberts, Warwick-lane, 1715.

thought of him who could thus powerfully, in his own words, describe the spectacle. I adjoin the translation from “*Defensio Populi Anglicani* :”

“ I am about to discourse of matters neither inconsiderable nor common, but how a MOST POTENT KING, after he had TRAMPLED UPON THE LAWS OF THE NATION, AND GIVEN A SHOCK TO ITS RELIGION, AND BEGUN TO RULE AT HIS OWN WILL AND PLEASURE, was at last subdued in the field by his own subjects, who had undergone a long slavery under him; how afterwards he was cast into prison, and when he gave no ground, either by words or actions, to hope better things of him, he was finally by the SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE KINGDOM CONDEMNED TO DIE, AND BEHEADED BEFORE THE VERY GATES OF THE ROYAL PALACE! I shall likewise relate (which will much conduce to the easing men’s minds of a great superstition) by WHAT RIGHT, especially according to OUR LAW, this JUDGMENT WAS GIVEN, and all these matters transacted; and shall easily defend my valiant and worthy countrymen, (who have extremely well deserved of all subjects and nations in the world,) from the most wicked calumnies both of domestic and foreign railers, and especially from the reproaches of this most vain and empty sophister,* who sets up for a captain and ringleader to all the rest. For what king’s majesty, sitting upon an exalted throne, ever shone so brightly as that of the people of England then did, when, shaking off that old superstition, which had prevailed a long time, they gave judgment upon the king himself, or rather upon an enemy who had been their king, caught as it were in a net by his own laws, (who alone of all mortals challenged to himself impunity by a divine right,) and scrupled not to inflict the same punishment upon him, being guilty, which he would have inflicted upon any other? But why do I mention these things as performed by the people, which almost open their voice themselves, and testify the presence of God throughout? who, as often as it seems good to his infinite wisdom, uses to throw

* Salmasius.

down proud and unruly kings, exalting themselves above the condition of human nature, and utterly to extirpate them and all their family. By his manifest impulse being set on work: to recover our almost lost liberty, following him as our guide, and adoring the impresses of his divine power manifested upon all occasions, we went on in no obscure but an illustrious passage, pointed out and made plain to us by God himself. Which things, if I should so much as hope, by any diligence or ability of mine, such as it is, to discourse of as I ought to do, and to commit them so to writing as that perhaps all nations and all ages may read them, it would be a very vain thing in me. For what style can be august and magnificent enough, what man has parts sufficient TO UNDERTAKE SO GREAT A TASK?" *

Be it always remembered that Milton was appointed Latin Secretary *before*, not *after* he wrote the "Defensio," with the salary of *two hundred pounds a-year*.

At the close of the war, Milton, who had lent his money, according to Dr. Johnson, to the triumphant party, was utterly neglected by Presbyterians and Independants; but we know he was suddenly called into a high official station by Cromwell.

It is extraordinary that Johnson, in Milton's Life, should have passed over the circumstance that his Tutor was one of the writers of "Smectymnuus."

CHEYNELL OVER CHILLINGWORTH'S GRAVE.

The account of Cheynell insulting the remains of the great Chillingworth, would not be believed had not that account been written and published by himself. From the Life in Wood I shall extract this description:

"It must be now known, that, in the beginning of the civil dissensions, our author CHILLINGWORTH suffered much for the KING'S CAUSE, and being forced to go from place to place for succour, as opportunity served, went at length to

* Defensio.

Arundell Castle, in Sussex, where he was in quality of an engineer in that garrison. At length, the castle coming into the hands of the Parliamentary forces, on the 6th day of January, 1643, he was, by the endeavours of Mr. Franc. Cheynell (about that time Rector of Petworth), made to Sir Will. Waller, the prime governor of those forces, conveyed to Chichester, and there lodged in the bishop's house, because that he, being very sick, could not go to London with the prisoners taken in the said castle. In the said house he remained to his dying day, and, tho' civilly used, yet he was much troubled with the impertinent discourses and disputes of the said Cheynell, which the loyal party of that city looked upon as a shortening of our author's days. He gave way to fate on the 24th of January (or thereabouts), in sixteen hundred forty and three, and the next day his body being brought into the cath. church, accompanied by the said loyal party, was certain service said, but not common prayer, according to the defunct's desire. Afterwards, his body being carried into the cloyster adjoining, Cheynell stood at the grave ready to receive it, with the author's book of *The Religion of Protestants*, &c. in his hand: and when the company were all settled, he spoke before them a ridiculous speech concerning the author Chillingworth and that book; and in the conclusion, throwing the book insultingly on the corpse in the grave, said thus: *'Get thee gone, then, thou cursed book, which hast seduced so many precious souls; get thee gone, thou corrupt, rotten book, earth to earth, and dust to dust; get thee gone into the place of rottenness, that thou may'st rot with thy author, and see corruption.'* After the conclusion, Cheynell went to the pulpit in the cath. church, and preached a sermon on Luke ix. 60. 'Let the dead bury the dead,' &c. while the MALIGNANTS (as he called them) made a shift to perform some parts of the English liturgy at his grave.'*^{*}

* But it seems to appear, from Cheynell's own words, that this was not permitted.

FUNERAL OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST,
IN ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

“ A guard was made all along the galleries, and the Banqueting-house: but, behind the soldiers, abundance of men and women crowded in, though with some peril to their persons, to behold the saddest sight that England ever saw. And as his Majesty passed by with a chearful look he heard them pray for him. The soldiers did not rebuke any of them, for, by their silence and dejected faces, they seemed rather afflicted than insulting. There was a passage broke through the wall of the Banqueting-house, by which the King passed unto the scaffold; where, after his Majesty had spoken and declared publicly that he died a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England (the contents of which have been several times printed), the fatal stroke was given by a disguised person. Mr. Herbert during this time was at the door leading to the scaffold, much lamenting, and the Bishop coming from the scaffold with the royal corps, which was immediately coffin'd and covered with a velvet pall, he and Mr. Herbert went with it to the back stairs to have it embalmed; and Mr. Herbert, after the body had been deposited, meeting with the Lord Fairfax, the general, that person asked him, How the King did? whereupon Herbert, being something astonished at that question, told him that the King was beheaded, at which he seemed much surpriz'd.

“ The royal corps being embalmed and well coffin'd, and all afterwards wrapt up in lead and covered with a new velvet pall, it was removed to St. James's, where was great pressing by all sorts of people to see the King, a doleful spectacle, but few had leave to enter or behold it. Where to bury the King was the last duty remaining. By some historians 'tis said the King spoke something to the Bishop concerning his burial. Mr. Herbert, both before and after the King's death, was frequently in the company with the Bishop, and affirmed that he never mentioned any thing to him of the King's naming any place where he would be buried: nor did Mr. Herbert (who con-

stantly attended his Majesty, and after his coming to Hurst-castle was the only person in his Bed-chamber) hear him at any time declare his mind concerning it. Nor was it in his lifetime a proper question for either of them to ask, notwithstanding they had oftentimes the opportunity, especially when his Majesty was bequeathing to his royal children and friends, what is formerly related. Nor did the Bishop declare any thing concerning the place to Mr. Herbert, which doubtless he would upon Mr. Herbert's pious care about it; which being duly considered, they thought no place more fit to interr the corps than in the chappel of King Hen. VII. at the end of the church of Westminster-abbey, out of whose loyns King Charles I. was lineally extracted, &c. Whereupon Mr. Herbert made his application to such as were then in power for leave to bury the King's body in the said chappel among his ancestors; but his request was denied, for this reason, that his burying there would attract infinite numbers of all sorts thither, to see where the King was buried; which, as the times then were, was judged unsafe and inconvenient. Mr. Herbert acquainting the Bishop with this, they then resolved to bury the King's body in the royal chappel of St. George within the castle of Windsor, both in regard that his Majesty was sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter, and that several Kings had been there interr'd, namely, King Henry VI. King Edward IV. and King Henry VIII. &c. Upon which consideration Mr. Herbert made his second address to the Committee of Parliament, who, after some deliberation, gave him an order bearing date the 6th of February, 1648, authorizing him and Mr. Anthony Mildmay to bury the King's body there, which the Governor was to observe.

“Accordingly the body was carried thither from St. James's Feb. 7, in a hearse covered with black velvet, drawn by six horses covered with black cloth, in which were about a dozen gentlemen, most of them being such that had waited upon his Majesty at Carisbrook-castle and other places since his Majesty's going from Newcastle. Mr. Herbert shew'd the Gover-

nor, Colonel Witchcot, the Committee's order for permitting Mr. Herbert and Mr. Mildmay to bury him, the late King, in any place within Windsor-castle that they should think fit and meet. In the first place, in order thereunto, they carried the King's body into the Dean's house, which was hung with black, and after to his usual bed-chamber within the palace. After which, they went to St. George's chappel to take a view thereof, and of the most fit and honourable place for the royal corps to rest in. Having taken a view, they at first thought that the tomb-house built by Cardinal Wolsey would be a fit place for his interment; but that place, tho' adjoining, yet being not within the royal chappel, they waded it: for, if King Henry VIII. was buried there (albeit to that day the particular place of his burial was unknown to any), yet in regard his Majesty King Charles I. (who was a real Defender of the Faith, and as far from censuring any as might be,) would, upon occasional discourse, express some dislike in King Henry's proceedings, in misemploying the vast revenues the suppressed abbeys, monasteries, and other religious houses, were endowed with, and by demolishing those many beautiful and stately structures, which both express'd the greatness of their founders and preserved the splendour of the kingdom, which might at the Reformation have in some measure been kept up and converted to sundry pious uses.

“ Upon consideration thereof, those gentlemen declined it, and pitched upon the vault where King Edward IV. had been interr'd, being on the North side of the choir, near the altar, that King being one his late Majesty would oftentimes make honourable mention of, and from whom his Majesty was lineally propagated. That therefore induced Mr. Herbert to give order to Mr. Harrison and Hen. Jackson to have that vault opened, partly covered with a fair large stone of touch, raised within the arch adjoining, having a range of iron bars gilt, curiously cut according to church-work, &c. But, as they were about this work, some noblemen came thither, namely, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of

Lindsey, and with them Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, who had license from the Parliament to attend the King's body to his grave. Those gentlemen, therefore, Herbert and Mildmay, thinking fit to submit and leave the choice of the place of burial to those great persons, they in like manner viewed the tomb-house and the choir, and one of the Lords beating gently upon the pavement with his staff, perceived a hollow sound, and thereupon ordering the stones and earth to be removed, they discovered a descent into a vault where two coffins were laid near one another, the one very large, of an antique form, and the other little. These they supposed to be the bodies of King Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour, his third wife, as indeed they were. The velvet palls that covered their coffins seemed fresh, tho' they had lain there above 100 years.

“The Lords agreeing that the King's body should be in the said vault interr'd, being about the middle of the choir, over against the eleventh stall upon the Sovereign's side, they gave order to have the King's name, and year he died, cut in lead; which whilst the workmen were about, the Lords went out and gave Puddifant, the sexton, order to lock the chappel door, and not suffer any to stay therein till farther notice. The sexton did his best to clear the chappel, nevertheless Isaac, the sexton's man, said that a foot-soldier had hid himself, so as he was not discerned, and being greedy of prey, crept into the vault, and cut so much of the velvet pall that covered the great body as he judged would hardly be missed, and wimble'd also a hole thro' the said coffin that was largest, probably fancying that there was something well worth his adventure. The sexton at his opening the door espied the sacrilegious person, who being searched, a bone was found about him, with which he said he would haft a knife. The Governour being therefore informed of, he gave him his reward; and the Lords and others present were convinced that a reall body was in the said great coffin, which some before had scrupled. The girdle or circumscription of capital letters of lead put about the King's coffin had only these words: ‘King Charles, 1648.’

“The King's body was then brought from his bed-chamber down into St. George's hall; whence, after a little stay, it was with a slow and solemn pace (much sorrow in most faces being then discernible), carried by gentlemen of quality in mourning. The noblemen, in mourning also, held up the pall, and the Governor with several gentlemen, officers and attendants, came after. It was then observed that, at such time as the King's body was brought out from St. George's hall, the sky was serene and clear, but presently it began to snow, and the snow fell so fast, that by that time the corps came to the west end of the royal chappel, the black velvet pall was all white (the colour of innocency) being thick covered over with snow. The body being by the bearers set down near the place of burial, the Bishop of London stood ready with the service-book in his hands to have performed his last duty to the King his master, according to the order and form of burial of the dead set forth in the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, which the Lords likewise desired; but it would not be suffered by Col. Whitecot, the governor of the castle, by reason of the *Directory*, to which (said he) he and others were to be conformable. Thus went the White King to his grave, in the 48th year of his age, and 22d year and 10th month of his reign. To let pass Merlin's prophecy, which some allude to the *white sattin* his Majesty wore when he was crowned in Westminster-abbey, former kings having on purple robes at their coronation, I shall conclude this narrative with the King's own excellent expression, running thus: ‘Crowns and kingdoms are not as valuable as my honour and reputation. Those must have a period with my life, but these survive to a glorious kind of immortality, when I am dead and gone; a good name being the embalming of princes, and a sweet consecrating of them to an eternity of love and gratitude amongst posterity!’” *

* Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs.

CHAPTER VII.

PIETY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ENGLAND CONTRASTED WITH THE SPIRIT OF PURITANISM — PRESBYTERIAN AND PAPAL PERSECUTION — HISTORIANS — CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

*Ὅσα προσφιλή—ει τις ἀρετή, καὶ εἰ τις ἐπαινος,
ταῦτα λογιζέσθε.*

St. Paul to Philippians, chap. iv. verse 8.

WE have given an historical sketch of some of the chief circumstances — and of some scarcely noticed by historians — which led, in the seventeenth century, to the downfall of the Episcopal Church of England.

We shall now take a moral view of the same period, connecting it with miscellaneous information illustrative of this view, and concluding with an application to some peculiar circumstances of the present day.

Without speaking with disrespect of the learning or the piety of many of the exemplary Presbyterians, but merely of their want of COMMON CHARITY, I would request any serious reasoner to examine the state of piety under the sober episcopal polity of the Church of England, when 'Andrewes, and Felton, and Usher, and Hall, were as much exposed to obloquy and odium as those called ARMINIAN *prelaticks*! Did these men fill the world, as

the “Smectynnuus” asserted, with “LAMENTATIONS, AND MOURNING, AND WOE?” Did the *courtly* ambition of *one* (Laud) bring down destruction on *all*?

Among the higher characters in Cromwell’s “praying” host, how few — and here let me except the pattern of pure and holy connubial love in Colonel Hutchinson, and that accomplished and interesting lady who has recorded in so touching a manner, that love — how few indeed among the Presbyterians or Independents exhibited lives and characters as amiable or pious as those they reviled!

Beautifully has St. Paul, with equal discrimination, tenderness, and eloquence, in the language of inspiration, set before us a picture of the true apostolic Christian: — “Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are TRUE, whatsoever things are HONEST, whatsoever things are JUST, whatsoever things are PURE, whatsoever things are LOVELY, whatsoever things are OF GOOD REPORT, if there be any VIRTUE, and if there be any PRAISE, think of these things!” Did *they* “*think of these things,*” who talked of nothing but of the Lord’s “WONDERFUL DEALINGS WITH THEIR SOULS!” Did *they* “*think of these things,*” who, rapt in doctrinal and metaphysical subtleties —

Found no end, in wandering mazes lost!

How few thought of “whatsoever things were lovely,” when “faith was all,” and claimed by all! When the “Lord’s Prayer” was, in many congrega-

tions,* rejected as *formal*, and the wildest rhapsodies were considered as the effect of immediate inspiration and God's presence — when hypocrites “sought the Lord” to sanction what was most averse to the Lord's commandments — when even such a man as Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife herself relates, would not sit in judgment on his King, to whom he had sworn allegiance, till he had “*sought the Lord*,” though religion might have told him that the Lord had already proclaimed with a voice from Heaven, — as when the “sound of trumpet waxed louder and louder” — in thunders on Mount Sinai,† —

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER!

How few, whilst they vaunted their blasphemous familiarity with “the Lord,” and even “influence,” thought of “THOSE THINGS” which he who said, “we are justified by faith, and *not by works of the Law*,” so eloquently, so beautifully enforced on *all* Christians — “Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, *think of these things*.” Let us look at the domestic lives of most of these *exclusively* righteous! Every heart is touched with the sanctity and tenderness of the connubial example of Colonel Hutchinson, whom the winds of fanaticism *touched lightly*. But was this, or any thing like it, the general character of the *exclu-*

* It is not admitted in the congregational service of the Calvinistic Baptists.

† Exodus, chap. xx.

sively godly? How few traits do we find of Christian charity or Christian compassion!

The most affecting image of domestic tenderness among these stern Puritans, is set before us in a passage of Milton in his Latin Epistles to his friend and tutor, William Young, one of the authors of "Smectymnuus."

The Epistle itself is apostrophised thus :

Curre per immensum subito, mea littera, pontum —
hasten over the seas, to my friend, the pastor of the congregation at Hamburg.

Speaking of the Epistle finding his friend far from his native land — Milton says, adding a sweet picture of domestic happiness, in character with this retired scholar's occupation —

INVENIAS DULCI CUM CONJUGE forte sedentem,
MULCENTEM GREMIO PIGNORA SACRA SUO;
Forsitan aut veterum perlarga volumina Patrum
Versantem, aut VERI Biblia sacra Dei.*

The picture of the father sitting beside his wife, with his children in his lap, perhaps turning over some great work of the Fathers — or the holy Bible — is affecting to every heart, and more so when the lines, thus beautifully, describe a *repub-*

* "Him thou shalt find or by his loving wife
Seated, or his dear children in his lap
Caressing, or the works voluminous
Of the old Fathers turning, or a page,
LORD, of thy living Word."

lican expatriated minister. I have spoken of Milton's sterner look ; let me be indulged, whilst I speak of this delightful picture of his friend, in pointing out an exquisite picture of social and elegant domestic life in one of his Sonnets :

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,*
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither toil'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice,
 Warble immortal notes, and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

* "The '*virtuous father*,' Henry Lawrence, was member for Herefordshire in the Little Parliament which began in 1653, and was active in settling the Protectorate of Cromwell. In consequence of his services, he was made President of Cromwell's Council, where he appears to have signed many severe and arbitrary decrees, not only against the royalists, but the Brownists, Fifth-monarchy men, and other sectarists. He continued high in favour with Richard Cromwell. Henry Lawrence, the '*virtuous son*,' is the author of a work entitled, 'Of our Communion and Warre with Angels, &c. Printed anno Dom. 1646,' 4to, 189 pages. The dedication is, 'To my most deare and most honoured Mother, the Lady Lawrence.' He is perhaps the same Henry Lawrence who printed 'A Vindication of the Scriptures and Christian Ordinances, 1649,' Lond. 4to."

We dwell with delight on the chaste and tender description of elegant domestic enjoyment, in winter, by a classical fire-side, and the composition appears doubly and tender, when we take into consideration the lofty mind of the great writer.*

* The effect is like that of the unexpected touch of natural tenderness in the Stoic Brutus, who, in the midst of public cares and private griefs, thus addresses the tired and sleeping boy, in “Julius Cæsar :”

Where is thy instrument ?

Lucius.—Here, in the tent.

Brutus.—What, thou speakest *drowsily* :

Poor knave, I blame thee not—thou art o’er-watch’d.

Call Claudius, &c.

Brutus.—Look, Lucius, here’s the *book* I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Lucius.—I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Brutus.—*Bear with me, my good boy !* I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Lucius.—Aye, my good Lord, an please you.

Brutus.—It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much ; but thou art willing.

Lucius.—It is my *duty*, Sir.

Brutus.—I should not urge thy *duty* past thy might.
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius.—I have slept, my Lord, already.

Brutus.—I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee —

(boy sleeps)

Gentle knave, good night !

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou breakst thy instrument —

I’ll take it from thee — and, good boy, good night !

What

But how seldom do we meet, among the very best and purest of the republican Puritans, feelings of any kindness! Look at Hugh Peters — Prynne — Lambert — Harrison — Milton himself, as a husband or father — Pym—Cheynell, and his school — I do not speak of them as stern republicans, I speak of them as *men* — particularly as *professing* the pure spirit of the Christian religion — that religion of which they make their *exclusive* boast! On the contrary, think of the character of Jeremy Taylor — the piety of such men as Hammond, Chillingworth, Sanderson, Ken, Sherlock, and their school; among the laity, think of the piety of Evelyn, Wotton, Fanshawe, Lady Fanshawe, Isaak Walton, &c. Remembering “whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are *lovely*,” respecting the traits of piety exhibited, in prosperity and adversity, by such characters, who would not say,

Oh! look upon this picture, and on this?

Charles the First, in purity of life and amenity of manners, in kindness of heart and in real piety, is as much more “*lovely*” in his Christian charac-

What heart, not withering under a cold system of austere bigotry, can read this passage without emotion? What knowledge of the human heart must the great Master of Passions have had, who has incidentally thrown in this touch of tenderness, to enable us to sympathize with the lofty, and heroic character of Brutus?

ter — I am not speaking of him *politically* — than the fanatic or hypocritical Cromwell, as his life is so much purer than the libertine Prince of a profligate Court, Charles the Second; — for Charles the First had been instructed by the Church of England — Charles the Second was a secret infidel of the Church of Rome — and Cromwell learned his “experiences,” and the “*impossibility of falling from grace,*” of the Church of Geneva!

To say nothing of the more frantic and bloody hypocrites, let us only think of Mrs. Milton, and her lofty LORD, who wrote his voluminous Tetrachordon to prove that incompatibility of temper was a cause of divorce!

“Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto,” says the humane voice of Antiquity. “CHRISTIANUS sum,” replies the humble CHRISTIAN! but, in reviewing the characters most conspicuous in the eventful tragedy of Cromwell and Charles the First, when Charles, the rightful Sovereign, appears

Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!

and the other, born in comparative obscurity, raised by circumstances to the throne of British monarchs, illustrious and feared in his transient elevation — nothing is more striking than the difference of Christian *character* between the two parties.

I will not call Cromwell a *hypocrite*, because, in what he professed to believe, who shall say he was

not sincere? but the times and scenes at least required a *master-dissembler*.

Tempestuous public times elevate those only who are the most artful and unshrinking. Milder spirits scarce dare appear; and, if they appear for a moment, they sink and disappear as the conflict increases. Far different characters are required to

Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm!

In Cromwell there was an union, suited to the times, of the most cautious dissimulation and the sternest resolution; and he would have been *lost* if he had *failed* in either character.

Those who acted subordinate parts under him in this melancholy and bloody drama of real life, with few exceptions, scarcely ever excite respect, never veneration—whether we take our estimate from the Church, the Camp, or the Senate, or the illustrious literary characters with whom the Lord Protector surrounded himself.

Every one knows the ecclesiastical character of Dr. Owen, as a metaphysical reasoner; but what comparison, in the estimation of any sane judge, does such a man bear as a Divine, to say nothing of his eccentricities, with Jeremy Taylor?

Having spoken of the Clergy, let us next take an estimate of Cromwell's godly Lords, *Lord Lambert*, &c. Whom can we compare, in virtuous magnanimity and nobility of heart, with Falkland, Capel, Derby?

Who, as country gentlemen, with Evelyn, and

thousands of that description, acting their silent parts, in the troubles of the times, like the good and humble Isaak Walton?

Amongst literary characters, we can oppose none to John Milton, REPUBLICAN—but, oh! how different, was Milton, the amiable and ingenuous youth of high intellect and virtue—from Milton, the unsocial and implacable polemic and republican!*

Many of the characters of those who professed this Calvinistic piety were not only “*unlovely* in their lives,” they were *brutal*.

Ken has been spoken of with harshness, and we shall prove how unjustly, because he is said to have preached “passive obedience” on the scaffold to the dying Monmouth! If the eloquent historian of James the Second had read the LIFE OF KEN “by his relation,” he would have found how baseless was this accusation; but if the bare mention of this circumstance excites any feeling of disrespect, towards the humane and christian Ken, let us think only of such a NOBLEMAN as that Earl of Pembroke, selected for his hatred of the Episcopal Clergy, to VISIT and PURIFY Oxford—the descendant of the noble, generous, and brave Montgomerys—calling

* No doubt, it will be triumphantly said, “you speak of Milton with delight when he was an Episcopalian!” I only ask, was he an Episcopalian when he coldly pronounced his withering *curse*? It may be said I am a high priest of the Establishment: I answer—perish the establishment, if incompatible with *charity*!

the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his fallen fortunes, whilst sitting in judgment on him, the "*greatest rascal in England!*" Let us think of a Clotworthy, when the grey-haired victim to fanatical fury stood on the scaffold, with the terrible apparatus of death before him — taking that opportunity to ask Laud *what text would give him most comfort at such a time?* "Cupio dissolvi et esse eum Christo," majestically answered he who was about to die! "Aye," replies the puritanical inquisitor, "there must be AN ASSURANCE! an assurance!" The poor victim turned for refuge to the bloody executioner, and meekly entreated him to do his duty!

Nothing so fiendish, in the times of the greatest intolerance, can be charged on the abused Clergy. After the King's return, the Presbyterians indeed were harshly and unjustly treated, in being classed among the very sects whose names they abhorred, being thus condemned in the gross. Granting they had been intolerant and persecuting — granting, which cannot be denied, that they had refused all accommodation, all compromise, yet, by the terms of the Declaration from Breda, they were entitled to a much fairer measure than they received.

They were learned — they had — no matter from what motives — joined in recalling the King — without their voice he could not have been seated on the throne again — every indulgence had been *promised*, a Bishoprick had been offered and accepted by one among them — and yet they, who stood

proudly apart from all sects, were classed as part of those sects which they abhorred, and for no other purpose than that their arms should be pinioned and their power crushed.

This was as "*hard fare*" as any of which Hall complained, and the Government and Church, as far as the Church was concerned, stand inexcusable before God and man.

A reconciliation was ineffectually attempted at the famous Savoy meeting, where Gunning* and Baxter were the Ajax and Ulysses of the discussion.

Since then, with the fullest and unquestioned LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE to all, under later acts of toleration, the beautiful cathedrals of the National Church have raised their fronts uninjured, save by acts of occasional fanaticism, as at York. Her services have been performed without disturbance — her affecting and solemn choirs

Peal through the aisles the note of praise!

These beautiful buildings, having weathered many a storm, still rise majestic in our cities, to create the thoughts of another world amidst the noise and smoke of thronged and commercial streets. They still lift their calm brows above the clouds, as the associated thought is elevated above this "pinfold here," to the precincts of eternal day.

In the beautiful Cathedral of Salisbury reposes that Bishop Jewell who unanswerably established the grounds of the Church of England's title to the

* Bishop of Peterborough.

Catholic Apostolic Church, in that eloquent defence known through Europe, written in Latin, "The Apology for the Church of England."

This same Bishop, who lies in this same beautiful Cathedral, published what is called "Bishop Jewell's Challenge at Paul's Cross," challenging the Doctors of the Church of Rome to prove what they never have, and never *can* prove, the points on which he challenged them.*

Of the same Cathedral was "the IMMORTAL WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH" Prebendary — who, placing INFALLIBILITY ON THE "BIBLE ALONE," shattered to pieces, by argument and Scripture, the sophistry and claims of HUMAN INFALLIBILITY.

From among the Cathedral Clergy have issued almost all the eloquent defenders of Christian truth, who have vindicated that truth from the corruptions of "tradition;" and yet these Cathedrals, in the eyes of Puritans, were the *nests* and *rookeries* of Popery! The Restoration, which brought Morley to the episcopal palace, again filled the Choirs with sounds so hateful to the *ears* of PRYNNE.

But the piety, warm and sincere among those who served at the restored altars, as ever was evinced by man, no more resembled that enthusiasm which now lay prostrate, than the affecting

* There too lies that Bishop Davenant, the predestinarian theologian of the Synod of Dort, who, mistaking for Christianity the scholastic subtleties of Calvin, died before he tasted the fruits of that religion which he maintained.

music of the Choir the nasal psalmody of Anthony Burgene's Chapel.

Morley, and other restored Bishops, have been arraigned as *ungrateful* to those, without whose assistance they must still have eat the bread of poverty; and also as being harsh and vindictive to the Presbyterian Clergy.

The character of "my Lord of Winton" being so intrinsically connected with the Life of Ken, and with the public circumstances of the period, I shall make some further reflections here on the conduct, in general, of the "Old Restored Clergy."

It has been usual, particularly among those who claim exclusive merit for more liberal views, to condemn these men generally as intolerant, vindictive, and ungrateful; and far be it from me to lift up one word in vindication of intolerance or vindictiveness, much less *ingratitude*; but, if St. Paul said, "being defamed, we entreat," I may be allowed, at least, yielding to none living in the fullest accordance of unbounded and unrestricted right of conscience to all, to place before the candid and reflecting some circumstances which have been passed over by many historians, — some which have been, for the purposes of party, basely exaggerated, — and such as have been, from want of principle, so daringly *perverted*, that truth can hardly know her own portrait in the distorting glass. I can truly say I have no motives, in what I shall advance, but those of truth and charity, and if, on the most rigid

examination, I shall be found to have offended either, I shall be most anxious to acknowledge my error.

The Bishops, from the times of Elizabeth to those of Charles, were regarded as the *enemies of all religion*,—at the Restoration peculiarly *vindictive*. I think I shall be able to show, and I appeal only to dispassionate judges,—that, in general, neither *they* nor the Episcopal Clergy deserve the reproach which has been cast on them.

The reason why the character of uncharitableness has been so often, and I believe in most instances so unjustly, imputed to them, is, because the circumstances under which they acted are not equitably considered. Many of these mild and virtuous men contended, not *against* religious liberty, but *for* it, striving to disarm intolerance, the most ruthless and uncompromising, when their very existence was at stake.

We have read Milton's terrific curse, at which it may well be said "hell grows darker"—and his pious prayer, "that those who impaired TRUE RELIGION, after a SHAMEFUL end in this life," might be the "down-trodden slaves" of "all the other damned" for ever! Such was the language through the whole reign of Elizabeth. I will not pollute my pages with the horrible outcry which rung from places consecrated to God, at the beginning of the Long Parliament. The people were so infuriated by

these Pulpit incantations, that the LIVES of the conscientious Episcopal Clergy were in jeopardy.

When the ill-advised King demanded of the House of Commons the five offending Members, the inflamed multitude did not cry out, "We will defend the brave assertors of our liberties with our lives;" but, after they had made a tumult for some time about Whitehall, the cry went, "for Westminster," and the general voice was, "LET US PLUCK DOWN THE ORGANS AND DEFACE THE MONUMENTS!"*

The Archbishop of York, who was then Dean of Westminster, (and was supposed to have favoured the PURITANS, and therefore had been so long at enmity with Laud,) now stood in defence of the Abbey against these furious Iconoclasts. After they were beaten off with stones showered from the leads, a few servants of the Archbishop rushed out on them with drawn swords, and instantly dispersed the whole frantic multitude, whose valour was chiefly directed against the non-resisting *monumental sculptures*.

"But from this time the Bishops durst not come near the Parliament House!" They being a few gray-haired men, and most of them of piety, learning, and blameless lives, whose only crime, as Bishop Hall said, was their station, offered scarce less *resistance* to these *generous* enemies than the uncon-

* Ambrose Phillips's Life of Archbishop Williams.

scious statues of the Abbey. "But," Phillips continues, "they durst not come near the Parliament House, either by land or by water, the passages were so beset against them, and they so *vehemently* threatened by the people."

Smectymnus, among the crimes of Protestant Episcopacy, includes those very fires in which the *Protestant* Bishops were *burnt alive!* and Calamy consistently says the Bishops were all persecutors.* The Bishops were *persecuted*, not for what they did as Bishops, but for being Bishops. I do not fear to argue this material point with any one living, though I will not deny that severity was at last thought the only means of security. Laud, and Williams, afterwards Archbishop of York, differed most materially as to the means of averting the storm that swept away, not only *surplices and mitres*, but, for a time, virtue, learning, and charity. Williams and Laud differed, but common calamity made them friends when it was too late, and when the hasty steps of Laud could *not* be retraced.

But, we may ask, can it be conceived that any set of men would, *in the first instance, without provocation or oppression*, unite in denouncing vengeance — which they carried into practice the moment it was in their power — on those whose only crime was their place and station.

What cause had those called Puritans to set up

* See Biographia, article Calamy.

the cry of hate, and even death, against those whose lives were blameless, and who were distinguished for learning and virtues? First, because the Bishops were *Lord-Bishops!** Because the theologians of the school of Geneva had learned at Frankfort, that where there were Bishops there could be no *vital religion*. Next, that, as *enemies* to God, they ought to be *cut off!* as *Sharp* afterwards was! Because these Bishops were in the front of *idolatrous* worship in Cathedrals, where *surplices* were worn, and boys sung a *treble* “like hogs!”

In short, the universal cry was, “There could be no religion,” meaning the Presbyterian, “TILL all the *Lord-Bishops* were sent to the bottomless pit, from whence they were spued out.”

How glorious to such pictists must the day have been, when, in the Cathedral of that city where Ken was educated — whose episcopal throne Morley afterwards so long adorned — the “*godly*” soldiery scattered over the pavement the bones of the earliest English Prelates, *bravely* discharging their reforming muskets at the statue of King Charles! (the marks of which may be seen to this day; and when, their pikes not reaching the painted windows, they broke them into fragments, hurling at the BISHOPS’ *bones!* †)

* John Vicars wrote a book with the title, “*Lord-Bishops, not the LORD’S Bishops.*”

† They broke open the chests containing the bones of the ancient Kings and Bishops.

As if to *encourage* Warden Harris, who had taken the Solemn League and Covenant, these same "true Christians" paraded the streets in *surplices*, sounding, as with frantic joy, an *Io pæan* with the *broken organ-pipes*.

But who excited this public spirit of these illumined soldiers? The Puritanic press and pulpit, I reply; and, in answer to the charge against the abused Church of England, I throw back on those who most deserve it, the charge of intolerance — ruthless intolerance.

In Milton's *Areopagetica*, or, "Speech for unlicensed printing," which, I suspect, is more spoken of than read, the point of inhibiting the publication of "*bad books*" is fully admitted. The question is, what books are *bad*? A Presbyterian would say, "all books which advocate Prelacy;" an Episcopalian would say, "all books which excite odium by unjust representations of a particular order of men." But no words can describe better than Milton's own the effect of the numerous and furious pamphlets! "I deny not but that it is the greatest concernment in a Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books *bemean themselves*, as well as men," &c. "I know they are as *LIVELY*, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up *ARMED MEN*."*

* The Long Parliament had scarcely met, before they issued an Ordinance against scandalous and lying Pamphlets.

This is an exact description of their effects on Cromwell's armed men, made frantic by those who sowed the dragons' teeth, some of whom were traitors in the Church. I leave the Christian reader to determine on which side CHARITY LAY; but I adduce *Miltonum contra Miltonum*.

Let us now turn to historians of the Restoration. Various and most discordant —

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra—

have been the accounts of the conduct of the Clergy after the restoration of Charles the Second.

We have seen the holy and interesting groupe of Ken and Walton at the palace of the Bishop of Winchester. As my friend Morley, I fear, will be classed among those who have been regarded, by the extreme party as *intolerant*, if not oppressive, it will enter into a part of my plan to make some further remarks on the chief of those circumstances which have been adduced as affecting the character of that Episcopal Church of which Ken was now a rising and eminent member.

Of the most distinguished historian of that period, Neal, I shall deliver my opinion without fear, nor am I insensible how much prejudice has varnished the colours on the other side; whilst Calamy on one part, and Walker on the other, have advanced, each with his own catalogue of orthodox and dissenting martyrs.

If my friend Morley should appear not so tolerant to the Non-conformists as the general charac-

ter for moderation in the Church of England might, at this day, incline us to have wished, I would remind my reader of what was answered by the Prussians, when, in the late war, the brave and generous English reproached them for their cruelty to the French: "You English have not had your fields invaded, or your households scattered, or your friends killed." Therefore, with respect to the restored Clergy, although it had been much nobler, if, "being persecuted," they had not, according to the lesson of their divine Master, in any instance, returned *evil for evil*—yet, it will be remembered they had grievous wrong, and they were *men*. The most unprincipled prejudice only is to be condemned, which enlarges on the deprivations they inflicted, and keeps out of sight the persecutions they endured.

But I am bound to say that, of all who have given their views of the circumstances of these times, no historian has, in general, so evenly held the balance of truth as Mr. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," a work which sets him in the rank with those of the Church of England, to whom he has done willing and generous justice — Hooker, Chillingworth, Hales, and Jeremy Taylor. Of all historians whom it has been my lot to look into, he is the most fair-judging, weighing every circumstance, with the acumen, discrimination, and steadiness of a philosopher, and in the spirit of a Christian. I do not agree with him in

all parts; and on the period of our history relating to the conduct of the Clergy towards the Non-conformists, after the Restoration, I would suggest some circumstances which may have escaped his notice, comparing the sufferings of each party.

When we reflect on the two thousand Non-conformist Ministers ejected from their livings for not declaring their assent to "all and every-thing in the Prayer-book," who is he that does not respect and honour them, for surely it is unfair to attribute to them any motives but those that guided the faithful members of the Church in refusing the *Covenant*—that is, motives of *conscience*.

But some men's consciences are more sensitive than others, and poor Baxter always looked back with remorse on the sins of his youth, when he indulged in "*eating* too many apples." We can smile at this remorse, as well as at his terrors respecting "ungodly Maypoles;" but still his feelings were conscientious, and if in these minor things we respect it, we must surely respect it when honours and wealth were before him, in case he complied, and when he knew that deprivation and poverty waited on non-compliance, and yet chose, for conscience sake, like Bishop Ken, poverty and deprivation.

But between the two parties I must remark this difference. The episcopal pulpits at no time resounded, in the house of peace and charity, with

furious invectives, and incitements to persecution and blood, as the Presbyterian pulpits did against the Episcopal Clergy; when sermons, which turn the heart cold to read, were preached before Parliament, denouncing God's judgment on the Priests of Baal! that is, on those who were not *Calvinistic Puritans*.

Let it, secondly, in candour be remembered, that the restored Clergy, if a general conformity was insisted on, never denied the consolation, *in private*, to those who preferred the "Directory;" as, in the utmost stretch of cruelty the Presbyterians, in their day of domination, did, under severe penalties! denying even this consolation of "*conscience*" to those whom they had deprived of bread.

Thirdly, I will not, Heaven forbid! say one word that might look like vindication, in returning "evil for evil," but I believe no man will deny any community, especially after it has cruelly suffered, the right to make laws and conditions for its own safety; and let the Christian, before he hastily classes my friend Morley among the persecutors of the conscientious, reflect on the *inveterate* hatred (for I cannot soften the word) to the ceremonies of the Church, and her ritual, which those who refused subscription, evinced, when, having joined in the general voice that demanded the King, before the King set his foot on his native soil, they deputed their *representatives*, among whom was the

very CASE whose sermon we have spoken of, to request he would *not tolerate*

THE SURPLICE AND THE PRAYER-BOOK!

The King's answer is well known. Let it be further considered, that, if two thousand or fifteen hundred of talented and united men, with these feelings of unsubdued hostility, which hostility, I believe, every sensible mind will now admit to have been far more frivolous than wise—remained in the communion to whose discipline and ritual they could not assent—with energy, and united talents, and implacable aversion—then Morley might as well have taken off his *square-cap* again, and gone into exile without bread; and it would have been almost *felo de se*, in those who thought kneeling at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be the most devout posture, had they allowed *part* of the communicants to receive that holy rite *kneeling*, and *part sitting*—when they knew, either that they must eat the bread of poverty again, or that this *schism* must be eternal in their communion—being conscious that so large and respectable a body still regarded with implacable hate that ritual which was then more precious on account of the tyranny to which it had subjected those who prized it.

The *alternative*, then, was adopted—I will not say *justly*, that charity forbids—nor *have* I ever, nor *will* I ever, say one word that might seem to denote any feelings or any principles than those of the cheerfully granting the rights of conscience, as

I trust that *those rights will not be denied to me* — but I will say, that all the circumstances in which the restored Clergy stood, should be taken into consideration before their conduct is condemned — their previous sufferings — the malignant revilings of their order — the united strength and inveteracy of hostility ranged against them, hostility which no toleration could soften, — and the consciousness that both parties in the same Church could not subsist together. The only question then must be, whether they would succumb, voluntarily, or, adopting the alternative, leave the result to the melioration of charity and time.

These considerations I venture to offer, disclaiming, far more warmly than I have offered them, any *participation in the feelings* of the persecuting and severe spirit, which was subsequently evinced by Charles and James.*

Having been led to say thus much, I shall make some remarks on another historian of these times.

“The old Clergy,” says Neal, “who had been *sequestered* FOR SCANDAL, having taken possession

* Mr. Hallam has delivered his sentiments as becomes him on *one* persecution of the Church by the Presbyterians, but he has overlooked a desolating persecution under the *Tryers* of Cromwell — the most torturing inquisition of ignorance, arbitrarily scrutinizing the feelings, and deciding who were or were not Calvinistic Puritans, according to their pattern of belief; and this Junto was sent into every County, with full powers of removal in all cases. The celebrated HUGH PETERS was one of these Tryers!

of their livings, were *intoxicated* with their *new feelings*, and threw off the restraints of their order! such was the general dissolution of manners which attended the deluge of joy that overflowed the nation on his Majesty's restoration!"

"A deluge of joy" indeed "overflowed the nation," when the reign of intolerant hypocrisy and demoniacal inspiration came to a close.

Some of the Clergy, indeed, might have given way to feelings of inordinate joy, on being, after twelve years of exile and sorrow, restored to their old parishioners, by whom their return was hailed with more heartfelt cordiality, from the recollection of their silent sorrows, and long suffering; but the example of the Church of England still shone conspicuously amidst the general licentiousness, in the reign of Charles the Second, and fifteen years only after his death was established that Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, which appears so majestic in the front of our Church community at present.

The gloom of Calvinism passed away like a "phantasma or a hideous dream;" but charity itself can hardly forgive the historian* who makes no exception, leaving the reader to suppose that so many learned, pious, and holy men as the Church of England produced in the former reign, were turned out *for scandal!* I believe firmly that not one in five hundred was turned out for "*scandal,*"

* Neal's History of the Puritans.

if scandal means vicious lives, but for fidelity to the persecuted communion, and virtuous adherence to what they considered their duties as Christians.

The same candid writer tells us, that at this period of universal joy, whilst “the old, sequestered Clergy flourished in great numbers about the Court, MAGNIFYING their sufferings” [that could not well be], “making interest for preferment.” [Why not, having eat the bread of poverty so many years? But what follows? Oh grievous!] “*Every one* took possession of the living from which he had been *ejected!*” To be sure he did; what could have been more unjust if they had not? “By which means [oh terrible persecution!] *some hundreds* of the Presbyterian Clergy were dispossessed at once.” Were they so? and how many had they dispossessed *at once* to get there? “But,” adds the historian, for once with ingenuous candour and simplicity, “where the incumbent was dead, his Majesty yielded that the living should be confirmed to the present possessor!”

I trust these observations will be construed fairly. The whole of this work (the “History of the Puritans”) is written in the spirit of extenuation on one side, and exaggeration on the other; and, being on the subject of the restored Clergy, though no man would contend more warmly for the rights of conscience, in the widest sense, to all, I could not pass over such historical impartiality, in an age when Clarendon is called a BIGOT!

Of the direct, *deliberate*, unprincipled, and wicked FALSEHOODS of Neal, I need only mention the following instances.

He declares that, when the punishment was pronounced in the Star-Chamber against Leighton, "Bishop Laud *"pulled off his cap* whilst this merciless sentence was pronouncing, and gave GOD THANKS!"* How many thousand readers have read this "merciless," and utterly false "sentence," and believed it true! How many writers have echoed it as *undoubted!* I assert it to be FALSE! I tell Mr. Godwin so! the author of the "History of the Commonwealth." I tell my respected friend Agar Ellis so! Is it found in any credited historian? Is it in Rushworth? Is it there? Look, thou impartial historian, Godwin! If not there, where is it? When I see the passage, in any contemporary historian worthy of credit, I shall retract what I say in the face of the Christian world, and not before!

How malignant must have been that spirit of party which could, without any authority, sit down and invent THIS DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD!

Rash as he was, I pledge myself to prove that Laud resorted to no harsh severity till his life was threatened. His object was to defend the Episcopal Church, the Throne, and his own grey hairs.

* There is, by some historians equally veracious and impartial, a like wicked perversion of the sentiments and words of Laud, respecting the offer of a *Cardinal's* hat.

It was indeed most true that the inhumanity towards Leighton and Prynne injured his cause far more than their books. Most inhuman, indeed, was this sentence of the Star-chamber on these miserable men! most inhuman the infliction! and, if I speak of any *Inquisition* with horror, let me not for a moment be thought to except the infamous *Inquisition* of the Star-chamber of Charles the First. Let the Christian reader, however he may deem the language of the *Histrionastix* absurd, irritating, and most intolerant, think of the *stripes*, the *mutilations*, and the judgment of imprisonment for life! But in this, as in all instances, cruelty defeated its own purposes. The Puritan-pack now urging on the chase with redoubled cry, it was decided in this den, that rigid and signal punishment alone could divert the bloodhounds from their track. Laud was the hunted victim, and he turned in terror from the cry of blood and vengeance, deepening as it approached more near. Then, as in despair, these ruthless measures were resorted to.

As to the voluminous and inflexible Prynne, instead of the cruel punishment he suffered — and it was the punishment, and not his interminable volumes, which excited the feelings of the nation against Laud and the Bishops — instead of clipping his *ears*, so obdurate to harmony, it would have been wiser if the conclave in Star-Chamber had

ordered him to do penance in a *square-cap** on his own folios, and had then proceeded to *exorcise* his spirit, by making him listen, notwithstanding all grimaces, to some scene so comic as that of the Fairies dancing round Falstaff! After this discipline, four-and-twenty choristers, in *white surplices*, led by the *Boy-bishop*, should sing round him "CANTATE!" It might tend to dispel the last fumes of his solemn spleen, if he were led forth, however tristful and repugnant, to see, "on a sunshine holiday," the lads and lasses of the village dance round a Maypole, to a tabor playing "Whitlock's Corranto!" Such a judgment by the Star Chamber would have been far more effectual to exorcise a spirit so morose, than the cruel stripes and imprisonments the implacable Presbyterian endured triumphantly!

It is true, instead of such inhumanity, it would have been far wiser to have treated with ridicule this poor, honest Presbyterian's wrath; but it is no less true that the Church of England, in a dignified position between those who decided that "TOLERATION WAS ESTABLISHING INIQUITY BY LAW," and those who executed, to the letter, the Statute "*de hæreticus comburendis*," has been most unjustly accused as being generally the most intolerant and persecuting "of either."

* A Puritan Dean of Wells literally ordered the penance of a *square-cap*, in derision, to be worn in church by a *malignant* delinquent.

In the present day, a summary way has been adopted to disprove the charge of persecution on the part of the Church of Rome. There was no such thing as the *massacre* of the Protestants in Ireland in 1640! It is all a calumny! And as to the *burning* old Latimer, and Cranmer, and Ridley, they suffered in the flames justly, because they INTENDED to inflict the same torture on others! Such an historian is a modern Doctor!

In speaking of religious persecution, I should feel deserving to be condemned by heaven and earth, if I should dare to breathe a thought in palliation of the burning of a poor woman by Cranmer; but I should feel myself not less to be condemned, by the laws of God and man, if I did not lift up my voice —

Si quid loquar audiendum —

against that deduction of this Papal historian, that “Cranmer and his ASSOCIATES perished in the flames THEY HAD PREPARED FOR OTHERS!”

They, the *tormented*, to show that their agonizing torments are no more than they deserved, are pronounced to have INTENDED to make others suffer in the same manner! Of the grounds of such a hideous reversal of character, the astonished and indignant reader might well ask, what is the proof or evidence? Let the most sanguinary Inquisitor that ever condemned a miserable wretch to the flames of an *auto da fè* find, if he can, a clearer proof! Cranmer and his associates are *burned alive* at the

fiery stake *justly*—for they *intended* to do the same to others! What proof is there of *this intent* of Cranmer and his suffering “associates?” Oh! a paper has been found, in which a sentence appears, that he who, after every thing has been tried in vain, opposes and oppugns the fundamental principles of Protestantism, is —“PUNIENDUS.” And what is the translation of PUNIENDUS, from which such an inference is drawn? To “SUFFER DEATH.” And the Christian lesson is this —

Cranmer and “his ASSOCIATES” were burnt alive, because

Cranmer and “his associates” *intended* to burn others alive.

The word “puniendus” is a proof of this *intention*, “puniendus” meaning “to suffer death.”

Therefore Cranmer and his *associates are justly burned alive!*

I will say nothing of Cranmer, because he caused a frantic woman to be *burnt alive*—and even guided the pen, and endeavoured to steel the shrinking heart, of an ingenuous youth; but who are “the associates,” thus summarily classed as *burners in intent*, because they used the word “puniendus?” Was Ridley one, who, from his kind heart, opened his house to the mother and sister of the man who *burnt* him? Was Hooper one? Was Latimer? No: but they were guilty of using the word “puniendus,” and therefore they *intended* fire and faggot! “Puniendus” means “suffer death!” Oh dispas-

sionate reasoners! Oh mild Inquisitors of Goa, of Spain, and of Lisbon! The heart shrinks indignant from such cruel sophistry.

I turn to speak of an historian who may have, as all men must have, a bias, but who, in fairness of construction, in conscientious integrity, stands unrivalled — I mean the author of the “Constitutional History of England,” Mr. Hallam. Speaking of Dr. Lingard’s deduction from the word “*puniendus*,” he says, “he by no means,” in this instance, “pretends that Dr. Lingard was mistaken.” What! not *mistaken* in translating “*puniendus*” “to suffer death?” A scholar might be *mistaken* in translating an involved and obscure sentence; but here could have been no mistake. The translation of “*puniendus*” is “suffer death.” It is possible the context might justify that interpretation: but why is not the context given? Without it, the deduction is inhuman, as the proof is *jesuitical*! There was and could be no “*mistake*,” and, if no mistake, such a *translation* was *wilful*, to serve a purpose both of defamation and injustice, of insidious defamation and cruel injustice.

I have no fear, however, of the revival of the Act *de hæreticis comburendis*, and therefore I turn from the contemplation of past persecutions to that quarter from whence the Episcopal Establishment may possibly be again exposed to something like the proscription of the *godly* “Lords” and Major-generals of CROMWELL!

That "foul weather" is approaching, and that it will behove—we know not how shortly—the faithful Shepherds of the Christian flock to take Morley's old cloak about them, must be obvious to the least attentive observer of the signs and seasons, from the more loud and ominous Geneva croak, "Popery! Popery!" and from the portentous clouds that seem, darker and darker, to lower over the battlements of our Establishment.

One periodical, with the picture of the spires and venerable Abbey of Westminster as a frontispiece, cries, "Down with it! why cumbereth it the ground — for of what USE is it?"

Another fulminates its declamation on the "omni-vorant Tithe-holders," not supposing that the far greater number of omni-vorant *Tithe-holders* are to be found, with the lands once devoted to the poor, among dukes, lords, and squires!

Lord Mountcashel,* like another Lord Pembroke, has already put himself in front, to raise orthodox "dulness" to the "*vital*" heat of his own evangelical barometer; besides having found out that if *some* clergymen in Ireland take only a quarter of their dues, it is BECAUSE they cannot get more! — which

* See Lord Mountcashel's first Letter.

I suppose affects himself as much as the Clergy.—His Lordship has, moreover, discovered, with holy horror, that in England, where the hierarchy is not so rich as in Ireland, cathedrals are sinfully desecrated by the sublime strains of Handel! his Lordship doubtless conceiving, like another Prynne, that the choristers “roar out a treble like *a sort of hogs!*” He has also discovered that, as the high and holy strains of Handel cannot be performed without performers, and that musicians will “not sound except for *silver,*” though the cause is that of CHARITY, and the strains intensely devotional—yet is such music, in such a place, sinful, and an offence to the “really pious!”

I do not find that there are such pietists, in the present day, as those of the times of “Old Noll,” who make wry-mouths at “*custards;*” but the conventional phraseology is the same — they are as blasphemously familiar, as to the most trifling “dealings with the Lord!”—they are as charitable in pronouncing the Lord’s vengeance on wicked “stage-players!” Some who take much pains to edify the soldiers and sailors, least they should “perish,” by going to the eighteen-penny gallery to see Fanny

* A Magazine for Sailors and Soldiers was left, *gratis,* in some of the principal inns of Bath, instructing the visitors of that enlightened city that a player was struck with paralysis, and that this visitation, it was inferred, was the just judgment of an offended Deity!

Kemble—hold out in their magazines, as a just judgment of the Almighty, the afflicting circumstance of a poor man struck on the stage with paralysis; as if preachers of the Gospel never died of apoplexy! Shakspeare is with some pietists, as in Cromwell's time, the "Prince of Darkness," and "every step in a dance a step to hell," notwithstanding our Saviour tells us the father received his returning prodigal son with "*dances.*"

Such is the Revival, as it is called, in the present day. Revival of What? Of the religion of Jesus Christ? Of Evangelical faith and charity? No; very little, I fear! We have a *revival*, indeed, of the very spirit and phrase of Praise-God-barebones! — of Hugh Peters, "the Preacher of the Lord!" — we have the religion and jargon of these men "*revived.*" We have had "revivals" enough of this sort, and shall have more: and to show how true, in letter and spirit, this "*revival*" is, I shall quote part of a letter written by Cromwell not long before he "*sought the Lord*" to know whether the Lord would command him to commit murder! which letter would suit the most evangelical young lady in the present day. Thus the evangelical Cromwell enditeth:

"When we think of our God, what are we? Oh! his mercy to the whole society of Saints, despised, jeered *Saints!* Let them mock on! Would we were *all Saints!* The best of us are,

God knows! *weak Saints*. If not *Saints*, yet *lambs*, and *MUST be fed.*”*

These were the *reformers* of the Church when Hall and Usher adorned it; these were then the petitioners to the Houses of Lords and Commons, “that it would please them to promote true godliness, and take their estates from obese Bishops, oscitant Deans, and “*unworking*” Clergy!”

The same cry was made against Bishops in those days, in favour of the “*pains-taking* Clergy,” that is, Calvinistic Puritans! and do we not hear the same cry revived? A distinction is made between the Rector, with tithes, and the “*working Curate*, with a miserable stipend!” The *stipend* at present is such as to induce a thousand uneducated and illiterate men to press into the Church, for one substantial reason — the stipend! Such illustrious *workers* often show *much* zeal — *less* knowledge — and not unfrequently with as little charity as judgment! The stipend, which was forty pounds per annum forty years ago, is now 150*l.*

The Act called Lord Harrowby’s, in its first concoction, whilst it professedly protected the *poor*

* Letter to Lord Wharton, dated 1648. Thurlow’s State Papers, vol. i. p. 99. The first letter in these papers shows his adroitness in this style, on which his acts are the best comments: it is dated 1638. He says: “Oh! I *lived* in and *loved* darkness, and *hated* the light!” &c. Quere, whether he *loved* the *light* more when he was fully *illuminated*, in his *last* days?” His MAJOR-GENERALS were the “*Saints that must be fed!*”

Curate, was to the Rector or Vicar, often *as poor*, inhuman; for, in cases where the living was not worth more than 150*l.* a year, the Curate was to take *all*, when perhaps the Vicar had done his duty for forty years anxiously and piously; for Rectories being chiefly in lay hands, a poor Vicar, who had spent his best days with his humble parishioners, beloved and respected, might go, with his children, to a gaol or a workhouse. This was Lord Harrowby's benevolent and pious intention; but, at present, the Bishop has a power to settle the terms of the Curate, in case the living does not exceed 150*l.* per annum, so that the Vicar shall not, in his grey hairs, and with his children, beg his bread!

In his days of strength and health, and residing necessarily on his living, where is there a clergyman who is not "*working?*" unless exempted by ill-health from residence — or, as in some cases, holding two livings. He, besides his weekly duties, instructs the children — visits the poor — prays over the sick — in the parish where he has been long resident — as much, and with as warm, and why not warmer interest, than any Curate? When a *Curate* is resident in a parish in which the Rector or Vicar cannot reside, having another living, and being exempted by Act of Parliament, or licence — most active, and laborious, and anxious is generally the life of the working Curate, but *not more* than a conscientious Rector or Vicar, though, among ten thousand persons, there must of course be many

individual exceptions. But, let us see who, in a higher sense, are the “working Clergy?” Not merely the Curate or Rector, who *does his duty* in his parish. In a much higher and more appropriate sense — the Horsleys, the Paleys—the Fabers—the Magees — the Lawrences — the thousand eloquent defenders of Christianity against assailants — the ten thousand vindicators of truth — the host of learned elucidators of the Scriptures, from those who translated the Bible to the present day — these are the “*working Clergy* ;” and these, almost without exception, are from the higher stations or orders of the Clergy. But, I as warmly say, whenever such “working” Clergymen are found among those whom the sunshine of Preferment has not visited, *they* have a claim, a paramount CLAIM, on their more prosperous brethren. Many such examples I do know — many of the greatest talents and of the purest lives, are found, scattered through our Sion, yet are their grey hairs unremembered. As to sinecures, those who are called to reside at their Cathedrals attend the service of the Cathedral every day ; for three months they cannot go beyond the sound of the bells—they preach in their turns—and, when the term of residence is expired, they go back again to their village duties, as Parochial Clergymen. If you say there ought to be no such thing as Dignitaries, then say there ought to be no Cathedrals. Besides this, I affirm, and the proof is easy, that the most learned, the most eloquent

works, that throw a radiance on an intellectual and Christian country, are not from the lower Clergy — Jewel, Butler, Bull, Sherlock, Pearson (Creed); Douglas, Tillotson, Taylor, Lowth, &c. are from the highest orders, and these, of the “*working* Clergy,” are the noblest and most useful. Nor do I think that any thing can be found more injurious to a State than a *plebeian* Clergy, unless gifted with the *learning* or inspiration of St. Paul.

By the expression of *plebeian* Clergy, I trust it will not be supposed, for one moment, I could possibly mean any except illiterate, and illiberal persons. Some of the highest ornaments of the Establishment have arisen from humble parents. When I speak of *plebeian* Clergy, I mean those who, undistinguished by manners or education, have been clandestinely, or hastily, or from false views, admitted into the Church, by those who ought to “*lay hands suddenly on no man.*”

Such men, as often destitute of morals as manners, get into the Church for “the piece of bread,” — the advanced value of Curacies; and, when they have gained thus much, stun the public with accounts of *neglect* of MERIT! and that the “*working* Clergy,” and “most deserving Clergy,” are neglected! — the Rector being a mere drone, and they “the only *labourers* worthy of their hire!” Nor let it be supposed that, by saying this I would pass by without reprobation that character — when such a character is found — that on

‘Fat pluralities supinely thrives;’

and contentedly lets others do the work, *at the least possible pay!* That some characters of this kind may be found among ten thousand men there can be no doubt, but I believe they are *rare*. Amidst these conflicts, my Lord Mountcashel has put himself at the head of a Synod to petition Parliament to reform the Church; and, in fact, to *legislate* for the Church according to *his views* of piety.

The Church of Ireland, and that of England, do not stand upon the same ground: there is more enormous wealth on one side. Of the Irish Church, I speak nothing; but, when such men as Magee and Lawrence have succeeded an Usher, in this Church, to such, and to many such, might she well point with triumph. I am only speaking of the Episcopal Church of England; and I say, in the face of my Lord Mountcashel, that *vile* must be that mind that brings false statements as *facts* for accusation. The same candour is visible in making general charges, as if the general charges were universally admitted, when, perhaps, not *two* instances in a thousand could be adduced. So we are told of petitions to Parliament against the immorality of the Clergy—a host of petitions—when there is found only one.

I fear, from what appears in this advance-guard of attack on the Episcopal character, and Church property, *not* that piety, and the good of the Church, is intended—but a *peculiar kind* of piety, of which we have seen the fruits in a former age.

I particularly think myself justified in believing this, when I find the selected sin of the Church of England is that in which, if it be a sin, I shall be an unrepentant sinner as long as I live — that of attending an oratorio, when I can, in its most appropriate place. We might easily excuse his Lordship from attending such sacrilegious meetings, but we know not, from reason or Scripture, that he, *ex cathedra*, has a right to erect himself into a judge of that which I think *no sin at all*, but, on the contrary, assistant to piety and purity; and which, if it *were* a sin, so pronounced by a Puritanical Pope and Council in Ireland, is not half so *great a sin* as insinuations which are *false* — as charges which are without proof — as bearing witness against our neighbours, whilst we profess duty to God!

We know that the “Tryers” under the “Lord Protector,” examined thousands of pious and deserving men, and dismissed them to seek their bread, because they did not answer, satisfactorily to the examiners, on questions of “experiences” — grace — and horror of theatres! Yes, my Lord, reformation is indeed necessary; and, to adopt your Lordship’s discriminating style, it is requisite most among those “*nominal*” Christians, who assume the character of exclusive righteousness. It would be proper to *reform* them, in giving them some notion of *charity*! It would be proper to reform them,

by showing that to “swallow camels and strain at gnats” is not Christianity.

If Lord King is prepared to head a commission for purifying the Bench of Bishops, doubtless your Lordship will be found as adequate a “Tryer” of all the “worldly-minded!” But—*écoutez!* Exemplary as are the lives of the great body of the Clergy, if there be occasionally found among them instances, however rare, of such loathsome vices as would make your solitary villain — on whose account the House of Lords was justly petitioned — seem *virtuous!* — if instances of uncharitableness — meanness — slander, &c. are found, such instances are found, *not* among the old, plain, pious, unostentatious Clergy, but the “really pious” flock, and their *solifidian* shepherds! This I can *prove*: — I say it reluctantly; but, when an estimate is made of the “worldly-minded” and “really pious,” according to the scale and measure of a new Geneva Synod, though a pious Lord is at the head, I tell that Lord, without entering into the dispute concerning the Irish Church — that “real piety” does not depend upon *his*, or *his* Star-chamber’s, estimate — and that CANT is not CHRISTIANITY!

As to many pure and excellent, and many most exemplary Christians among those called Evangelical,

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.

The Christian honours and loves a Christian in heart, under whatever appellation he may be distin-

guished. I have expressed my opinions decidedly, but I trust not uncharitably: my spirit is with the Hammonds, the Taylors, the Sherlocks, the Lowths, of the Church of England.

As to the political aspect of the times, it does appear to me, I confess, that, when driven on the breakers and shoals, by trusting to reckless and pitiless "political economists," the vessel of the State, with all its gallant crew, is about to founder, a muster is got up in Ireland, to make those suffer who least deserve it; and the *Chaplain* of the vessel is the first, as a sacrifice, to be thrown overboard.

Tories and Episcopalians filled the House of Commons at the Restoration. Whigs and Tories on the accession of King William. Tories, in the reign of Queen Anne. Whigs through the reigns of George the First and Second. Tories to the death of George the Third. In the present day of the "march of intellect," we have Saints and Infidels, Political Economists and Benthamites, Roman Catholics and Radicals — Lord King in the House of Lords, and Mr. Hume in the House of Commons — all in amicable league against the Establishment! It only remains for a *Committee*, with Lord Mountcashel, like another Lord Pembroke, and Hume, his calculating co-adjutor, to proceed with full powers to institute a new visitation of Oxford, to open the Parliamentary Commission at Wells or Salisbury, and to expel forthwith such "*scandalous*" members as they should choose so to designate.

But, besides the *gratuitous surveillance* of the Star-chamber of Lord Mountcashel, the revenues of the bloated Episcopal Church in Ireland and England, it is said, are to be put into the crucible of political experimentalists; at least, a kind of “ROBBING OF PETER TO PAY PAUL,” is the cry of some political and religious projectors and economists. That no obstacle might stand in the way of levelling the great LAND-MARKS of vested property in the Church, it is now a common argument that there is a distinction between *private* and *public* property.

According to such views, the PROPERTY of individuals is sacred, but the property bequeathed, under the same laws, for an important *public* service, is not invested with the same sacred security as the PROPERTY of an individual! So a linen-draper's shop in St. Paul's Church-yard is invested with a more sacred security than St. Paul's Church, because that beautiful structure,—towering from age to age into the calm sunshine, above the stir, and noise, and smoke of a commercial city, to raise the thoughts of the passengers to more awful and eternal interests,—was built, forsooth, by the NATION! Such worse than sophistry is, in my opinion, its own refutation. If property be sacred at all, property which has been bequeathed under the sanction and presumed inviolability of the law, confirmed by the MAGNA CHARTA of ages, for public specific purposes,—is, to all intents, the MOST

SACRED property of any. It was bequeathed *to* the State, and *for* the State; not for the fleeting individual.

It is true that ecclesiastical property may attain, as it has done, an undue and overwhelming preponderance. The Statute of MORT-MAIN* wisely has guarded against this. But a tyrant, like Henry the Eighth, might say—"The property which ancient piety bequeathed, is MINE! — mine, as DEFENDER OF THE FAITH! mine, as the *Head of the Church!*" And if the people of England, instead of bringing to the block Charles, the affectionate and faithful husband, Charles, the kind-hearted master, Charles, the tender father, had trampled to the earth this lustful, loathsome tyrant, making this murderer of his wives "a spectacle to the injured and insulted Nation," mercy would have applauded the act of national justice? †

But that the property of the Church, bequeathed as *sacredly* and employed more usefully than any other description of property in the State, can now attain undue preponderance, watched by invidious eyes, and bound by statutes, is what I should hope none but the most unprincipled democrat will contend.

Yet is it proclaimed, by a thousand sages of the press, "an archbishop has twenty or thirty thousand pounds a-year, with a magnificent palace, when

* "Mortuis manibus."

† Cromwells or Miltons do not appear in such reigns.

a poor '*working Curate*' has only a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a-year at the utmost!"

Pause — a Curacy of a hundred and fifty pounds a year is more, in income, than a living, with necessary expences, of two hundred, or perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and is four times the value of a Curacy thirty years ago. And what Protestant prelate, since the times of political prelacy and the abhorred Star-chamber, has not shown as much virtue and piety in a humbler station, as in the front of the Christian Church?

I well know how little any *reason* weighs with some *reasoners*; yet, admitting for a moment that a new Puritan — or infidel — Committee may dispose of property which they consider *national* as they please, let us come a little closer to this question, the more momentous when such agitation "is abroad." This subject is surely in connection with the Life of a Prelate deprived, for conscience sake, of all he possessed in that Church which he adorned.

Without adducing many arguments which have been often far more eloquently enforced, let us remember that the Christian community, in a great nation, consists of the high and the low, the rich and the poor—from the opulence and smoke of the towered city,

Fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ,

to the green villages, scattered, with their slender spires, through all the retired and remote vallies of the land. In the country, the possessor of large

ancestral property looks round him, from the seat of his hereditary residence: instead of beholding a clerical neighbour repugnant in manners, and of confined education, a mere Trulliber, he meets a cultivated character, who can be, according to St. Paul, "COURTEOUS" as well as "PITIFUL," "courteous" to all, subservient to none, and "pitiful" to the poor and needy; of education equal to his own, yet, with such habits and such education, never transgressing the limits of each respective station in society. Will not all the lessons of Christianity come with double weight and effect, from a minister so placed and so adorned?

Let us apply the same mode of reasoning to the KING ON HIS THRONE. Shall he be approached by a spiritual adviser, without the manners of cultivated life, or of a station so far beneath his own, that this circumstance alone would prevent the nearer approach of ministerial intercourse, concerning interests as awful to the King in his palace as to the poorest of his subjects — for "the fashion of this world passeth away," and the crown and the sceptre are no more than their short-lived possessor in the sight of the "KING OF KINGS." Oh! are there not hours when the mightiest feel the want of kind admonition and spiritual comfort? The spectre of death seems more terrible when beheld approaching in the sunshine of earthly prosperity. A dignified Christian instructor is therefore often far more essential than a Minister of State.

John Knox might think plebeian insolence to a Sovereign — even if that Sovereign was an unprotected female—the highest test of Apostolic authority. I trust we do not yet so feel, or so argue.

In a great and opulent Country, a correspondent station is assigned to the Primate of the Christian National Church. He exhibits, from illustrious eminence, to the highest and the lowest of the Nation, a public example of Christian charity, as of cultivated amenity of manners: he exhibits, also, in front of a Christian community, piety without puritanism — independence, without subservience to the proudest. Employing wealth more as the munificent dispenser of charities (the patron of Christian benevolence as well as the pattern) than as the “rich man faring sumptuously.” Such a character appears, in his place, the Christian associate, in a Christian kingdom, of a CHRISTIAN KING! For the same reason, our spiritual Peers, in limited numbers, not two to fifty, appear mingling their mild dignity amid the nobility of the kingdom. Yes, and hold their mitred heads amongst the proudest coronets in the seat of hereditary legislature, to teach even a LORD KING to *feel* his SUPERIORS, in every thing but the accidental circumstance of patrician birth!

Whether the Episcopal Church of England, one of whose most virtuous characters, among a thousand others in the same station, is the subject of this work, shall be doomed, amidst the conflicting

tumults of the times, to be levelled or destroyed — or whether the spirit of sober, scriptural, apostolic truth, shall again be succeeded by illiterate and heartless puritanic fanaticism — or whether the hallowed altars, rescued from superstitious pageantry, where the priest appears in the plain surplice,* not the gorgeous cope, shall be profaned — whether the roofs, resonant with daily praise, shall be silent — whether the property that supports an order of the Clergy in decent dignity, but not in splendour, called to officiate daily during their season of residence, shall be *confiscated* — whether, in the tempest which seems rolling near and more near —

The spirit of the first-born Cain

shall eventually prevail, — I have thought it my

* A superb, embroidered Cope, and various splendidly-illuminated Missals, are preserved in the Vestry and Library of Salisbury Cathedral. There could not be a more striking illustration of our Cathedral worship and that of the Romish communion. The Missals, so richly illuminated, contain prayers to the virgin and St. Anthony! The Cope displays, in purple and gold, the Cross — and miracles in embroidery! The comely and plain white Surplice is the vestment of our exterior service; — we have the Prayer-book, containing only prayers to God, “through Jesus Christ, our Lord;” and we have the OPEN BIBLE, in the VULGAR TONGUE. The Choristers, also, have the same plain white surplice; and he must have the heart of a *Prynne* who could hear, without affecting interest, their clear voices, in the purest innocence of youth, swelling the devotional chaunt; or see them, without the same interesting feelings, when the chaunt has ceased, leaning attentively, two and two, over a small BIBLE, whilst the appointed Lessons are read, for every day in the year.

duty—regardless of the contumely of infidel demagogues or “puritanic Lords,” — to deliver my own sentiments, as unreserved and as undisguised as I feel them, not as a Church-man, but as an ENGLISH-MAN, who loves the Institutions, the Laws, and the Religion of his Country.

I here conclude the first volume of the Life of Bishop Ken, containing the least interesting portion of that life, and including the summary of the Life of his first Patron, Bishop Morley, with an account of the origin of that patronage.

This portion of Ken’s private life is shown in connection with the characters and events, political and religious, of the periods under review.

Detached, indeed, from such accompaniments, how uninteresting, how uninteresting is all biography! But, I trust, if I have been so far fortunate as to gain the reader’s attention, I may further hope to do so when I bring forward the chief character of the history into more illustrious and public light. This character, which I shall endeavour faithfully to delineate, will rise in dignity as we proceed, and, amidst the events of the age in which he lived — in prosperity and adversity — in public or in private life — in a palace or a prison — in his lawn sleeves, on his cathedral throne at Wells — or with his shroud,*

* It is said he brought his shroud with him to Long-leat.

at the last asylum of age, in the hospitable mansion of his early friend — Bishop Ken will appear unaltered and consistent — the same firm and affectionate friend*—the same conscientious and fearless minister of his crucified Master—the same mild, benevolent, and high-principled man, the same most unostentatious, but fervent and sincere Christian. May his example shine, when the hand that holds the pen shall be dust!

* Lord Viscount Weymouth, at whose noble mansion, after twenty years residence, he died. He was buried at the nearest churchyard of his former diocese, at Frome, and lies just under the east window of the parish church.

HISTORICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS
DOCUMENTS AND REFLECTIONS.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON THE
ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.

Respecting the different opinions lately published on the *Εικων Βασιλικη*, by my friend Mr. Todd, and the Master of Trinity, I might indeed say —

NON NOSTRUM TANTAS COMPOSERE LITES.

but I have given some reasons which I think would incline us to believe that, after all, in this case, as in general, the truth lies between two extremes.

The Master of Trinity is convinced that King Charles wrote the whole of *Icon*; Mr. Todd, that he wrote not a word of it: my conviction is neither wholly with one nor the other. I have noticed a most material fact, spoken of by Kennet. This slight allusion led instantly to the idea of a connection between the person mentioned and the King's most faithful and confidential friend; and this circumstance, on inquiry, accidentally receives the fullest corroboration. There was, at the time, a Mr. Symons, Minister of Rayne. The parish is in the gift of the family of Capel, as patrons. This Mr. Symons is presented to the living, not by Lord Capel's father, as I first conceived, but by Lord Capel himself. Bocking is the next parish, of which Gauden was Rector. That *some papers* of King Charles were, through the Capels, intrusted to their friend, the Pastor of their parish, seems to me evident; and that, also, they were

intrusted by Symons to Gauden, the Rector of the nearest parish. *Symonds died soon after*. In the year 1660 died also the desolate Lady Capel. These were the only persons who could have told the truth, when the claim was made. This evidence is external. I shall now say a word of the internal evidence. The Master of Trinity, with the warmth which every one naturally feels before he has paid greater attention to all the circumstances—and which warmth does credit to his heart—instantly, from these generous feelings, decides that Charles wrote the *whole*.

Mr. Todd has brought *Gaudenisms* from Gauden's writings, which induce him to decide that the whole tissue is Gauden's elaborate and *tawdry* manufacture.

Now I will take only the first chapter. I would say to the Master of Trinity, you recollect the words of Horace—

Si vis me flere, dolendum est —

and another passage —

Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.

I would ask the Master—can you, after the most attentive *critical* reflection, believe that any man, *under real sorrow*, would or could write as follows :

“Although I was not forgetful of those *sparks* which some men's *distempers* formerly *studied to kindle* in Parliament (which by forbearing to convene for some years I *hoped to have extinguished*), resolving,” &c.*

Here is an almost interminable sentence, in which “*sparks*” are “*kindled*” by “*distempers*” (in the true style of *cockney* eloquence!) which the writer “*hoped to have extinguished;*” and, before this *flaring* metaphor is “*extinguished,*” before the sentence is finished, he tells

* See Εικων Βασιλικη, chap. i.

us that he doubted not the “*weight of reason*” would “*counterpoise the over-balancing*” of any factions!

Quodcunque ostendis mihi *sic*, incredulus odi —

the whole composition, with the exception of two chapters, is thus “*sicklied o'er*” with tawdry affectations and cold metaphysical ornaments, as repugnant to taste as to feeling; and yet who has read this work, even with these grotesque additions, without an impression in favour of the King? Why is this? Because there are some passages which, through all the glittering envelopement, steal out and interest us, as dignified and affecting; and our heart, thus impressed, *involuntarily*, and before *critical discrimination*, is disposed to pronounce as our natural sympathies incline us.

If I am not mistaken, I could with little pains *unravel* the whole tawdry texture. The first chapter will not be so fit for our purpose; but I take the first chapter as it comes, and set before the reader a small part of it, as, according to my ideas, it might have been originally written. Omit the first seventeen lines, and begin at this sentence:

“No man was better pleased with the convening of this Parliament than myself, who, knowing best my own heart towards my people’s contentment, pleased myself with the hope of that understanding which would have grown between us.

“My own and my children’s interests gave me many obligations to seek the love of my subjects, the greatest honour and safety of just monarchs, next to God’s protection.”

This will be sufficient to show my meaning. I think the whole texture might be thus *unravelled*.

In the last sentence of this first chapter, poor Charles, the dignified but afflicted King, is no longer visible; the Rector of Bocking stares out

Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Thus—"Our sins being *ripe*, there was no preventing God's *justice* from *reaping* that *glory*, in our *calamities*, which we *robbed* him of in our *prosperity!*" Here is metaphor and *antithesis*, such as betray an *artificial* and heartless writer—without comparing passages of the kind in Gauden's own writings.

The same *tawdriness*, and cold affectation of metaphysical antithesis, the refuge of unfeeling minds, are more visible in the Meditations subjoined to this chapter.

"Oh! thou Sovereign Goodness and Wisdom, who *overrulest* our *counsels*, *overrule* also our hearts, that, the *worse* we suffer by *justice*, the *better* we may be for thy *MERCY*." Here is "*overruled* counsels opposed to *overruled* hearts," "*worse*" things opposed to "*better*," and "*justice*" to "*mercy*," in one sentence! but mark what follows: "As the sins of our *PEACE* disposed us to this unhappy *WAR*, so let this *WAR* prepare us for blessed *PEACE*." "As our *sins* have *turned* our *antidotes* to *poison*, so let thy grace *turn* our *poison* to *antidotes!*" And yet how simple and dignified is the following passage:

"I do not repent of calling this last Parliament, because, O Lord! I did it with an upright intention! Oh! Lord, though thou hast deprived me of many former comforts, still give us that patience which becomes thy children."

There are more of these chaster and affecting passages in other chapters than the first, which is almost entirely enveloped; but I am inclined to think we have Charles alone, or for the greatest part, in the Prayer

on the Liturgy, or on being deprived of his Chaplains ; though Gaudenisms may be detected in these.

The importance of this subject, and the inquiry by two scholars, both deserving so well of Literature, will plead my excuse for entering so far into this detail. My own opinion is completely, and on the most attentive investigation, settled ; and I feel confident, if any one pursues the same plan, with the same care, putting together the *external* evidence, from the small circumstance incidentally mentioned by Kennet, (the fact of a *Diary*, and *some Prayers*, composed by the King, in his desolation,) and the *internal* evidence, by such an examination as I have proposed, he will come to nearly the same conclusion.

We must remember, at the same time, whilst we endeavour to show the portions which Charles might have written of the Icon, what a writer of *Gauden's taste* would have left out. I have no doubt, if King Lear had been intrusted to him in the original for revisal, he would have omitted all those passages which most deeply affect us.

The explanation I have submitted is so plain, so clear, so probable, so consistent in all its parts, so minutely and circumstantially corroborated, that the wonder is, it has not been brought more particularly forward among the arguments which this subject has furnished.

Let me add, that Gauden seems, from his prior character, to have been the last man in the world who, of his own accord, we should imagine, would have originated the idea of the sad "portraicture of his Majesty" in his troubles, and that therefore some peculiar circumstances must have excited his attention to the subject. We may well conceive the papers of which he got possession excited the idea, and formed the basis of the execution.

OXFORD AFTER THE PARLIAMENT-VISITATION IN 1647, TO 1652; DECLINE OF FANATICAL FEELINGS THROUGH THE NATION; CAUSES, &c.

As this subject is of importance, I shall here first sketch the principal circumstances and characters of the scene at the time of this celebrated Visitation more distinctly, and afterwards point out some of the causes which led to a more sober spirit, both in the University and through the Nation.

Before the visitation, particular preachers had been appointed to take possession of the pulpits, for the purpose of “*enlightening*” the University on the subject of their purification.

After this, a deputation is nominated, with powers to decide and examine on the spot; and their characters may be conceived, when Cheynell and Prynne are enumerated.

But the University being equally obdurate to the long sermons and authoritative citations, more decisive steps are necessary; and now comes the puissant Lord Pembroke—deputed by the Presbyterian Parliament, against the sense of the University, which had before rejected him,—CHANCELLOR—IN PERSON.

He is received at Merton gates, with an oration, by the illustrious Cheynell. The next morning, previously to citing the refractory Heads of Houses, the same generous chevalier who heroically spurned into the grave of the departed Chillingworth his great work, heads a troop of soldiers to dispossess, *vi et armis*, Mrs. Fell, the wife of the Dean of Christ-Church. They place her in the quadrangle—*frustra linguâ, manibus, pedibus, reclamante*—whilst they valiantly occupy the evacuated premises! Cheynell succeeds Dr. Bailey, the ejected

head of St. John's. Reynolds, afterwards Presbyterian Bishop of Norwich, is nominated Dean of Christ-Church, the names of the former Dean, Canons, &c. being struck out. It is a singular coincidence, that Reynolds himself refusing to take the *engagement* to Cromwell, Mrs. Reynolds is dispossessed with the same *courtesy* as that to which she was indebted for possession.

But a more important consideration presents itself, which, as far as I know, has never yet been explained. It is this. Every historian knows, that most of the great *living* lights of the University had been extinguished, by the expulsion of so many of her loyal and pious and learned sons, as "*scandalous* and malignant." Now, in the short period of ten years, at the eve of Cromwell's life, Oxford again appeared the nurse of learning and science, and piety — piety far different from the illiterate fanaticism that characterized the spurious religion and distempered code of such minds as Cheynell, the Goliath of the Party. How shall we account for this? From four especial causes :

First, fanatic and illiterate Puritanism became of itself tired and worn out, when "*surplices*," "*square-caps*," organs, Bishops, and Deans, no longer daily provoked its spleen and excited invidious irritation. The Nation had "*leisure to be wise*." The examples of the uncomplaining and illustrious set of good men deprived and dispossessed, gave those of sense and judgment leisure to reflect, if not to appropriate the worth of many blameless characters whose lot had been so hard :

Virtutem incolume odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus.

Secondly, Cromwell *used* the illiterate and *insaner* religionists, but never trusted or consulted them. He chose

as his councillors, not merely men of academical education — Milton, Marlowe, Whitelock, Wilkins, Owen — but those whose learning and science were politically useful to him.

Thirdly, the insaner pietists, on the “ENGAGEMENT to be faithful to the Protectorate” — being tendered, chose to suffer in their turns rather than comply; and thus *Cheynell* was ejected from the Headship of St. John’s, as he had been appointed contrary to the Statutes, on the ejection of Dr. Baillie; and in the same manner Owen succeeded Reynolds as Dean of Christ-Church.

Fourthly, which I consider the chief cause, the public chartered schools, Westminster, Eton, Winchester, Merchant-Taylors, St. Paul’s, Charter-House, &c. stood like rocks amid the deluge that swept for a time sober piety and learning away.

Cromwell intended at one time to smite to its foundations the school which nursed the virtues and piety of Ken. The stroke was providentially, and by a son of Wykeham, averted. I allude to the story of Colonel Fiennes, who, when the orders for destruction had issued, remembered the oath he had taken to do no injury to those walls, and by him (apparently *accidentally*, but surely we might say providentially,) the destruction was averted.

From the time that Oxford mourned the loss of her loyal and pious, and eloquent and gifted sons, in 1647, the streams* from whence they themselves had imbibed their learning and piety were still silently pouring in their intellectual and moral supplies; and hence, not long after the University lost Chillingworth, it received

* Jeremy Taylor, Chillingworth, &c.

LOCKE from Westminster.* Not long after Hammond had turned his farewell look on his beloved Christ-Church, Wotton educated at Eton, and Ken from Winchester, succeeded. Wilkins's lodging at Wadham was, as we have said, the germ of the future Royal Society.

A few scientific persons had indeed met first in London, before the storm, among whom was Wilkins; but their progress was interrupted by the growing fanaticism of the times. The amiable and philosophic Boyle lodged at Oxford in 1655, and settled on the deprived Dr. Sanderson £50 annuity, 1657. Sanderson was one of the composers of the famous Polyglot Bible, edited by Bryan Walton, 1657,† of which, and the manly address to Cromwell, we have spoken.

It is true the "Tryers" of Cromwell impeded this steady march, but they could not *stop it*, and the rest followed in train. I rather think the *Tryers hastened* the completion, for what contempt must have been excited when such Judges were about to dismiss the great and learned Pocock for *ignorance!*

Selden died in 1654,‡ and left his books to the Bodleian. This wonderful example of virtue and learning had taken the Covenant, but his works sufficiently

* I speak not of his philosophy, but the calm complexion of his studious, literary, and pious life.

† That most stupendous monument of piety and learning, by the ejected Clergy, has been spoken of.

‡ It was his custom, when advanced in years, to mark passages in books by leaving his spectacles in the place. When his books, left to the Bodleian, were removed from his library (about 8,000 volumes), several pairs of spectacles were found between the leaves. What would an antiquary now give for

manifested his disdain of the Puritans. Skinner, the tutor of Chillingworth at Trinity, was one of those *anti-christian* Prelates whose life was threatened in the beginning of the Presbyterian Parliament, and still *ordained* in private.

Hammond, in 1655, published his "PRACTICAL CATECHISM," which made a great impression, as the numerous editions attest. It called forth *Cheynell* as an ANTAGONIST! but his own party pitied and derided the effort, though he had "his own Holy Ghost" to assist him in the cause, against the *darkling* Hammond.

Among the publications which must have made a still further impression amid the fierce contentions of disputatious faith, was the work to which we have so often referred, "The Contemplative Man's Recreation!" It was first published in 1642; another edition was called for in 1655, the year in which Hammond's "Practical Catechism" was published. The motto from Scripture alone would have excited attention in that age: "Simon Peter said, I go a FISHING." This motto must have been striking, if *Scripture* had any weight with those to whom all *recreation* appeared as *sin*!

Izaak Walton's attachment to Episcopacy was well known from his *Life of Donne*, Dean of St. Paul's. All Deans and all Bishops, therefore, could not be such *Anti-christs* as they had been represented! What a contrast to the infuriated piety of the age did the "Contemplative Man's Recreation" present! Walton never concealed his sincere attachment to the Church,"—and these sen-

that identical pair (if in existence) which Barlow gave to Anthony à Wood, and which, he tells us, "he kept in memorie of Selden to his last day."

timents coming from a man who could have no *interested* views,—particularly when *all* claimed the rights of *conscience*,—must have disposed the more reflecting Christians to imagine, after all, a meek and humble spirit might dwell even with those who were EPISCOPALIANS!

The “*Religio Medici*” of Sir Thomas Brown, 1642, translated into almost all the languages of Europe, was again reprinted; and now Calvinism received a deep wound by the translation into English of Sancroft’s “*FUR PRÆDESTINATUS*;” and the visible effects of this dismal creed made the reflecting almost ashamed of the name.

How silently and steadily these causes began to work, after the “*godly*” Visitation, may be further seen from some circumstances connected with the academical life of the great George Bull, in his extreme old age made Bishop of St. David’s, author of some of the most substantial and eloquent works of religious reasoning amongst the illustrious host of the writers in the Church of England. He was not at Oxford at the time of the Visitation, but he refused to take the “*Engagement*,”* and retired to North Cadbury, in Somersetshire. Here he was placed under a Puritan Clergyman, Mr. Thomas, the Minister of Ubley. The books put into his hands were of Thomas’s wretched school; but his own son furnished him *secretly* with the works of Hammond and Taylor, to the consternation of the father, who exclaimed, “his son would *corrupt* his pupil!” Such works, who can doubt, must have had their weight with thousands, now beginning to reflect and compare. Bull was *privately* ordained by the Tutor

* Oath of allegiance to Cromwell.

of Chillingworth, ex-Bishop of Oxford,* and he regularly passed *two* months in every year at Oxford, till the Restoration. So died away that spirit of insane Puritanism which had ruled so long.

But, it should seem, the serpent is again uncoiling, again lifting himself up from his long slumber. The Scholastic-Theologian † is awakened from his sleep, who lived only to witness the first fruits of that dragon's *teeth* which he, and some of his predecessors, innocently sowed. The jargon of these times is already revived; and, even in the beatified *apocalypse* of *Scotch second-sight*, the reign of KING JESUS is approaching.

* The following notice of Bishop Skinner, from Kettel's Register, No. 171, the reader will perhaps think interesting:

Trinity College.—“Robertus Skinner, natus apud Northamptonium, in com. Northamp. dioeces. Petriburgens. annoru' 16 admissus est Scholaris Junii 2^o a^o 1607. Admissus Socius Junii 3^o a^o D'm' 1613.”

Of Chillingworth, his pupil, in the same Register, No. 199, is the following entry:

“Gulielmus Chillingworth, natus in *perochia (sic) Sti Martini*, in Civitat. Oxon. Annorum 16 admissus est Scholaris 2^o die Junii, anno Dom. 1618. Admissus est Socius 10^o die Junii 1628.”

Skinner, who had been Fellow and Tutor at Trinity College, is said to have been the *only* Bishop who continued to ordain Priests and Deacons, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, during the suppression of the Hierarchy. Chillingworth had been one of his pupils, when a Fellow of the College; and Bathurst, afterwards President and Dean of Wells, assisted him as examining Chaplain.

† Bishop Davenant.

SUPPRESSION AND REVIVAL OF
CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

“After cathedrals and organs were put down in the grand Rebellion,” says the same quaint and delightful chronicler* we have before quoted, “William Ellis, bachelor of music, and *late organist* of St. John’s college, kept up a weekly meeting in his house opposite to that place where the Theatre was afterwards built, which kept him and his wife in a comfortable condition. The meeting was much frequented, and many masters of music were there, and such that had belonged to *choirs, being out of all employ*, and therefore the meeting, as all other music-meetings, did flourish; and music, especially vocal, being discountenanced by the Presbyterians and Independents, because it favoured much the cathedrals and episcopacy, it was the more used. But when King Charles was restored, and episcopacy, and cathedrals with it, then did the meetings decay, especially for this reason, because the masters of music were *called away to cathedrals and collegiate choirs.*”

Besides the members of the club which joined it about the same time with Ken, there were other earlier members, whom Anthony à Wood thus describes :

“The usual company that met and performed their parts were :

“Joh. Cock, M. A. Fellow of New College by the *authority of the Visitors!* He afterwards became Rector of Heyford-Wareyne, near Bister; and marrying with one of the Woodwards of Woodstock, lived an uncomfortable life with her.

“John Jones, M. A. Fellow of the same College by the same authority.

* Anthony à Wood.

“George Croke, M.A. Fellow of the said College also, by the same authority. He was afterwards drowned, with Brome, son of Brome Whorwood, of Hatton, near Oxon, in their passage from Hampshire to the Isle of Wight, 5 Sept. 1657.

“John Friend, M.A. Fellow also of the said house, and by the same authority. He died in the country an. 1658.

“George Stradling, M.A. Fellow of All Soul’s College, an admirable lutinist, and much respected by Wilson the professor.

“Ralph Sheldon, gent. a Roman Catholic of Steple-Barton, in Oxfordshire, at this time living in Halywell, near Oxon; admired for his smooth and admirable way in playing on the viol. He died in the city of Westminster, in 165., and was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Martin in the Fields.

“Thomas Wren, a younger son of Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, a sojournour now in the house of Francis Rowman, bookseller, living in St. Marie’s parish, in Oxon.

“Thomas James (or Janes), M.A. of Magdalen College, would be among them, but seldome played. He had a weekly meeting in his chamber at the college, practised much on the Theorbo lute, and Gervase Westcote being often with him as an instructor, A. W. would sometimes go to their meeting, and play with them.

“The music-masters, who were not in Oxon, and frequented the said meeting, were:

“William Ellis, bachelor of music, owner of the house wherein the meeting was. He alwaies played his part either on the organ or virginal.

“Dr. John Wilson, the public professor, the best at

the lute in all England. He sometimes played on the lute, but mostly presided the consort.

“— Curteys, a lutenist, lately ejected from some choire or *cathedral* church. After his Majestie’s restoration, he became gentleman, or singing-man, of Christ Church, in Oxou.

“ Thomas Jackson, a bass-violist, afterwards one of the choire of St. John’s College, in Oxou.

“ Edward Low, organist, lately of Christ Church. He play’d only on the organ; so, when he performed his part, Mr. Ellis would take up a counter-tenor viol, and play, if any person were wanting to performe that part.

“ Gervace Littleton alias Westcot, or Westcot alias Littleton, a violist. He was afterwards a *singing-man* of St. John’s College.

“ William Glexney (or Flexney), who had *belonged to a choire* before the warr. He was afterwards a gentleman, or *singing-man*, of Christ Church. He play’d well upon the bass-viol, and sometimes sung his part. He died 6 Nov. 1692, aged 79 or thereabouts.

“ — Proctor, a young man and a new comer. He died soon after.

“ John Parker, one of the universitie musitians, would be somtimes among them; but Mr. Low, a proud man, could not endure any common musitian to come to the meeting, much less to play among them.

“ Among these I must put John Haselwood, an apothecary, a *starch’d, formal clisterpipe*, who usually play’d on the bass-viol, and sometimes on the counter tenor. He was very *conceited* of his skill (though he had but little of it), and therefore would be ever and anon ready to take up a viol before his betters; which being observed by all, they usually called him *Handlewood*.”— Wood.

Thus we find that those who had before belonged to Cathedrals, after the Restoration left these musical meetings, and took their places in the revived Choirs. The affecting responses of Tallis again resounded, and this great Father of the English Cathedral Service led the way to Purcell, King, Greene, Kent, &c.

As a conclusion to the musical account, the reader will accept the following lines :

On the poor BLIND MAN of SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

There is a poor BLIND MAN, who every day,
 In frost or snow, in sunshine or in rain —
 Duly as tolls the bell — to the high fane,
 Explores, with faltering footsteps, his dark way,
 To kneel before his Maker, and to hear
 The chaunted service, pealing full and clear.
 Ask why, alone, in the same spot he kneels
 Through the long year? Oh! the wide world is cold,
 As dark, to him: *Here*, he no longer feels
 His sad bereavement — FAITH and HOPE uphold
 His heart — he feels not he is poor and blind,
 Amid the unpitying tumult of mankind:
 His soul is in the choirs above the skies,
 And songs, far off, of angel-companies.

Oh! happy, if the Rich—the Vain—the Proud—
 The pageant-actors of the motley crowd,—
 Since life is a “poor play’r”—our days a span—
 Would learn one Lesson from a POOR BLIND MAN.*

* The English Cathedral music has a peculiar character of science, simplicity, dignity, and devotion. Attempts have been made to introduce Mozart, and some of the finest of the foreign Masters, but their compositions are ill-adapted to English words, and the attempt, in my opinion, has completely failed.

DOMINATION OF PRESBYTERIAN AND INDEPENDENT PURITANISM.

There can be no doubt that the Bishops Abbot, Basington, King, Usher, Hall, Davenant, Morton, and other ornaments of the Episcopal Church of England, in the time of James, and the early part of King Charles the First, supported, to a certain degree, Calvinistic doctrines, without being at all aware, at the time, of the natural anti-episcopal tendency of those doctrines, and that the Geneva creed is most naturally connected with Geneva discipline.

This was visible as soon as Calvinistic predestinarianism had gained, under their own fostering, its full growth and strength, and power. Bishop Davenant closed his eyes in death, smitten with the sad apprehension of the consequences of the triumphs of his *sub-lapsarian* sophistries, which he, like Usher, lived long enough to foresee and deplore, but not prevent. But the most extraordinary circumstance is, that they who, over the prostrate altars of the Episcopal Church, waved the banner of the "SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT," should dare to accuse those who remained faithful, as INNOVATORS! Laud, we have seen, the most strenuous and the most rash, was sentenced to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered," for "impairing the *true faith*," and introducing "INNOVATIONS" in religion! Now the only "innovators" were those who subscribed the "Solemn League and Covenant" against Episcopacy; and, so much did this obvious fact strike the Presbyterian Parliament, that they commanded an EXHORTATION to be read in all parts of the Kingdom, to show, very lamely, indeed, that they were not the

INNOVATORS, when they must have been *conscious*, at all events, they were. For no one could deny that Episcopacy had been the form of Church-government since the time Christianity had a footing in Britain. The Presbyterian Parliament, then, was the *innovator*, and the Presbyterian Parliament was conscious of being so. As to *Bishops* being the same as Presbyters, this is, and has been always, a mere ASSUMPTION; and the champion of John Knox's school, Henderson, was as much foiled in argument by Charles the First, as the Philistine giant by the sling and stone of David.

Now the proof of the Parliament being conscious that they were the "INNOVATORS," is ascertained from an Ordinance, entitled, "The Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, enjoining the taking the late Solemn LEAGUE AND COVENANT through the Kingdom of England and Dominion of Wales, with INSTRUCTIONS, and an Exhortation, for *satisfying such scruples as may arise thereupon.*" These "*scruples,*" which every one would necessarily entertain who thought St. Paul a better instructor than John Knox, were answered by such *infallible* reasons as these: "If it be said the extirpation of Prelacy (standing as yet by the KNOWN Laws of the KINGDOM) is NEW and unwarrantable, this will appear to all impartial understandings, THOUGH NEW, not only to be *warrantable* but *necessary.*"*

Here is at once an admission of the NOVELTY. It was undoubtedly "*unwarrantable,*" if the assumption of a *Presbyterian Parliament*—instead of the Pope and Council—were *infallibly* to decide; but it was admitted that *theirs* was the "*novelty,*"—and, if so, the INNOVATION! Their assumed *infallibility* does not PROVE that

* Exhortation to take the Covenant.

the *alteration* of the whole Church-Government, which had received the sanction of men as good and wise as themselves through so many ages, was either “warrantable” or “necessary!”

It was the human infallibility of the *Cardinals* of John Knox’s Church, which could pacify all *scruples* at once, by deciding *ex cathedra* (the Speaker being Pope of this Presbyterian Parliament) that Episcopacy was “a great hindrance to a PERFECT REFORMATION!” A conscientious Christian would be as little convinced by this dictation of *infallible* Presbyterians as by that of an *infallible* Pope and Council!

In 1643, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters were abolished, and the lands sold. The creed and discipline of the Church of Geneva was now established through England. It attained its highest ascendancy and domination, when all London was divided into “Twelve Synodical Elderships,” according to the following Ordinance:

“August 19, 1645, die Martis. Ordered by the Lords assembled in Parliament, that these directions for ELECTING ELDERS, in particular Congregations and Clerical Assemblies, be forthwith printed and published.—T. Brown, Cler. Par.”

These directions were entitled as follows:

“Directions of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, after advice had with the ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES, for electing and choosing RULERS and ELDERS in all the Congregations and Clerical Assemblies for the CITIES of LONDON and WESTMINSTER, and the several Counties of the Kingdom, and for the speedy settling the PRESBYTERIAN GOVERNMENT.”

This was the golden æra of Prynne and Cheynell,

when there were no bells, no singing-boys, no stage-players — when no longer Milton could

Hear the solemn organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below ;

Or —

The merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebeck's sound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.

Still less could he repair

— To the well-trod stage anon,
When Jonson's learned sock was on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Nature's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild !

The whole kingdom was now all wrapt in gloomy godliness. John Knox was every where triumphant. No question was asked, unless it were for "edification!" The woe-begone children were strictly examined as to their knowledge of "GOD'S DECREES, according to the ASSEMBLY'S Catechism!" and the babe was rocked in his cradle to the psalm-tune of old Milton,* the father of the poet.

In 1647, not a "square-cap" was to be seen ; Christmas was a fast ! and Ash-Wednesday a feast ! under the sect —

Whose chief distinction lies
In odd, perverse antipathies —
who —

— Keep holiday

The *wrong*, as others the right way.

Not a sound of an "ungodly" rebeck was heard through all the *Twelve Synodical Departments* of the Presbytery, from Holborn to St. Mary Axe. No *idolatrous image* was seen in a Church, except the solitary

* York tune, in our collections.

“*hour-glass*” at the elbow of Hugh Peters, “the preacher of the Lord,” who, as often as he turned, with that vulgar smirk and jocose leer which the Elect of the day knew so well how to interpose in their long discourses — invited his “humming”* audience to take “another glass!”

No amusement or recreation of any kind, through town or country, was permitted to provoke a rueful smile on the sour visages of those who were “*predestined* to eternal happiness and glory in another world,” save when a “scandalous and malignant” clergyman, deprived for conscience sake of all he had, was hunted and insulted for being *idolatrous*!† or forty or fifty poor old women were *drowned* or *burnt*, for being so wicked as to *bewitch* ministers’ daughters!

But the solemn Presbyterian had scarce time to look round, with grim congratulation, ere his predestinating “*ears*”‡ were stunned with

The universal hubbub loud —

of all “accursed *tolerated* Sects,”§ now frantic with immediate inspiration, and deriding the synods of the horrified Elders! Every soldier now had his “small *gift*” of prayers and preaching. The Presbyterian Ministers were “*CARNAL*” — Synods were “*carnal*.” Now Cromwell stood forth in the strength the “Lord” had given him. The Presbyterian Parliament is dismissed — Prynne addresses, with his predestinating ears

* A general *hum* in a congregation was a proof of approbation.

† This was the case with the learned Bryan Walton. See *Life of Welton*, &c.

‡ So Dryden: “and prick’d up his *predestinating ears*.” The hair was cut short, and, during the interminable sermons, the fore-finger placed behind the ear.

§ Publication by Prynne.

cut short, his “Brief MEMENTO to the present *unparliamentary* JUNTO! by William Prynne, a MEMBER of the HOUSE OF COMMONS, a prisoner under the Army’s tyranny!” Whilst Lilly, the astrologer, sings “lauds to the stars,” that Oliver has turned out the Presbyterians, “far more OPPRESSIVE than THE BISHOPS or TURKS!”

Five years sufficed to put an end to this spiritual domination of Presbyterian Synods, after Episcopacy had been destroyed; and here let us pursue, for a moment, the mighty triumph of all-tolerant Independancy, under my Lord Protector and the Spiritual Lords, of his Parliament—the *Lord Lambert*—the *Lord Desborough*—the *Lord Whitelock*—the *Lord Nathaniel Fiennes*—the *Lord Lenthall*, &c.

Still “Holiness” was the watchword of all the *saintly* Major-Generals of the Army and Parliament; but in less than ten years they attained their ascendancy and zenith, their decline and extinction. They attained the zenith when, in 1656, the Quaker, James Nayler, was condemned for having somewhat *exceeded* them in blasphemy; and we shall set before the reader a few circumstances to show the spirit of these SERAPHIC Major-Generals, from authority that cannot be gainsaid—taken at the time by Burton, whose unvarnished but invaluable Diary has lately been published.

The *Star-Chamber* of Lord Mountcashel, pronouncing his decision on the “really pious,” seems constituted after the express pattern of Oliver Cromwell, both in letter and spirit.

Thursday, April 7, 1653, it was resolved in Parliament—“that no person shall be employed or *admitted* into the service of this House, but such as the House shall be first satisfied of his *real* godliness!”

How will my worthy and benevolent friends, the

Quakers, be astonished to learn that, under this “real godly” Parliament, they are classed among the dissolute rogues wandering about with *pipes and fiddles!*

Mr. Ashe (December 5, 1656)—“Yet seeing they are dissolute persons, comprehended in the Act, let them be confined to *two miles*, or to the parishes.”

Dr. Clarges.—“Give liberty for five miles, that you may suppress the Quakers, who greatly increase, and pester and endanger the Commonwealth.”

Major Audley.—“Ascertain what the *individuum vagum* is, lest it be *quidam homo*, any man. I would have the persons ascertained. If they be *Quakers*, I would freely give my consent that they should be *whipped!*”

And now comes the *nucleus* of the question on religious toleration, respecting *James Nayler*.

Major-General Boteler.—“We are all here, Sir, I hope, for the GLORY OF GOD! By the Mosaic Law, *blasphemers* were to be STONED TO DEATH! and for my part, if this sentence should pass upon him, I could freely consent to it. If we vindicate not the *name* of CHRIST in this — HE WILL VINDICATE HIMSELF!”

This is nearly as mild, but not quite so blasphemous, as the “really pious” Mr. Case telling the Parliament to “strike,” if God would NOT.

But let us hear “my Lord Lambert,” who says with a sigh—“It is a matter of *sadness* to many men’s hearts, and sadness also to mine, especially in regard to his relation some time to me. He was two years my QUARTER-MASTER, &c. He was a man of very unblameable life and conversation, and member of a *sweet Society* of an Independant Church.” Lambert’s opinion is, however, worthy a sensible man and a Christian.

The whole of the debate on this wretched enthusiast, not *more enthusiastic*, and certainly *less ferocious* and bloody, than many among them, resembles more the de-

bate in a PANDEMONIUM than of Christian Legislators.

Mr. Church proposed, *secundum* Oliver and Harrison, "to set apart one of these days to seek GOD in this business!" I believe this is the first instance, when these soldiers, lords, and gentlemen referred "to the Lord," that the person on whose account they so solemnly referred escaped with life; but what was Prynne's punishment to Nayler's? This Mr. Church's reasons for "seeking the Lord" were such as became the resolution: "If we do not tender GOD'S HONOUR, He will not HONOUR us."*

Nayler being brought to the *bar*, refused to *kneel*, or put off his *hat*; but remark the language of his *Judges*!

"Mr. Speaker asked him of his name and country; whereupon he answered after the OLD WAY OF CANTING!" Who but must smile at these men accusing Nayler of "*canting*!"

He told them — "You have been a long time under *dark forms*, neglecting the POWERS OF GODLINESS!"

Major-General Skippon's judgment is indeed worthy a Major-General: "GOD now LOOKS what you will do! These QUAKERS, Ranters, Levellers, SOCINIANS, and ALL SORTS, bolster themselves under thirty-seven and thirty-eight of Government † (that such as profess FAITH in God by Jesus Christ, &c. shall be *protected* in the profession of their faith and exercise of their religion)." "We see," adds this evangelical Major-General—the *issue* of this LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE! If this be liberty, God DELIVER me from SUCH LIBERTY!"

Major Beake conceived it "a fit punishment to *cut out his tongue*, and cut off his right hand, and then *turn him beyond seas*, and let him go with the *mark of a blas-*

* Debates, 1656.

† The thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth articles of the "Instrument of Government," 1653.

phemer!” And yet this poor wretch only went one step beyond themselves in belief, always confessing himself a “*creature*,” though in him Christ was revealed more perfectly,”—but he, like Laud, “impaired the true religion!” His punishment is well known.

Let us, disgusting as it is, produce a few more specimens of Christian *toleration*, from these *sanctified* and coldblooded military judges of the “*true faith*,” to show the effects of “*human infallibility!*”

Colonel Cooper admits “the poor creature, under delusion, would have been more *blasphemous* had he said he *was* JESUS CHRIST,” which is a plain proof he never did say so; and the said Colonel further sighs thus *evangelically*:

“For my part, I think, next to life, you cannot pass a greater punishment than *perpetual imprisonment*, where he may not spread his *LEPROSY*. If you *CUT OUT HIS TONGUE*, he may *write*, for he writes *ALL THEIR BOOKS!* (the Quakers). If you cut off his *RIGHT HAND*, he may write with his left,” &c. “*The other punishments* will certainly answer your ends more than if you take his life, and be a better expedient to *SUPPRESS* the *GENERATION* of them!” These were Cromwell’s Puritans.

We must here do willing justice to Major-General Parker, the only person in this *tolerant* Parliament who seemed to have any feelings of religious liberty, or common mercy.

“The text in Zech. xiii. 3. He that speaks LIES in the name of God, his parents shall thrust him through.’ If so, WE MUST DESTROY ALL SECTS, SOCINIANS, ARMIANIANS, QUAKERS. It is the strain of the Gospel all along to use meekness and moderation — (instanced in the tares and wheat) — which said, ye know not of what spirit ye are?”

Alas! how few in that very Parliament would have escaped the severity of their own laws —

Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!

These extracts are most important, as throwing light on the principles of *toleration*, which, it has been said, the Independents, and the Independents only, understood and practised. Important they are in many respects. When we condemn for religious opinions, we should look at the example, and pause a moment to ask, “whether we remember of what spirit we are?” The subject being the “blasphemy of Nayler,” on which these holy legislators are debating, who but must detest the hypocrite Colonel Boteler, who, with due solemnity, adds — “I hope there is no man here but has *sought God what to say, before he spoke in this business!*”*

The whole debate is well worthy the attention of the Christian and the legislator; but we ought not to have omitted what was said by Waller the poet, concerning which hear the ingenuous relater: “He (Waller) said a great deal more to *extenuate* the crime, but I minded it not” — he seems to have *minded* carefully enough every word of the Evangelical Colonels and Captains.

Colonel White proposed “that his *tongue* might be *bored through.*”

Colonel Barkley, “that his HAIR might be *cut off!*”

Major-General Harris, “that his tongue might be *slit* or bored through, and that he be stigmatized with the letter B.”

Major-General Skippon — “Seeing you are off the other question [that is, taking away his life], wherein I FEAR WE HAVE OFFENDED GOD! make the other punishment as high as YOU CAN!” And these frantic

* Burton's Diary, p. 113.

bloodhounds are called GODLY, and were the only persons who understood the principles of TOLERATION!

When the bloody sentence of this National Star-chamber was given, Nayler offered two or three times to speak, and to say he desired to know what his crimes were. His last words, after sentence, were in the spirit of Christianity: "The Lord lay not these things to your charge! I shall pray that he may not." The sentence was:

"Resolved, that James Nayler be set on the pillory, with his head in the pillory, in the New Palace, Westminster, during the space of two hours, on Thursday next, and be whipped by the hangman through the streets of Westminster to the Old Exchange, London; and there, likewise, to be set upon the pillory, with his head in the pillory, for the space of two hours, between the hours of eleven and one, on Saturday next; in each of the said places, wearing a paper containing an inscription of his crimes: and that at the Old Exchange his tongue shall be bored through with a hot iron, and that he be there also stigmatized in the forehead with the letter B; and that he be afterwards sent to Bristol, and conveyed into and through the said city, on a horse bare ridged, with his face back, and there also publicly whipped, the next market-day after he comes thither: and that from thence he be committed to prison in Bridewell, London, and there restrained from the society of all people, and kept to hard labour till he be released by the Parliament: and, during that time, be debarred of the use of pen, ink, and paper, and have no relief but what he earns by his daily labour."

When the admirers of *religious toleration* descant, with such virtuous indignation, on the Star-chamber sentence against Leighton and Prynne, let them think of this sentence against Nayler, and be silent.

How has Laud been held up to execration for an entry in his Diary, recording minutely the punishment of Leighton! which I believe to be Prynne's cold-blooded interpolation! But let us remark Burton's own *pious curiosity* in witnessing the execution on Nayler:

"This day B. and I went to see Nayler's tongue bored through, and him marked in the forehead. He was pale when he came out of the pillory, but high-coloured after the *tongue-boring!*"

So soon did Independency attain its *ne plus ultra* of intolerance; and, having attained this point, a *saner sense* of religion succeeded; for the weathercock turned round, almost *instanter*, to the opposite quarter.

In fact, fanaticism invariably leads the way to *licentiousness!* To show how soon after the cruelties on Nayler, a directly contrary spirit began to prevail, we may mention that, in 1658, the Latin play of "Ignoramus" was re-printed, with its coarse, pedantic jokes, which had so much delighted James the First. Who would now have read the *sublapsarian subtleties* of Davenant? or his irrefragable answer to a writer who — "*thought God MIGHT have mercy?*" From a MS. Diurnal of the Parliament, 1658, in the possession of the descendant of Clement Walker, John Walker Heneage, of Compton-house, I am able to show that, besides Anthony Wood's *concert* at Oxford, in the year 1658 "the Opera" was first mentioned. This document is singular:

"Thursday, Feb. 5, 1658. — The Lords being acquainted that, *notwithstanding* the Laws against *stage-plays* and interludes, yet there are stage-plays, interludes, and things of the LIKE NATURE, called "OPERA," acted, to the scandal of Religion and the Government,— Ordered a Committee." I cannot make out the names of the Committee, except *Lord Claypole*.

So, the “phylacteries” of the Presbyterians being “clipped,” INDEPENDENCY, under the great Cromwell, fretted *its hour* on the stage, till it sunk down exhausted. Then the Cathedrals again echoed the sublime anthem, and the old parishioner welcomed with tears of affection his pastor, who had haply survived exile, and poverty, and persecution.

PROGRESS AND DOMINATION OF PURITANIC INTOLERANCE.

I have stated, as a matter of historical proof, that Laud never resorted to any measures of severity, as far as he was concerned, till his life WAS IN DANGER!*

* Before he had moved a step, a nephew of Archbishop Abbot preached against him, from the Oxford pulpit, whilst he was present, and the charge was that he would not speak with sufficient violence against Papists: “If they do at any time speak *against* the Papists, they beat a little *upon the bush*, and that *softly too*, for fear of *disquieting the birds within*.”

“I came time enough,” says Laud, in a Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, “to be at the rehearsal of this sermon, upon much persuasion, when I was fain to sit patiently and hear myself abused almost an hour together, being *pointed* at as I sat. For this present abuse, I would have taken no notice of it, but that the whole University apply it to me; and *my friends tell me* I shall sink my credit if *I answer not Dr. Abbot in his own*. Nevertheless, in a business of this kind, I will not be swayed from a *patient course*: only I desire from your Lordship *some directions*.”

Of Archbishop Abbot's Christian feelings we may judge by his remonstrance to King James the First: “Your Majesty hath proposed a TOLERATION! By your Act you labour to set up the most damnable and heretical doctrine of the Church of

It was indeed alleged, prior to 1628, that he was “*suspected* of Arminianism!” To be “*suspected*” of Arminianism is not *to be an Arminian*, and, if he was, it was not high-treason to maintain his own conscientious sentiments on a question of theology.

Who, then, first opposed the “RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE?” I affirm, Pym and Cromwell, when in Parliament, they assumed the power which the stern Leaders of the Reformation had wrung from the infallible Church of Rome, and claimed it for the INFALLIBLE Church of Geneva!

November 27, 1628, Pym in Parliament lays down this Law: “It belongs to PARLIAMENT TO ESTABLISH TRUE RELIGION, and to PUNISH FALSE!” Cromwell, now for the first time spoke in Parliament, and he echoed the *infallible* Presbyterian:

“Mr. Oliver Cromwell” informed them “that the Bishop of Winchester “*did countenance flat Popery!*” * &c. If these be the steps to *Church-preferment* — what may we *expect!*” says this Parliamentary “Defender of the Faith,” afterwards “our Lord Protector.”

The Parliament, so early as 1628, came to the following definite, and *tolerant* conclusion!

“Whoever shall *seem to extend* Arminianism, OR ANY

Rome—the WHORE OF BABYLON!” Laud answered Fisher by Scriptural arguments, — and yet Laud was a Papist; and he was condemned to be “hanged, drawn, and quartered,” among other charges, for having been heard to say “The Pope was not Antichrist!” What should I suffer, who hesitate not to avow my sincere belief that the WHORE of Geneva has been as well versed in the *infallible* principles of persecution as the “Whore of Babylon!”

* Rushworth.

OTHER OPINION DISAGREEING WITH THE TRUTH, and ORTHODOX Church, shall be *reputed* a *capital* enemy to the Kingdom and COMMONWEALTH!"

This fact is singular, from its being the first symptom of that spirit of ruthless domination, which, under these leaders, Pym and Cromwell, one Presbyterian and the other Independent, subverted the Altar and the Throne — and now for the first time "the COMMONWEALTH" is spoken of in Parliament!

But let us analyse a little this "infallible" decision! "He shall be *reputed* a CAPITAL ENEMY to the Kingdom and Commonwealth, who shall *seem* to extend any other opinion disagreeing from TRUTH and the ORTHODOX CHURCH!" Under this infallible scale who might hope for *toleration*? For who might not "*seem to extend*" any opinions "*disagreeing from the truth*," according to the "truth" of the Puritans of 1628!

Laud hitherto had not shown any kind of severity — but he was the impugner of "TRUTH," that is, of Calvinism, in doctrine and discipline! His life was now threatened! Dr. Lamb, at eighty years of age, had been almost literally torn to pieces for being the Duke of Buckingham's *conjurer*! The Duke of Buckingham's *Bishop* was the next object; and he felt that the general *tone* of the people against him was expressed by the billet found in the Deanery-yard of St. Paul's:

"Laud, look to thyself! — assure thyself *neither* GOD nor the world can endure such a vile counsellor and whisperer TO LIVE!"

The storm of hate and religious fanaticism was now deepening over his head. He was indeed panic-struck by the various signs of this popular deadly hate; and his Diary, at this time, showed at once his terror and

the consciousness of innocence. In his Diary of 1632 appears this entry: "Lord, *I beseech thee to deliver me from those who hate me without a cause!*" The first person whom he censured, and that for the most personal invectives, in a sermon on "*Idolatry*"—was the Minister of *Ware!* Did his ruthless Diocesan *deprive* him? *Suspend* him! No—he was requested to write a *submission*, in Latin! The charges of "dust thrown in the air"—the "kneeling"—the "bowing"—the "repairing painted windows"—I disdain to answer.

I cannot conclude without noticing the vote in Parliament—at the time when the Speaker was held forcibly in the chair.* This vote was, "the Parliament ought to establish the *true* religion, and PUNISH the FALSE!" what they pronounced *false* was indeed afterwards *punished* in the true spirit of such Legislators of the "Truth!" Parliament by *this vote* signed the death-warrant of the King, who, on the same day in which he signed the death-warrant of Strafford, and the perpetuity of Parliament, signed his own *death-warrant*.

* Leighton was sentenced by the Star-Chamber, 1633.—Rushworth.

CHEYNELL'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS
CONDUCT AT CHILLINGWORTH'S FUNERAL.

Cheyne's account of the death and funeral of Chillingworth is entitled "Chillingworth's *Novissima*."

Dr. Johnson says, "it being Chillingworth's dying request that the office for the dead in the Prayer-book should be read over him, Cheyne did not refuse it." Whereas Cheyne's words are these: "It was the earnest desire of that eminent scholar WHOSE BODY LIES BEFORE YOU, that his corpse might be interred according to the rites and customs approved in the English Lyturgy, &c. His *first request* is denied FOR MANY REASONS!" Such was the *charity* of this creature to one he called his friend, and whose talents and eloquence he professed to admire.

After the scorn and horror excited by such *charity*, the reader might smile when he finds the same man asserting that Chillingworth did not DIE a GENUINE Son of the Church of England! Certainly not,—if the charity or doctrines of the Church of England be taken from such an example! Cheyne complacently proceeds: "Touching the burial of his corse," (without any ceremony or service whatever, like a dog!) "it will be most proper, for MEN OF HIS PERSUASION,* to commit the body of their deceased friend, brother, MASTER, to the dust; and it will be most proper for me to hearken to that counsel of my Saviour, 'Let the DEAD bury the dead!' but 'Go thou, and preach the Kingdom of God:' and so I went from the grave to the pulpit." He adds: "I dare say I have been sorrow-

* That is, that "the *Bible* is the religion of Protestants."

ful, and more MERCIFUL to him than his friends at Oxford!" Let the Christian reader guess the reason — "Because his sickness and OBSTINACY cost me many a prayer, and many a tear!" His obstinacy for not giving up his reason and his Bible, for such fanaticism! Oh, yet hear this pious bewailer! "I did heartily bewail the *loss* of such *strong parts and eminent gifts!* so much learning and diligence! Never did I observe more acuteness and eloquence, so exactly tempered!" And what was the charitable conclusion? "DIABOLUS ab illo, ornari cupiebat!" adds this Prince of Puritans! Nor let the indignant reader, for one moment, suppose that this exemplary example of Calvinistic piety — was a kind of monstrum sui generis! He was the great, active, leading, accredited representative of the whole *godly* party at that time predominant in Oxford — when the "*blind guides,*" such as Chillingworth, and those we have spoken of, were expelled, and forbid to appear within five miles ON PAIN OF DEATH!

After the *Godly* visitation of Oxford, and the death of the *pious* Lord Pembroke, Cromwell was invited to fill the Chancellor's Chair. Cromwell was in Scotland: he affected to hesitate, before he consented to become the illustrious head of the famous University, now *restored to its purity!* He says nothing here of "seeking the Lord." His letter from Scotland is a striking proof of his consummate art, or masterly duplicity, showing how well he was prepared to doff his iron casque, and sit in his robes as Chancellor, and *Doctor of Laws*, in the Convocation.

I transcribe an extract from his letter "To the University of Oxford:"

"But if these" (apologies) "prevail not, and that I

must continue this honour till I can *personally* serve you, you shall not want *my prayers*, that that *seed and stock of piety and learning so marvellously springing up** among you, may be useful to the great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the approach of which *so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon these hopeful plants* is the best presage! and in all other things I shall, by *Divine assistance*, improve my poor abilities and interests, in manifesting myself to the University, and yourselves."†

The Author of the Rambler, speaking of Cheynell's constant expression, the "*power of religion*," tells us that this *powerful* religionist entered into Sussex to exercise his ministry, in a place where there had been, as he expresses it, "little of the POWER OF RELIGION either *known or practised!*" The Doctor, with grave simplicity, adds: "As no reason can be given why the inhabitants of Sussex should have *less* knowledge or virtue than those of other places, it may be *suspected* that he means *nothing* more than a place where the *Presbyterian* discipline was practised."

Certainly it may be "suspected!" The great Author of the Rambler and Lives of the Poets, living in Bolt-court, did not seem to be aware of the common boast of all these Pharisees! nor even that they, in their public worship, rejected the *Lord's Prayer*—as the Baptists do at this day."

I have thought it my duty, in writing the life of an Episcopal Christian, to set before Christians the faithful picture of Puritanism. The same spirit is abroad,

* Of which the learned and pious Cheynell was a proof!

† Cromwell's Letter to Oxford.

not denouncing "custards,"* but evincing the same

* We can account for the puritanical *abhorrence* of most of the deadly sins of "malignants," but I have not been able to find a clue to their

"BLASPHEMING CUSTARD through the nose."

We can easily account for their *fasting at Christmas!* Because all other Christians rejoiced, but what *sin* there should be in *custard*, more than any other dish? I can find no better reason than that *custard* was anciently distinguished as "ROYAL!" This fact I learn from Wood's History of Oxford. George Nevill, of Baliol, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, took his Master of Arts degree, when an entertainment more sumptuous than the University had ever witnessed, was given. Among the dishes of the first course — "the borehead and the bull, brawne and mustard, furmenty and venyson, fesant in bran, fawn and capon, hernshaw," — we have, *eo nomine*,

"CUSTARD ROYAL!"

This, probably, was a transmitted name, and, being connected with the word "*Royal*," was quite sufficient to excite the abomination of all whose religion was so *anti-royal* and *anti-episcopal*. It is well known that, soon after the Parliamentary Visitors came to Oxford, they had a meeting every week to consider cases of conscience, which was therefore, not unaptly, nicknamed "THE SCRUPLE-SHOP." The religious scruples were generally of this trifling nature; but, as to lying, murdering, there was no "scruple" at all, nor was the "*Shop*" ever troubled with a question of the kind. So in all ages are found those who place the essence of religion in "STRAINING AT GNATS AND SWALLOWING CAMELS." These *nominal* Christians sat or stood at the Lord's Supper, because those whom they opposed knelt. They would have knelt if the others had sat. The *cap* was idolatrous because it was square, and the *bread* of the Church of Rome idolatrous because it was *round!* *

* History of Bremhill.

abhorrence of * those schools that nurtured the piety and learning of Ken, Sherlock, and Lowth, &c., and looking on Cathedral Service as little better than idolatry!

God's Commandments are *ten!* Puritanism, from the times of Ames to Prynne, and the modern Evangelists, has THREE great commandments: "1. Thou shalt not read or see a play! 2. Thou shalt not touch a *card*, whether in the spirit of gaming or not! 3. Thou shalt not go to a *dance*, however regulated!"

Not in the spirit of uncharitableness are these remarks made, but to show that the assumption of *infallibility* is the great cause of the want of charity among Christians!

* Seth Ward wrote "Vindiciæ Academicarum."

GENERAL

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

Of all the anomalies in that melancholy medley of “strife,” “envyings,” “variance,” “murder,”—the reign of Presbyterian and Cromwellian Puritanism—the most extraordinary circumstance was the Creed professed by both parties, of absolute, unalterable *predestination* from all eternity—that the Being who thus decreed was not to be moved—and yet this Lord of Fate was constantly “sought” in prayer, and not only so, but a conviction was expressed that particular Ministers had an especial “*influence*,”* so as to prevail with this immoveable Deity, at *their request*, and for their especial purposes, to *change* that ETERNAL DECREE which, upon their own principles, was *unchangeable!*

How do the most elaborate systems fall to pieces before a few plain axioms of common sense. The Almighty, in his dealings with such a creature as man, could have decreed *otherwise*, or he *could not*. If he *could* have decreed otherwise, then there could be *no necessary immutable decree from*

* See account of the death of Cromwell.

all eternity. If he could not have decreed otherwise, then there is NO GOD, BUT FATE! Argue as long as you will, you must be reduced to this point at last.

There are two great schemes or philosophical views on this subject. The two *schemes*, in the pedantic language of what are called the *schools*, are Supra-lapsarian, and Sub-lapsarian. Now common sense says — if it were *destined before* the fall that man *must fall*, and it could not have been *otherwise*, the Supreme Power could not surely be pronounced ALL-MIGHTY! The heart instantly revolts from this conclusion, and therefore other *scholastic dialecticians* argue, that predestination was *after the fall!** Now this *stultifies* the *other* — for, if Adam was *free*, and *might have stood*, but *fell*, there is no reason, *à priori*, why those who came after him might not stand or fall, and then the question reverts — is it God or Destiny that rules the universe?

The Stoics felt this dilemma, and said of Jupiter, “*semel jussit, semper paret.*” Jupiter first *commanded*, and afterwards for ever was obedient to his own commands: but, if he had *power* to *command* either one or the other, then there is NO DESTINY. The *half-destiny* is such utter *nonsense*, that nothing but being lost in scholastic subtleties, and dialectic

* This does not affect the reasoning, that God *willed* the restoration of man to immortality through our Redeemer.

verbiage, could have imposed on the understanding of Davenant or Baxter; and the whole of Calvin's horrible deductions must be admitted—or *none*.

If there be an Almighty Power, which created a sensible being, to live for a short period, and then for countless and countless ages to survive in torments without end! and if it was owing to the WILL of an Almighty Power, that man should be *created* for no other purpose than that he should be thus *destined* to eternal torments, (called, scholastically, “REPROBATION,”) the thought of which seems to have delighted the imagination of him who in later days most learnedly systematized the doctrine—then this Almighty ought to be called by his right name—TON ΔΙΑΒΟΛΟΝ ΚΟΣΜΟΚΡΑΤΕΡΑ*—from the *Oriental* idea in which the creed originated—that the GOD OF EVIL was the maker of the world! So delighted, indeed, seemed the Geneva Doctor with this idea, that he does not seem to see the utter inconclusiveness of his own arguments, astute as he was. God made *man* and the ass, he tells us; and the ass being *destined* to a life of sufferings, why should not the same God destine *millions* of human beings to abide for ever and ever in sufferings?† But the reasoning, such as it is, is inconclusive; for there is no comparison

* Irenæus.

† This is Calvin's argument, to the best of my recollection. BISHOP HORSLEY shall not persuade me to look at the book again.

between the humbler existence of inferior animals, and the *eternal* torments of a being like man, in comparison of which, the life of the most abject animal must be PARADISE!

System-Christians, and visionaries, make equal havock with the simplicity of Gospel-truth. A fervid mind makes out its visionary creations, with the greatest ease, from a few given words. Daniel, chap. the viith, verses 13 and 14, and the texts xxi. of Revelations, 1st and 2d, less definite still in their application, become easily convertible to whatever shapes, colours, and phantoms imagination may give to them—thus they expand themselves in the seraphic and mystic reveries of the Swedenborgians; and then these mystic reveries, beginning from so obscure and small a source, are solemnly pronounced “TRUE Christian Religion!” Such visions are embraced with ardour by minds of kindred heat—the trumpet of the Apocalypse sounds, “BABYLON the GREAT is fallen;” the angel appears with the key of the bottomless pit—and the City of the New Jerusalem rises in visionary glory, to receive the seraphic enthusiasts at its golden gates.

On the other hand, a scholastic dialectician finds the word “appointed,” or “predestined.” These expand themselves into *unalterable decrees*—then *personal* election—then utter reprobation! Those of kindred temper follow shouting “Election” to themselves—the decree or destiny of eternal torment, “where the worm dieth not,” to all whose

more sober understanding, or more Christian temper, hails the awful words of Scripture, but rejects with horror the *human* inferences. So important is a calm, dispassionate view of the great Scriptural doctrines, in their simplicity and majestic truth.

The fantastic, the melancholy, the visionary, or metaphysical, thus engender and embody their conceptions from isolated portions of the Divine Revelation, and these conceptions become at last, like the wild grotesque monsters, serpents and dragons, which preposterously garnish, from the zenith to the nadir, the celestial globe; the Oriental origin of Predestinarianism and these figures being indeed the same.

Lastly, we may observe that these extravagant principles and feelings, relating to a subject the most awful to man, and demanding the most dispassionate judgment, can never *germinate*, if I may say so, unless in a heated atmosphere, and where the ground is disturbed. As certain noxious weeds, buried for centuries, on the earth being moved shoot out again, — so forgotten doctrinal subtleties are revived, when the surface of the rubbish is again disturbed.

As the Articles of the Episcopal Church are frequently referred to in such contests, I shall here say a few words on them.

An opinion of a great Statesman has been recorded, that the National Church is distinguished by “Calvinistic Articles — a Popish Liturgy — and an

Arminian Clergy." Thus Legislators for the Church are often pleased to describe the Church and its tenets. Lord Chancellor Erskine affirmed that "the Church of England *professed* to believe"—in what? one God? no—"every thing visible and invisible!" Mr. Canning affirmed that the Church believed in "*Consubstantiation*," and therefore it might as well believe in *Transubstantiation*! The Episcopal Church professes its belief in neither. Mr. Brougham, uncontradicted in the Senate, asserted that every one who took a Living "professed he was *moved* by the Holy Ghost to take that Living!"* And all these are as true as the assertion that the Church of England has "Calvinistic Articles."

The Articles that admit that "we may fall from grace given" cannot be Calvinistic—that Ritual cannot be a Romish Ritual which contains the prayers of the primitive Church, long before the Church held forth *human* traditions for Scripture—and the Clergy cannot be Arminian who profess that salvation "is not from works, lest any shall boast."

That some among the Clergy of the present day

* Mr. Attwood, a few days ago, whilst I am correcting this sheet, informed the wondering House of Commons—that such was the poverty of the times, a poor man, having no *money*, gave a "working Clergyman" a cut of a shoulder of mutton for a *baptismal fee*! This, the solemn Senator declared, he stated "on *good authority*!" On such *good authority* most of the judgments against the Clergy are pronounced! There is no "*baptismal fee*," Mr. ATTWOOD!

construe the Articles as *completely* Calvinistic, and wish they were *more explicitly* so, I do not gainsay! That such esteem the affecting formulary of our prayers as little better than the remnant of Popery, though they have declared “their *unfeigned* assent and consent,” I do not gainsay. That such as these believe the “true Churchmen” are confined to themselves, and that all others are graceless Arminians, I do not gainsay: nay, the Articles are Calvinistic, and even the Bible Calvinistic, according to some popular “comments!” But this I am bold to affirm, that the Articles contain *one*, the most essential of all of them,—it is this, “that whatsoever is not read in holy Scripture, or can be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed an article of faith!” The Bible, therefore, is the religion of Protestants—the BIBLE is the religion of the Church of England.

I verily believe that no one could be a Calvinist, except *from* “*comments!*” I would therefore earnestly entreat the younger student of Divinity, as he would feel indeed “*joy and peace in believing,*” not to shut his eyes to ten thousand luminous and illumining passages, which would strike him on an attentive survey of the Holy Scriptures in their holy simplicity and truth; instead of placing himself, with tottering steps and bandaged face, in the *gò-cart* of some elaborate, sophistical, and heartless expositor. Beautifully has Jeremy Taylor spoken of the effect of such studies: “I remember a saying of

Erasmus, that, when he first read the New Testament, with fear and a good mind, with a purpose to understand and obey it, he found it very useful and very pleasant; but, when afterwards he fell on reading the vast differences of commentators, *then* he understood it less than he did before, *then* he began NOT TO UNDERSTAND IT. For, indeed, adds our own great and eloquent Divine, “the TRUTHS of GOD are best dressed in the plain culture and simplicity of the spirit, but the *truths* that men commonly teach are like the reflections of the *multiplying glass*.” To which most just observation I would add — that he who reads the Bible by the aid of a doctrinal commentator, becomes so used to the obscure glass of the mind of another, the greater part of what is natural, and beautiful, and affecting in the original Gospel, escapes him, till by degrees he has not a thought out of the hacknied track of his commentator.

In writing the Life of an English Bishop, I have thought it my duty to speak freely respecting the spirit of CALVINISTIC PURITANISM, the fruits of which, in a former age, were so immoral, and baneful, and which seems evidently gaining ground in the present age.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this subject without adverting to what has been said by a learned Bishop, Dr. Horsley, in an *Episcopal Charge*. We are told that many talk of CALVINISM, without knowing what Calvinism is; and that there are sundry good Christian lessons to be learnt from Calvin’s

Institutes! I forget the words, nor are they material, but this is the sentiment delivered in an Episcopal Charge, and now constantly referred to by *semi-demi-Calvinists*, too commonly the most bitter and unchristian in spirit — and certainly the most appalling in *physiognomy*, of all modern *nominal Christians!* *

I answer — there are also fine moral passages, and sublime conceptions, in a work called the Koran, or the “Institutions” of Mahomet! together with something of the *same predestination*, and the “black drop” of the human heart; but, when I speak of Calvinism, I speak only of its peculiar and distinguishing dogmas.

As to what this rigid Reformer teaches in other respects, and with whatever eloquence and learning he may enforce them, who, among Christians, need care a rush, when the sentiments are those of a man who, in his distinguishing creed, seems to speak from the Gehenna of his own heart, if we may judge of that heart by his conduct?

If it be said his persecuting cruelty was the consequence of the times, this might be pleaded for Cranmer — or even for Bonner. If it be said the other Reformers of Switzerland, and Melancthon himself, thought the publication of some opinions ought to be punished by death — did they lie in wait for

* Compare the interesting countenance of Ken with those *visages* which appall us in every bookseller's window, of the Rev. Thomas Scott and John Newton!!

blood, like a crouching tiger? — when the unfortunate Servetus passed in his journey through Geneva, did they exclaim, “We will take care he shall not escape alive!” — and, when he was condemned to the horrible torture, did they write in cold blood, yet with sanctimonious rapture, “Servetus,” after his condemnation, “only roared, with the stupidity of a beast—MERCY! MERCY!”*

Let us hear no more of an English Bishop talking of the holiness or *morals* in this man’s writings; rather, he ought to have said — (as it is written, “What concord has Christ with Belial?”) — “What concord has CHRIST with MOLOCH?”

As I have given the reader a specimen of the “real piety” of that Prince of Puritans, who complained that the great Chillingworth was so “*obstinate*” he could not “*convince him*,” and who after his death insulted his remains so *inhumanly*, I shall conclude with a passage from that great and insulted writer:

“THE BIBLE—the BIBLE—the BIBLE IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.”

And we may repeat,

“THE BIBLE—the BIBLE—the BIBLE IS THE RELIGION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF CHRIST IN ENGLAND.”

* “Tantum reboaret belluinâ stupiditate, MISERICORDIA! MISERICORDIA!”—Calvin’s Letter to Farell. See “Banwell-hill.”

AFTER so much has been said of the lives and characters of the Protestant Episcopal Clergy, of the Church of England, particularly after the Restoration, the Christian reader I hope will forgive my concluding the whole in the following lines, suggested on seeing a few plants in the windows of Seth Ward's College, endowed for widows of clergymen at Salisbury.

THERE is but one stage more, in Life's long way !
 Oh ! widow'd Women, sadly on your path
 Hath Evening—bringing change of scenes and friends—
 Descended, since the morn of Hope shone fair ;
 And lonely age is yours, whose tears have fall'n
 Upon a husband's grave, with whom long since,
 Amid the quietude of village scenes,
 Ye walk'd, and saw your little children grow
 Like lovely plants beside you, or adorn'd
 Your lowly garden-plat with summer flowers ;
 And heard the bells, upon the Sabbath-morn,
 Chime to the village Church—when he you lov'd
 Walk'd by your side—to prayer.

These images

Of days long pass'd of love, and village-life,
 You never can forget ; and many a plant,
 Green growing, at the windows of your Home,
 And one pale primrose, in small earthen vase,
 And bird cage, in the shunshine, at the door,
 Remember you, though in a city pent,
 Of Morning walks, along the village-lane,
 Of the lark singing, through the vernal hail,
 Of swallows skimming o'er the garden-pond,—

Remember you of children and of friends
Parted, and pleasant summers gone.

'Tis meet

To nurse such recollections—not with pain,
But in submission to the will of Heaven—
Thankful, that here, as the calm eve of life
In pious privacy steals on, one hearth
Of Charity is yours ;—and cold must be
That heart, which, of the changes of the world
Unmindful, could receive you but as guests *,
Who had seen happier days!—

Yet one stage more,

And your long rest will be with Him you lov'd.
Oh! pray to God, that each may “rest in Hope!”

March 18, 1830.

* SETH WARD, Bishop of Salisbury, built and endowed at Salisbury, Collegium Matronarum — the College of Matrons, Widows of Clergymen. They are entertained by each Canon during his residence. This was written when they were the guests of the Author.

IN the course of this work, we have shewn the effects of all HUMAN INFALLIBILITY, whether Papal, Presbyterian, or Independent,—that of the Pope, the Synod, or the private Spirit,—and we have adduced these examples to shew, from proof the most incontrovertible, that there is no other basis of Christian charity than that on which the Church of England rests—the INFALLIBILITY OF THE WORD OF GOD.

As one poor victim to this terrific HUMAN INFALLIBILITY was of the sect of Quakers, before the tribunal of the *tolerant* Cromwellian Puritans, I shall refer, *not*, as I *might* do, to the acknowledged works of the most eloquent writers of the communion which reposes “INFALLIBILITY” on its only sure and safe ground, but adduce the testimony of one of those benevolent brethren in Christ, who, having once suffered so much, now dwell in love and peace with a Church which, whilst it reads the TEXTS of the Scripture in a different sense, renounces all infallibility, save in the WORD to which both appeal,—“holding firmly” that which they are “persuaded in their own mind” is the Truth, walking in Charity, and leaving the result, in humble Hope, to that period when we “shall no longer see through a glass darkly.”

Now the testimony I adduce is that of Penn, the

Quaker, before the House of Commons. He nobly said: "How easily might all these confusions (the distracted state of religion) have been avoided, if men's FAITH about CHRIST had been delivered in the *words of Scripture*, since all sides pretend to believe the TEXT: will nothing do but MAN'S COMMENT* on God's text?"

In doing "justice to the principles of the Church of England," he further argues — "But why go so far back? Is it not recent in memory, that Bishop Usher was employed in a mission to Oliver Cromwell, by some of the Church of England, for LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE?"

Penn then appeals to the writings of Hammond, Saunderson, &c.

"The Word of God (says Saunderson, of whose learning and piety we have so often spoken) does expressly forbid us to subject our CONSCIENCE to the will of any one, or to usurp a dominion over the consciences of any one."

Penn then cited eight passages from Taylor, ejected, as we have seen, from Oxford as "scandalous and malignant;" "scandalous" because he was not a Calvinistic Puritan, and "malignant" because he was *not* a traitor to his King."

* What would Penn have said if he had lived to see *every chapter, every text, almost every word* in "the HOLY BIBLE," subjected to the process of jesuitical sophistry, and elaborate COMMENTS read by thousands and thousands as God's "HOLY BIBLE," the texts being never read without the systematical *comments* of Thomas Scott!

One of the passages quoted by Penn from Taylor was this :

“If I should tie another man to believe my opinion, because I think I have a place in Scripture which seems to warrant it to my understanding, why may he not exact the same thing of me? If a man never changes his opinion but when he cannot do otherwise, then to use force may make him a hypocrite, but never a right believer.”*

And with this passage, from a most eloquent, most learned, most truly Christian, and *persecuted* Son of our Zion, as quoted by — a *Quaker* — I lay down, for the present, my biographical and historical pen, fervently praying, in the beautiful language of our once-reviled Liturgy—“**THAT ALL WHO PROFESS AND CALL THEMSELVES CHRISTIANS MAY BE LED INTO THE WAY OF TRUTH, AND HOLD THE FAITH IN UNITY OF SPIRIT, IN THE BOND OF PEACE, AND IN RIGHTEOUSNESS OF LIFE.**” Amen!

* Jeremy Taylor.

END OF VOL. I.

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